Hello everyone reading, this is an autobiography about my life and what I have been through in the past 9 and a half years as time of writing.

I have been invited to participate in this “Game” 9 years ago in November of 2014. A Game that is directly affecting everything on the planet. Since then, I have been writing this on and off throughout the years.

I’ll start off with a brief summary about myself and some events that happened in my life before leading up to that point. Theres too much that I can write about what happened, so I only write out the parts I remembered the most. It’s a lot but I am already writing the least amount I possibly can and still include all the main parts of the story.

I was born and grew up in China, then I moved to America shortly after I turned 9. My Dad was working in San Francisco, California with his family before our whole family of four. Me, Mom and younger Sister all moved to Las Vegas. We were very poor at the time.

My parents borrowed money from our relatives to get here, and we are very grateful to have the opportunity to move to America because of them. School in America was a bit uncomfortable because of the language barrier. I started 3rd grade when I moved here. School was fun and easy compared to China, except for English.

English was hard for me at first, but I don't have many Chinese friends except for a few. Most of the time I have been communicating with classmates that only speaks English.

I never had any problem in school until I got into middle school. I was getting into fights a lot and getting suspended every other week. I have always been picked on and bullied, due to the fact that I was quite short for my age at the time.

I was never the type to back down, I'd rather fight back than go to the teachers for what they did to me. My parents taught me how to behave and taught me how to treat others kindly and with respect, and to good people I do.

They've taught me everything I need to know to be a good person, I never do anything bad, just that I cannot help the fact that the school system in America is so different than China.

I remember school in China, teachers usually will stop the kid from keep doing disruptive things to other and bullies sometimes gets some hefty punishments before the bullying even happens. But in America, Teachers are very tolerant, up to the point where bullies get away easily while bullying.

I've always had a hard time focusing on school, I was diagnosed with ADHD in China before I moved to America, I never had any treatments or medications for anything.

My parents were angry that I didn't do good in school because they've worked very hard to get to America. They want me to do well in school so I can have a better future, also to help the family out when I grow older. But when I got to high school, things just got harder.

I am now skipping class all the time with my friends that I've grew up with, we always fool around and gets in trouble a lot in high school. I play video games all night and skip school with my friends. I sleep so much in class that it seems normal to just pass out on my desk in school, teachers don't even bother to wake me up when I sleep in class.

I would get high off my prescribed cough syrups, nodding out and sleeping in class but no one knows because I'm always sleeping in class anyways.

I first found out about cough syrup and its effects around 8th grade when I was prescribed one when I had a fever, when taking the prescribed amount would get me high due to my size being quite small for my age.

Sometimes I would lie to my parents and doctors when I am sick, then exaggerate that I'm coughing bad with pain and hope to get some cough syrup. Because I'm fairly skinny, it only takes 2x the prescribed amount to get a good high for hours in during class in middle school.

Kevin and Kwan are my childhood friends, we are very close like brothers. Since elementary school, we play games together, play sports, and skip classes together. Covering each other's lunch whenever one of us is irresponsible enough and spent it all before Friday, which happens more often than not.

We all grew up poor from lower class families, especially after we moved to America and had to adapt. Our families emptied out lifesaving and need to borrow money from relatives to get to this country. It's rare that we get money to spend on things outside of lunch money from our parents.

On one occasion during my freshmen year of high school me and Kevin was skipping class then we saw a classmate in the bathroom stalls. He walked out of the stall with leftover white powder on his nose.

We recognized him and we gave him a fist bump, then did some awkward handshake. We asked him about what he was doing, and he told us that he snorted a few lines of cocaine and meth, asking us if we wanted to try it.

I took the offer, not knowing what drugs were at all. At this point I have only ever tried getting high on cough syrup. I didn't even know what weed was at the time, even though that high school bathroom stalls always smelled like weed.

First, he gave me some crystals and crushed them during our history class, saying it is meth. Prior to this I had no idea of what meth or cocaine and what they would do to me.

Slowly crushing the meth in-between the book cover of our history book, and I snorted the powered form of the crystal with a rolled up $5 dollar bill like in them gangster movies. Kevin on the side whispering, “Damnnnn boy u balling.”

My nose was burning and was tearing up as I felt the burn run up my nostril. Getting a very disoriented feeling looking at things while tearing up. Kevin sitting next to me laughing, and Ivan the drug dealer that gave me free Meth, laughing as well. Then we realized for the first time that there was a painting of Jesus on the top of the classroom.

Ivan joked, “I hope we don’t burn in hell for this haha.”

Then Kevin asked, “Who is that?” Then I repeated, “Yea, who is that?”

Then Ivan said, “Oh you guys definitely going to hell hahaha, you guys don’t even know who Jesus is?”

Knowing that he’s joking, we all had a good laugh. Feeling a little bit effect of the meth I just snorted, I was very focused and alert of my surroundings. I am hearing book pages flip when students are flipping through the pages. Then I went to look up who is Jesus on my phone, curious of who he is.

That was when me and my friend Kevin first found out who Jesus was. And Kevin said, “Fuck, he’s right bro, damn we are going to hell.” I replied, “Hope we don’t burn for this.”

As we both laughed out loud, our teacher heard us and rearranged our seats and told us both go outside and stand in the hall for the rest of the class.

For Chinese Immigrants like us, we spend most of the time learning English when we first got here to America. It's not rare for some that never know anything about religions outside of the most common beliefs in the China at the time.

My family have this white female statue on our altar at home and I think those are considered buddhist. I don't know much about religion at all, nor have I asked my parents about them. I just burn the incense whenever my parents ask.

Later that day, me and Ivan meet again in our Physical Education class. This time I'm with Kwan.

As Ivan approaches me and Kwan, he greeted us "Sup crackheads." Kwan asked, "What is a crackhead?"

Ivan replied, "Your brother is a crackhead, he snorted meth earlier in History class in front of Jesus."

Kwan asked, "Who the fuck is Jesus?"

Ivan laughed, "Y'all really are brothers." Then asked me, "How are you feeling? Tweaked out yet?"

I didn't feel too much from that honestly, I was just feeling super alert, and I can hear people's world effortlessly when they speak to me, I told him "No, I don't feel anything anymore."

He was surprised that I wasn't "Tweaked", then he asked me if I wanted some snow white. I asked, "what is that?" Ivan replied, "Cocaine, are you stupid?" so I said, "Sure."

He pulled out his necklace which had a hole in it, and scooped it inside a white bag, put it near my nose then said, "Sniff it." So I did.

Ivan looked at Kwan and laughed, and said, "That's what a crackhead is, your brother is a crackhead." Kwan looked at me and laughed, then he asked me how do I feel in Chinese.

Ivan then mocked Kwan and made some racist Asian impersonating noises then we all laughed. I told Kwan I'm going to run and began to run as fast as I can.

That day was the Mile run Monday. Me and Kwan usually are the biggest slacker in PE class, we would run to places that the PE teachers couldn't find us, and we usually rest or sleep in those places until the class is over.

But this time, I ran the whole time and finished top10 in our class, which felt pretty good since I never tried to run like I did before. The day pretty much was a blur after that, I got home and showered, looked up some information about the drugs I've took at that time. then went to sleep late that night, might be due to the drugs I've taken that day.

I just realized that's the first time I did these highly controlled substances when I am only 15 at the time, without knowing exactly what it is. Just knowing the feeling of it is already good enough, since then I've turned down all offers when Ivan is trying to sell me drugs.

Ever since that one time I snorted meth in class, Ivan always running around calling me crackhead whenever he sees me. Telling people that I did coke plus meth and got top10 in mile run because of it. Totally not trying to convince other kids to buy his drugs or anything…

Then suddenly he went missing towards the finals of our sophomore year, never seen him again. Heard from other students that he got caught selling those and got sent to minor rehab.

As I finish my year with average grades, another school year wasted without learning anything. But one thing I did improved was my English, grammar and speaking more fluently now. No longer being called a FOB in class. I also decided to move to another school next year, no longer in same the school as Kevin and Kwan.

I feel bad, since they are my best friends, but I think I might have to reconsider my future and what I want to do. I used my mom's friends address, to get into the other school to start over new, this time trying to do better than year one.

New school year started, now going into sophomore year. I recognize a few of other childhood friends I've met in elementary and middle school right away on the first day of school. It was Harry and Bun, both very good friends of mine, I had known Harry since 4th grade and Bun since middle school.

We greeted each other and went to the cafeteria to eat breakfast. Looked at our classes and see if we have any together. Finished the first day and first impression was great, found a lot of familiar faces and made a lot of friends already day one of school.

The first week went by, so far so good. Then one day Harry and Bun asked me if I wanted to skip classes with them during lunch. Thinking skipping those classes was not too bad since I had PE last period and the other 2, I can just make up tomorrow, I agreed to join them. We went to the KFC next to school and ate lunch there during lunch and never went back.

Bad habits kicked in, and I started getting high on cough syrup and skipping classes again. This one time after breakfast when we were about to head to class together. Suddenly Bun asked, "Should we just skip class?" Harry said, "Let's go!", and I couldn't say no.

Because I didn't do homework for a few of my classes that day, being absent is the best excuse to have an extra day to finish them. We decided to run past our soccer field and jump the fence to get out.

As we started to run, the janitor saw us and ran after us. Bun said, “FUCKING RUUUUN!” I asked, “What happens if he catches us?” Harry said, “Don’t know, we never got caught before.” Harry was the biggest in size, so he was slowest. I said “This about be your first time bro.” as Me and Bun got to the fence and hopped over it. But Harry almost couldn’t make it.

Just to realize that the Janitor gave up and walked back halfway through the chase. Was funny that we were all scared and never looked back once until we hopped over the fence. Harry “I almost had a heart attack running that fast!”.

As we were leaving school, we started to have an idea. Since we all knew Kevin and Kwan. We all went to the same school at one point or another, and we’re all very close friends, like brothers.

So, we planned a meet up in McDonalds by my old school where Kevin and Kwan still attend. After we met up there, we decided we would head to the movie theatre in one of the casinos.

I started digging my backpack for the cough syrup as we were walking to the bus. I got it from leftovers for my fever a few weeks ago. I asked him if Kwan tried these before, and he said he tried the pink one. I know the pink one is weaker than the purple one, but the doctors rarely give the purple one nowadays, so understandable that Kwan didn’t get the good one.

I gave Kwan the prescribed dosage, knowing that it probably won't be too bad because these are prescribed by the doctors. I, however, decided to double down on it.

I Took twice the prescribed amount because it was all I had left, so I drank the whole remaining bottle. After about 30 minutes of walking, I'm starting to get high. But luckily, we are now at the bus stop.

Took us multiple bus stops and switches, we finally arrived. We went to the theatre straight away; the movies were so bad that we picked The Eagle out of all the bad movies they had that day.

I was getting pretty high as we walked into the room. I asked Kwan if he was high, and he nodded. Once we sat down in there, I felt the syrup hit me full force. I feel like the music and the sound is hitting me every time someone talks or some dramatic music plays. and that happened throughout the whole movie.

I told Kwan how I feel and asked how he is feeling. He told me he found out that when he closed his eyes, the sound hits him harder. So I tried doing that, and indeed it was way more effective of getting higher.

When you expect the sound, the sound does not hit you as hard as if you were to be unaware of the sound incoming when your eyes are closed. I told Kwan to punch me once with my eyes open and once with my eyes closed.

I feel higher whenever my eyes are closed when I hear or physical contact that I don't expect. We began to exchange punches for high.

Halfway through the movie as I was falling asleep to this boring ass movie, nodding with my eyes closed. Then suddenly I heard a BOOM! A loud noise that made me jump off my seat. Felt like that one cartoon scene in Tom and Jerry, where one of them got their soul knocked out of the body.

Kwan laughed out loud, while other friends that actually fell asleep watching this movie was waken up by me. After much effort, we managed to finish the movie without leaving early.

We all agreed that (The Eagle) movie was terrible, one of the worst movie we ever paid money to see. But I am glad that I was high while going through all of it. We went to eat and headed back to our school to get picked up by our parents after school to get home unsuspected.

Things went back to normal after that day, I started to focus on school and homework, declined all the recent offers of skipping classes with the boys.

Made some new friends, and didn't sleep as often in classes anymore. Slowly trying to change my bad habits and working hard to be a better student.

Keeping up with my grades has been a challenge, I'm always distracted by things or people. I can never seem to work on something for more than 10 minutes without being interrupted by my thoughts or other things in my surroundings. Flipping pages without reading the whole thing, have to reread a few times just to get through one page.

One day at the cafeteria, this fat kid walked up to me and told me to get out of his seat. I refused then he pushed me, so I stood up and pushed him away from me. I guess this dude is in senior year and is like the alpha of the Chinese group of people here.

Just as we are about to get in a fight, Bun stopped me and said, "Just apologize, you shouldn't pick a fight with him."

I replied, "Fuck that, he pushed me first."

The fat kid walked up to me and said, "If you are a man, show up at the back alley after school." I guess he didn't want to fight here because there's too many students watching already. Teachers are around us, the fight will be broken up surely if it starts. So, we all got up and left the cafeteria.

Bun and Harry are planning on skipping class again today. But after this incident, I refused to go with them and decided to stay in school today. As we part ways, Bun told me, "Be careful after school."

The last class of the day ended, as I walked towards the back of the school. I can already see that fat kid has 2 sidekicks with him, they are all bigger and taller than me. I knew it wasn't going to be good, I am alone and definitely won't be able to win against all 3 of them.

We got to the back alley of the school, there was this big tree. As he approached, I raised my fists. Then he ran towards me, I took my first jab. It landed, but he charged at me again like it was nothing. So I backed up a little and took my second punch.

This time I got a clean hit on his lips, so clean that my hand started hurting. Then I saw blood, it was his lips or teeth that were bleeding. He spit the blood out, then gave me a stare.

I got a bit scared at this point, I didn't want to hurt him more than I'd have to, I just didn't back down from the fight because I didn't do anything wrong. I was in the seat first, why should I give up just because he told me to?

He charged towards me again, this time I hesitated to punch him again, instead I tried to push him away.

I failed; and he got me this time. He slammed me onto the ground and tried to keep me down with his knees as he punched me multiple times. Luckily my backpack took most of the impact of the fall. I kicked him off me and stood up. I raised up my hands again, then he spit out blood again.

He ran towards me for the fourth time, I tried avoiding him, but I failed again. This time I was on the ground again, but before taking the incoming punches, I slid to the side and got away. He got up and looked at me for a moment, pointed his finger at me and said, “You got lucky this time.” And gave a signal to his sidekicks to leave.

That right there could have ended a lot worse. I really did get lucky and looked at my knuckle that was hurting from punching him. Seems like that second punch I landed was enough to let him know that I wasn’t scared.

My knuckle was scrapped and bleeding from punching his teeth. If I landed more hits on his wound that would have done some serious damage to him. That probably will get the other two involved as well, so I just left it at that and went home afterward.

Next day at lunch, the fat kid saw me walking up to my friends, which is also the group that he hangs out with. He looked at me and pulled out a chair, seems like after the fight yesterday, I’ve earned his respect.

I sat down in the chair he pulled out. He didn’t say anything, gave me a pat on the back twice. Then turned to his friends, I guess that’s a sign of approval to be in the group. Bun and Harry asked me what happened yesterday, and if we fought. I told them what happened, Harry and Bun were trying not to laugh out loud next to them.

We finished our lunch and walked out of the cafeteria. It was right after lunch period, and it was very crowded. As we were walking to class, I felt someone grabbed my butt, a big handful of it. Since Bun is right next to me, I immediately asked Bun, “Why are you gay?” Bun was clueless and asked me what happened.

I didn’t want to explain to him what happened, so I grabbed his butt like how mine was grabbed. And said, “That happened.”

Bun said, “I know…” I questioned, “Huh?” Bun replied, “Someone already grabbed me once before you did, I thought it was you.”

We both looked back, and it was two black girls behind us, smiling at me and Bun. The place was packed with students trying to get to their class. Bun whispered, “RUUUUN!”

Then me and Bun both ran as fast as we could, trying to get through all the traffic bumping into everyone possible trying to get out. We ran to our classes, and started to copy homework as we didn’t do our assignments from the day before. Just the usual stuff in school.

I remember during this time of the year when spring is changing season into summer. I began to get a lot of nose bleeds. It gets pretty bad, to the point where I just tilt back my head and drink my own blood for a good 10-15 minutes, sometimes even up to 30 mins.

Or I try to put papers in my nose and wait for the blood to clog into a puddle then swallow all the blood in batches when the bleeding stops.

I have no idea why this happened, this happened for 3 years consecutively throughout all my high school years. This always happened during the change of season from spring to summer. So basically, whenever time summertime comes, I am expected to be drinking my own blood from nosebleeds.

The worst time to get them is during class, I get teased by classmates, saying that it's because I stare at girls. I doubt that was the reason, because I rarely get nose bleeds outside of this time of the year.

If I do get nose bleeds outside of this time period, it would just be normal nose bleeds, not a massive blood transfer from my nostril to the stomach. I never told my parents, when it happens at home, I just tell them its regular noes bleeds.

As the year final approaches, another year gone by. Didn't get into too much trouble since that fight, but nothing changed, I still skipped classes with sub optimal grades. I decided to go back to my old school, where Kevin and Kwan are still attending.

Nothing special happened throughout these two years, but I've made quite a lot of friends in class that made school more enjoyable. My favorite class was Japanese class. Our teacher Sensei was awesome.

The way he treated all the students like a friend more than a student. Humorous and very lenient about the grades. He always tells me he knows I could do better if I ever tried. But I am always just playing video games, never cared about school much.

Everything got worse except for one thing, I found my first girlfriend. She goes to another school; I met her at Kwan's house family gathering party. I got her number and asked her out in a casino movie theatre. Found out later that my mom and her mom are co-workers and are good friends, and they were okay with it.

I don't get to see her often because we don't go to the same school, and at that time I didn't start to drive yet. The only times when I can see her is on the weekend. Sometimes our parents would drop us off in a casino, and we go to the arcade or the movies to spend our time alone there.

Things got better once I started to learn how to drive, and for the worse, skipping classes has never been easier. Ended the year with more suboptimal grades. I'm barely passing with Bs and Cs, which my parents are furious about it all the time.

Surprisingly the only class I was about to fail was physical education class, which counts grades toward participation and not performance. But I managed to talk my teacher into giving me a passing grade if I showed up for the rest of the year.

Throughout the years of high school, I don't think I remember anything I've learned, other than basic math and English. The only thing I've improved on was probably my grammar and pronunciations, better but still not great. I graduated from high school after summer school because I failed few classes due to absence.

Then I began to look for a job. I got a job as a busser in a Chinese restaurant. I worked for a few months and quit because I was having chronic pain when I was at the age of 18.

My parents did not believed me that I had arthritis at the age of 18, but I looked up online for the symptoms, and I think that's what it is. Whenever my hands get near water for too long, they start hurting and eventually swollen.

This problem happens to all parts of my body, not just my hands. During the winter, my legs, kneecap, and pelvis joints all hurt and change form in some cases, depending on how bad the weather gets.

I kept all those to myself and made excuses when they hurt, because no one ever believes me when I tell them how badly I'm in pain. My parents think I'm joking or making excuses for whatever that I'm too lazy to do. My entire body would hurt during rainy days. It's not that bad in Vegas because there isn't too much rain. But whenever I travel to other places with high humidity, I am always in pain because of it.

Whenever we visit family and friends in other countries or states that are more humid, it's always been like hell for me. I kept all those to myself and made excuses when I am in pain.

I started to go to a community college. At the time, I didn't have any goal of what was there to do, so I just went along with college.

Then, I got Adderall from my family doctor. He said that those would help me improve in school because I have ADHD. The drugs did help a lot in helping me in school, but the drug puts me straight into sleep like a sleeping aid pill. It was just not enough to help me stay in school; I started skipping classes as well.

This one day I was hanging out with Harry, Kevin and Kwan, in our usual spot in an Asian plaza. Our other friend Tony just called us and asked us if we wanted some weed brownies that he picked up from California. Up until this point, we only have heard about Weed, but never tried it. We are all curious to try, but never had the opportunity. This is when weed is still very illegal in Nevada, and most were against it.

Tony showed up after 15 minutes, pulled up and told us to get in his car. The first thing we smelled was some heavy dirt smell. He pulled out a bag right away as we got seated in the car. Broke down the brownies in pieces and said, "This is you guys trying it for the first time, this should be enough."

We all ate what he gave us, I had a hard time eating it. The aftertaste was very bad. Tony then started driving to his friend's house, because he cannot drive once the brownies kick in.

As we arrived at his friend's house, I could already feel the brownies. Things are moving in slow motion, and everything is like a cutscene, like the brain is updating the visual scene once every second.

My mouth is extremely dry, even after drinking water I just want to drink again and became extremely hungry. Also, I noticed that most of the pain I have on my body is gone, feeling like a normal person again.

We all started to giggle at every conversation at the most random things. While we waited for other friends to arrive, we ordered a pizza. Once everyone showed up, Tony handed out brownies to everyone again, and we decided that we will go to an 18+ Strip Club.

There's a Strip club here called Little Darlings; we call it LD. That is for 18+ no alcohol but everything else you can do in a strip club. I don't think any of us in our group have been there except for Tony, the horny bastard is always on top of these kinds of things.

As we get our ID checked and seated. There's a girl waving at Tony already, as we expected. Tony then says he's been here only a few times, which we all know is a lie. As we sit down to the middle, we saw a lot of naked girls dancing.

One walked up to me, she asked me for my name, and gave me her stripper name. She sat on my lap and asked me if I want to get in the private room and show me something nice.

I didn't know what to say to her, I was too high to respond to her. It was very difficult trying to say the word I'm thinking while being super high for the first time. Not to mention that the music playing was very loud, the beat alone was enough to keep my back and ass clinched on the seat.

She then sat closer around my shaft and asked me very closely, "Are you guys high?" I replied "Yes." Then she asked what we were on, I told her weed brownies.

She laughed and teased me for a little, then stood up. Saying that she will be back in a bit and walked away.

Me and the boys gathered around in a circle, then started to tell each other what happened with each of our encounters. That's when Tony's favorite girl walked up to him and convinced him into the private room for a lap dance. Tony left us and so did the other friend that came with us with his girl.

Me, Harry, Kevin and Kwan all laughed loudly as they walked into the back. This woman with gigantic boobs walked up to me and sat on my laps. We exchanged names and she asked, "Want to have some fun?", I asked "Can I touch those?" then she replied, "Sure, they're bigger than your head!" Then she squeezed her boobs on my face to compare the two, and indeed those pairs combined were almost twice the size of my head.

I took the opportunity and accepted her offer and grabbed her boobs, then I felt something hard, and rubber like on the underside of her boobs. I asked, “These are fake?” She replied, “Yea, how’d you think they are bigger than your head? I am getting a surgery to size up this month after I get paid.”

Then she asked me if wanted to have more fun in the back, where I could touch anywhere I wanted. I told her that I’m actually very high right now and I cannot move. She stood up and gave me a slap on my chest, then walked toward Kwan.

Trying to sober up, we decided to all move to a more isolated spot to prevent the girls from coming to us and sitting awkwardly so they don’t try to sit down on our laps.

Tony is walking out of the back room, and we asked them what happened behind there. He told us the lap dance was 40$, gets to see and touch everything for 5 minutes.

Our other friend just got out, walking out of the room looking embarrassed. We asked him what happened, He told us that the stripper convinced him into giving him a hand job for 150$, she didn’t use lotion and got his kids on his shirt.

The Strip Club backlight shows his black shirt have white colored marks; everyone knew what that is. We almost died of laughter. We all went home shortly after this. This was one of the most memorable nights, the first time I’ve ever tried weed brownies.

We decided to meet up with Tony and his friend again the next day. Tony's friend had weed in his home. So, we our group of 4 all tried weed for the first time. We all coughed like we have never did before and were very hungry. They were all drinking as well, and our friend was so high that he tipped the pizza delivery man 60$ on a 20$ order.

We all got high and drunk, one of our friends threw up around 20 times in the kitchen throughout the night, he was laying on the ground throwing up on himself.

My friends are quite big drinkers, even though we aren't old enough yet. I am allergic to alcohol; I get very red throughout my whole body and itches all over whenever I drink.

Throwing up is almost for certain, for any amount of alcohol I drink. I've tried methods of enhancing my drinking ability or eating before, but nothing has worked. Since I always throw it back up anyways, I drink as much as I need to and just worry about throwing up afterward.

We smoked up their weed, drank all his alcohol and messed the house up. After we sobered up, it was already morning. Our friend that threw up all over the place felt bad.

He cleaned up as we all laughed and joked at the dumb things he did last night. He paid the house owner 200$ for cleaning afterward for all the trouble he had caused. We felt better and left after everyone had sobered up enough to be able to drive.

After we were introduced to weed, it instantly became our preferred way of socializing. Everything we do is more fun, and with enhanced appetite as well as pain relief.

At the time I just wanted to let my parents know that I'm going to college like a regular adult. They don't know that I am smoking weed and skipping class, I try to conceal it as much as I can. Still living with our parents, we had the money from work to buy all kind of weed and prescription drugs we can find from our weed dealer. Things like Xanax, roofie, pain killers, and other types of narcotics.

At the time we just wanted to experience things that could get you "high" like weed, but without needing to smoke. To avoid getting addicted to a certain type of drugs, we would switch up the type of things we would get high on.

This one time, me and Kwan was desperate for weed, but we cannot get them until our dealers arrive back in town at nighttime. Me and Kwan stumble across a smoke shop in town that was selling this thing called "Salvia" 30x, I looked it up online, and seeing that its legal in our state, I thought to myself that it wouldn't be a bad idea to try these.

Me and Kwan decided to buy 2 packs of these things and headed home. Not knowing what to expect, we went back to Kwan's backyard. With our pipe ready.

Kwan took the first puff, and he dropped the pipe and started to lay on the ground. I asked him how he feels, and he didn't respond. He sat up after a minute, then said he heard a lot of noises, like small ticking noises.

Then he picked up the pipe, loaded the bowl and smoked again. This time he stares at the sky right after he smoked, and he said, "Holy shit bro, my houses is ripping apart!" Then he stared at me and asked "Who are you? Why are you in my backyard?", followed by "Why are there arms and legs in the skies?"

I told him to calm down, and shortly he snapped out of it. Kwan, "Holy shit bro, there were a lot of small things talking to me behind my ear and saw a bunch of arms and legs in the sky."

I was extremely curious and wanted to see for myself what Kwan saw from these things, then I loaded up a fat bowl. First puff, I started feeling heavy, yet the gravity is lifting. I decided to smoke a big hit, this time before I finished the puff, I saw a big opening in the sky, where the boarder of the opening is a bunch of arm and legs waving.

The Eye shaped hole that opened up in the sky, there were a lot of arms and legs, this HUGE hand reached out of it and grabbed onto my body on earth.

It pulled me into the opening in the sky and closed the portal, as the portal closes and me being on pull to the other side.

I can vividly remember that the arms and legs were forming the closing of the portal, looks like a zipper made with arms and legs being zipped up.

Disgusted and fascinated at the same time, I entered this world of infinite cycling. Where things are repeatedly morphing and changing but in a way that everything make sense and tells a story each scene. There were a lot of little ticking sounds behind my ear, like someone is talking to me but I can only hear the chattering tic noises in a vibrating frequency.

It looked like a world that was made with only me, a lot of small “Me” running around me, turning into objects and morphing from objects to the image of me. There were a lot of indescribable things that happened during a short period of time. I tried very hard to remember things, but every time I tired, I get this relaxed feeling on my mind telling me just watch and don’t think.

So I just sat back and watched the whole story unfold Infront of my eyes, I became an object in the story with a bunch of Me, not remembering any details but it felt like a long detailed movie. Suddenly I heard this DING sound, “TIMES UP!!”

Then the same hand that grabbed me here took a hold of me once again as the world morphed back into reality, then threw me down back to earth.

One thing I remember was that I was in a room, I was not a human, I was an object, and I saw many mini “me”. And one of them said, “I have to go help you.” Then followed by many small voices, “Gotta go help him, gotta go help him.”

Then they jumped on to me. They sounded like minions, I can hear them each clearly, I saw a bunch of unrelatable patterns and special rooms and all atom in that world was made of “me”.

As I see myself falling out of the Eye shaped hole formed with arms and legs, the hand told me, “Remember, you are the Pen”, mini me voice, “THE PENCILLLLL!!!” as I get thrown out of the sky.

As I fall, I see myself landed back on my body, slowly regaining vision of what’s in front of me. It was Kwan laughing at me, while I was on the ground, I felt like my body was glued to the ground as I got up.

Kwan told me that I was out completely after my second hit, and fell on the ground, smiling with my eyes open the whole time.

I asked him for how long, and he replied, “About 5 minutes.” To me that whole thing felt like a few hours, like the perspective of time is different in there. I remember seeing so many things yet remember so little of it.

The craziest part of this experience was that both me and Kwan saw the arms and legs in the skies, and heard the ticking noises like they are right there.

I then researched a bit on the internet about this plant called Salvia. Seems like the experience I just had was called a "breakthrough", where the user became so hallucinated that when eyes open or closed. They see a different image than what's in front of them, which was what I experienced.

I searched up a lot of images, there were many paintings that resemble a scene or how they morph into objects and flow with the background, was a part of the experience I remember.

But there was so much that I saw that I could not find anything about on the internet. But I knew that it couldn't be a coincidence that me and Kwan both saw the same things, like the sky ripping apart and many arms and legs with the chattering noise.

It was too much of a coincidence to me to think that was just how the plant reacts in our brain. I began to wonder if there are things out there that are not human and are trying to communicate with humans through these kinds of experiences.

That was the first and only time I've tried Salvia, I read a lot of stories online and most of them have been horrifying, and I know that it's not supposed to be smoked recreationally like weed. So, I just took what I learned that day and never tried it again.

Me and Kwan met up at our friend's house that same night. We met up with Kevin and other friends. Told them about our experiences today. Kevin was interested and curious to try it as well, so we gave him our remaining stash that we didn't smoke.

He loaded up the bong with water and smoked a big hit, he put down the bong and laid down on the sofa. We asked him how he felt, he complained how it tasted, and he felt very heavy, like gravity is dragging him down. Was similar to weed high for a minute, but that's about it, nothing else happened.

It was weird because what he smoked there was already more than me and Kwan combined, but the effect was less significant. We told him it might be the water in the bong filtering out the substance.

He loaded up another bowl with a pipe, took a big puff again this time, but nothing happened. He gave up shortly after smoking the remaining stash we had left without any meaningful trips, looking disappointed and said, "Maybe those things don't want me to see it." Disappointed, we decided to smoke some weed and called it a night.

At the time, I had already broken up with my girlfriend for few months. She and my sister had become good friends since the time we were together, and she visits her often even after we broke up. I went to her house one day, apologized and asked her if she would give me another chance, and she said yes.

Prom is just around the corner, so I decided to ask her out to Prom. I waited for her classes to be over at the entrance of her school and brought balloons and flowers, also a teddy bear that was bigger than her. She could barely hold it up and not let it touch the ground as she walked out. She was very happy with everything I did and said yes in front of all her friends.

During Prom Night, we all dressed up and went to take our pictures, danced in the lobby. Then we headed to the afterparty after it was over.

Kevin also attended that day; his girlfriend coincidently was best friend with my girlfriend, and they go to the same school.

We arrived at the afterparty inside a penthouse in the hotel, and everyone had to bring something. Most brought alcohol or utensils, but me and Kevin brought some alcohol, and a big ass blunt. I haven't told my girlfriend that I started smoking weed after we got back together.

At first, we were just drinking. Me and Kevin both agreed that this was kind of lame, compared to how we usually party. We stepped out of the hotel to smoke some weed, not trying to let anyone else in the party know we had weed, yet.

Once we arrived back to the party, we can already tell that some of these people are already drunk, it's only been one hour since the party started.

Luckily, I didn't lose much, only had to take a sip of the vodka cup. The last thing I want is to vomit in an amateur party. I decided to stop drinking and told Kevin that we need to smoke again.

My girlfriend was drunk already and was hanging out with her friends. There was second floor that had a lobby and bathroom, so me and Kevin walked upstairs. Then we lit up the blunt inside the shower glass.

The people there knew right away that we were hotboxing inside the shower. Some came in and asked us if they could join us. We were already halfway through the blunt, so we shared the rest with the people that wanted it. One girl only took 2 puffs, and she got so high that she threw up in the shower.

I left as soon as I could smell anything that was not weed in there. But some were still in there waiting for their turn to smoke. I dashed out and ran into someone on my way out. It was my girlfriend. She fell on the ground, and I tried to pick her up. She asked me what I am doing and why do I smell like weed. I told her Kevin is smoking weed in the back and I tried it for the first time.

I helped her get down the stairs and told her to stop drinking. We got downstairs and sat down on the side of the lobby, watching everyone else get drunk and high. We went to Kevins house to sleep for the night because we were high and drunk and didn't want our family to find out.

One day me, Kwan and Kevin found out about a private rave and was invited by one of our friends. We didn't know what rave was and decided to go. We also met up with one of our other childhood friends that moved to LA since we graduated, Tim.

We got high then arrived at the rave at night, and it was held in an abandoned church. Then a girl walked up to me, I recognized her right away, it was one of my friends that we partied and was in a school club together in high school.

She walked by with her friends and asked us what we were doing here, and that she never expected to see me in a rave. She pulled us to the side and asked, "Do you guys want to buy some molly?"

None of us knew what molly was, so we asked her what it is. She told us it's called MDMA and it gets you rolling, and we looked it up on google. We bought 4 from her for 15$ each, small white capsule with some brownish color on it.

We all shared a water bottle and took the pill as soon as we got it. We waited for 30 minutes, and music have been playing in the church.

I began to feel the come up of the drug. Music sounds different and clearer, but everything I see begins to blur as the music beat plays from the speakers. We decided to smoke a joint and see if it will boost the drug.

We walked to the outside of the church and lit up our joint. As we took turns puffing the joint, other people in the party walked up to us and asked if they could smoke with us. Tim was very high, and he had a lot of weed on him, and we gave them our joint and we made another one. Then more people came up to us as we smoked.

We met some cool people and traded contacts, met a lot of drug dealers that night. We walked back into the church after we were done smoking and began to feel the peak of the MDMA.

My eyes were shaking as the music drops, I can barely see straight. Felt like I'm sleepwalking trying to wake up but can't because the music is playing. Everything else was blurry that night, we had a blast listening to music while on high on MDMA and weed.

As the rave ended, everyone began to leave. We decided to smoke one more joint before we leave. Then we saw my friend that sold us molly walked up to us again. She told us that EDC is next month and that is all what rave is about. We were convinced and decided that we would go. Looked up what EDC is and found out that it's one of the biggest rave in the world and it's held in Vegas, we all agreed that we must attend.

We started doing more research on the drug we just took and found out more information about it. The potential harm and side effects that could occur when taking. Didn't seem too bad to us at the time and it was added to our to do drug list.

Leading up the EDC, we were just getting high every day. Hanging out with those drug dealers that we met at the rave and got invited to their house parties. Trying to meet more people to see if we can find the best pricing on the drugs through various drug dealers.

The day of EDC arrived; I told my girlfriend that I'm going. She said that as long as I don't smoke weed then it's okay to go, she is having finals soon and she needs to study at home. But there's one problem, I don't have a ticket.

Kevin and Kwan told me that they would arrive later that night because they are on the other side of the town to pick up weed. My friend that sold us Molly called me and asked if she and her friends could carpool with me, so I went to pick them up.

After I got there, I realized how far the destination was, and the traffic might take up to hours at this time. I decided to let my friend drive there since she is more familiar with the area. This is her third time going and she's only 18.

The traffic was really bad, but it was funny that everyone had their windows down and blasting their favorite music. On the way there was already a ton of fun, we even saw people passing blunt through the traffic.

I declined the offer since it's been passed around many times, and I was already high on my own weed. After hours of traffic, we finally arrived. We are an hour late to the party, but people are just getting here.

I don’t know how Kevin and Kwan are going to get in there, I was looking to see if anyone was selling tickets at the entrance. As my friends walks in, she told me that the drug dealer that has our drugs is inside, so she will meet up with me once I find a way in.

I was standing outside for about an hour, I saw many people trying to get in illegally and some did, but most got caught. I saw a group of people plotting, trying to make a run at the same time.

After a few minutes of staring at the entrance, they made the run. As soon as they ran, this big security dude, single handedly took down 7 dudes out of the 15 people running. That was impressive.

Knowing trying to brute force through that is not possible after those people had alerted the security guards. As I looked around, I saw that some of the ticketing employees are taking bribes to let people in.

I did some research and walked around, went to a line that had a greedy employee that is taking money to let people in. I asked people around how much they are giving them, some said 5 some said 20, I think they are too nervous to check the amount anyways.

After 30 minutes of waiting, it was finally my turn. I put a 20$ bill under my ID and hope that the employee will let me through. She looked at my ID, then checked the back. Told me to go in while putting the cash in her pocket.

I walked nervously, trying not to get caught while passing the gate, put the weed inside my socks and got in without any problem.

As I got inside the venue, I called Kevin and Kwan to see if they arrived yet. Kevin said they are on their way, but they don't have a ticket. I told them that I got in by bribing the employee, and that they still have hope.

Me and my friend met up in a smaller stage on the side, and she bit off half of a red superman logo pill, and gave me the other half, then told me that she also got me Acid.

I asked her, "What is Acid?", then she pulled out a tablet of paper, then ripped in half. Told me to put it under my tongue and swallow it after 15 minutes. I started to taste bitter, and my tongue started to numb. She said that is normal and will go away after few minutes. Since Kevin and Kwan is not here yet, I just went with the new friends I met.

As we walk inside, I can already hear the loud music playing from different stages far away. It was nothing like I've seen before, the lighting, the stages and the people there were all so nice. My friend had a map and was checking which DJ we would listen to first, I started to feel the come up of the drugs just about 15 minutes after I took them.

The feeling of power is flowing through my whole body, everything began to wave slowly to left and right. I can see things so clearly; everything was in high definition.

Feels like I'm swimming underwater, I can feel the water moving on my skin, but my body was dry.

As the drugs get more intense, everything was going backward, and in slow motion. I'm at loss for words, everything was so smooth and soothing, yet disoriented.

My eyes were shaking as the music beat dropped. The indescribable high compared to everything I have done in the past. Eventually I realized that I have lost my friends in the crowd, and my phone had no signals in there.

Then I began to think and realize a lot of things in a perspective that I never had before. Everything is so clear to me but yet I cannot remember anything even thought it was making so much sense at the time. Then a pair of couple walked up to me, they said that I'm awesome and wanted to give me a lightshow with their flashing gloves.

I sat down and they both sat down next to me forming a small circle, then the male began to wave and swirl his shiny gloves Infront of our face.

The visuals were going slow-motion as he waves his fingers back and forth, I realized that not only I was slowed down but everyone around me was dancing slowly.

Music was slowed down as well, that lasted for a minute or two, and that reoccurs throughout the night, and I feel like I have no sense of time during those moments.

Trying to count in seconds was very hard, my mind gets reset every now and then. After he was done, I gave them both a hug and told them that they were great and amazing couples, and have to go find my friends, then waved them goodbye.

I began my adventure looking for my friend in this impossible maze of awesomeness. I feel like I'm a character in a video game trying to complete a quest. This is only about 2 hours into the drugs that I have taken but felt like eternity.

This whole experience felt like I was underwater the entire time. As time disorientation intensifies, since everything was going slow motion.

I wanted to see if I could run twice as fast if everything was slowed down, but it was very hard for me to even walk as I feel each beat of the music hitting through my whole body. I decided to sit down by the fence, all the way back of the stage because I cannot stand under the music was too loud.

Checking my phone, I saw a few unread messages, shortly I was out of signal again. Kevin and Kwan already arrived an hour ago, but they got into some trouble while getting in illegally through by hopping the fence. I just sat there for a whole hour thinking I'm going to sober up by now, but the music keeps getting louder and louder, I was just as high as before.

I probably spent almost an hour watching the trippy visuals from the big screen, feels like I'm trapped inside a frame, and music would reset my situation every time a new song plays.

I sat down with my eyes closed; I was so high that I couldn't even keep my eyes open. Listening to the music with my eyes closed I almost fell asleep for a minute, but the high had woke me up before I could fall asleep.

A man walked up to me, and asked me if I was okay, I told him I'm fine, it's just that I'm taking a break from looking for my friends. He asked me what drug I was on, and I told him molly, acid, and some weed. He said that I am crazy for that and asked me if I have more of whatever I took.

Told him I only have weed left, and he asked if he could smoke with me. I told him I'm too high to roll up a joint, so I pulled out the weed from my socks and let him do it. As he started to roll the joint, he suggested that we should go to the front of the stage for a better experience.

I was not ready to move, but I didn't want to look lame and sit on the fence during a rave. I agreed that we should and made our walk to the middle of the main stage. As we lit up the joint and started smoking, other people around us smelled weed. Many of them crowded up on us in a circle, asking us if they can join.

I took a big puff and said sure as I exhale and cough repeatedly and passed it to the person next to me, immediately feeling the high of all the other drugs getting boosted by weeds effect. Seeing that there's at least 10 people here, I don't think I want to smoke again after this.

Everyone was having fun, singing, and dancing as they pass the joint in circle having the best time of their lives there.

This is probably around the 4-hour mark since I've taken the drugs, and I am still getting higher every minute. I started to see people in doubles, I couldn't open my eyes enough before it shakes uncontrollably and closes every few seconds. Trying not to blink was almost an impossible task. I was hallucinating like crazy at the time, I have no idea if the images I'm seeing is what they are playing on the big screen.

As the DJ set comes to an end, we all gathered up and took a group picture. I told them I have to go look for my friends, everyone gave me handshakes and hugs and we all parted ways.

Wasted about another hour just walking around the stages looking for my friends, at this point I had already given up. I walked up to a stage with fake grass, and sat down there, trying to recover some energy before I walk again.

I can start feeling the drugs are coming down from the peak, I no long keep on getting higher every minute and I can feel that the high now is noticeably weaker than what it was an hour ago.

Looked at my phone again and saw a message from Kwan and Kevin a bit ago, they already left the venue early as they were not feeling well after their incident.

There were probably 4 more hours to go until it ends for the day, I just sat at the place for the rest of the time enjoying my high and the music there.

When it was finally over, I spent 2 hours in the parking lot looking for my friends that I came with. When we finally got home, I did more research on the drug Acid (LSD), and that red superman pill I took.

Turns out that the tablet I was given that has bitter taste and numbness in the tongue was not LSD. It's something else that had similar effects, closest thing to description of another psychedelic drug that is probably 25iNbome, that people at the time called it "the bomb". And the red superman pill was MDMA laced with meth.

Combined with weed throughout the whole night, that combination of drugs was probably not the safest combo of drug choices first time in EDC. I didn't think at the time that the drugs sold to me could be fake or impure.

Good thing that was only half of both pills, the experience could of probably went really bad, but instead I had the most amazing experience and eye opening of my life so far. Hands down beats everything else I've tried in the past, combined with the music and the people there.

I met up with Kevin and Kwan the next day, we exchanged stories as we smoked from the new bong we bought from a convention recently.

Turns out that Kevin and Kwan said the employees that were accepting bribes were removed from the ticketing entrance.

So they made multiple attempts to get through the fences. Almost got caught by the security guard and lost their shoes during the run, so they left early because they didn't want to walk barefoot while being high.

I told them about my experience, and they were both pretty jealousy and envious that I had the opportunity to do all those drugs in there.

By now we have tried most of the pharmacy recreational drugs available to us, we don't abuse or get addicted to one drug. We just want to experience them once or twice to know how it feels in a safe environment, then move on to the next. Nonetheless, they were also interested in the drug "LSD", we began to look for that to put on our to do list.

Kevin and Kwan have to work the days after, but I really want to go to EDC on the last day. So I decided to buy a ticket from a local that didn't want to attend the last day.

I met up with my friends that I went with day one and headed our way to the venue on the last day.

This time she told me, we can't do Acid anymore because we have to take 2 weeks break in-between each trip. Instead, she gave me two molly capsules, told me to take one when we get inside and take the second one after 5 hours.

When we first walked inside, to prevent getting lost. My friend brought a rope this time to have everyone in the group hold on to it, so we don't get lost like we did on the first day. I took the first pill as soon as we were walking inside.

Took about 30 minutes to feel the come up of the molly, made a big mistake today not bringing any extra weed with me. I only have one joint and decided to smoke it with my friends during the come up of the drug.

Trying to stay together was a challenge, even with the rope. We managed to get through the first set of music without getting lost, the music and visual was insane inside the dome that we stayed in. As we were walking out of the dome, I saw someone familiar. It's my girlfriend's best friend, and she's here with her cousins. She recognized me right away and ran up to me closely. As noisy as her usual self, she immediately asked me why I'm with a bunch of pretty girls and if I was high.

Then she asked me if my girlfriend knows I'm here. I actually did tell my girlfriend that I was here, but she told me not to get high. My eyes were shaking again at the time when the music dropped, it was really hard to talk to her like I'm sober. Seeing that she is pretty wasted herself, I told her yes.

Because we were with a different group of people, we didn't want to chat too long, she waved goodbye and we began our walk to the next DJ set.

This is about 3 hours into the rave, MDMA was peaking at the time. I want to smoke some weed really bad, but I was out. Then I noticed that the rope I was holding on to was gone.

All those troubles to bring a rope to tie everyone together and we still got lost somehow. Knowing how first day was, I know that I won't be able to find them anytime soon.

I was walking around the venue during the peak, I saw a man rolling a joint. I walked up to him and greeted him. We chatted for a little bit, and coincidently we both just got lost with our group.

I asked him if I could smoke with him after he's done rolling the joint. He said sure and was planning on sharing with the people around. So we walked up to the front of the stage and began to smoke.

First, we both began to take turns taking big puffs. Immediately I can feel the MDMA getting boosted by the weed. As we smoke, people walked up to us and ask if we can share.

We passed the joint in circles, everyone was dancing and singing. After we were done smoking, there was a guy in the group that had those light gloves, so we sat in a circle and watched him giving the group a light show.

I began to get the feeling that I had during the first day, when everything began to move in slow-motion and wavy. I can clearly remember this feeling. When things are moving in frames, and I can see things break down frame by frame because it's slowed down. But this time around, that feeling only lasted for a few minutes. Then everything went back to normal.

I still couldn't tell if things are really slowed down for everyone, or just my perception of time have changed during the come up of the remaining of the drug I took on day one. As the music got louder, my eyes began to shake uncontrollably, in an amazing way I could see color so vividly and the music sound so clear at the time.

As the music set comes to an end, we began to wave our goodbyes and I thanked the guy that shared the joint with us, was such a lifesaver. I always make sure when I take drugs, I always smoke weed to mitigate a lot of the negative downsides of the drugs I'm taking. Personally, in most cases, it makes the experience more enjoyable than it already is.

Already high asf right now, I don't know what to expect for the rest of the night, since that might just be last time I smoke for the night. I began to walk mindlessly until I find a good DJ set to spend my high on.

I Settled down on this trap stage, music was bumping hard. So I sat there and watched from afar because I didn't want to stand next to the speakers.

Then I saw a group of people lying down there, curious about what they were doing. I tilted my head to a degree where I could see what they were doing but not totally creeping them out that I'm watching.

They were crushing a white rock into powder, and they took turns snorting them in a circle.

I looked away as soon as I saw what they were doing, trying to mind my own business. I reached into my pocket and took out my phone and the remaining pill of MDMA. Checking the time and saw a message from my friend, she is still with a few of her friends, but they also got lost with the rest of the group. There was no signal there and the message was from an hour ago, so I didn't even bother replying as my phone was dying and I was trying to keep the phone alive for the night.

It's around the 5-hour mark since I took the first pill, I decided to take the second one without water. Within 15 minutes I could already feel the drug hitting again, this time the come up was very rapid, feeling a constant power flowing from my body to my brain.

For the next hour or so, it was one of the highest moments I've ever been on MDMA, I couldn't keep my eyes open, nor I can see things straight due to how shaky the music was making my eyeballs go.

I knew I had to find a place to sit right away as I was walking to look for a DJ set. Sat down on a hill where it was not too loud.

I saw a guy dancing; I thought he looked quite like me at the time. As he was dancing, I began to have a thought, that keeps making me think that the guy dancing in front of me is actually me.

Then I thought back to myself, that guy is me???

I had to actually think twice before I realized that the guy dancing is someone else, but as he keeps on dancing. This voice on the back of my head said, “that is going to be the future you if you don’t change.” Or something similar like that.

Each time the music beat changes he grew older, and older. Like each stage of his life just played out Infront of me, saw him turned from a teenager to adult to an old dude, with the same haircut and everything, just spending his entire livelihood in this rave. The guy turned back to normal after the music changed, that song lasted about 6 minutes.

Then I thought back to myself, this is not what I want, I don’t want to spend my life here forever. It was an amazing experience, but I cannot keep doing this forever. I must change to improve my life for people and everyone around me.

As I was peaking again on the MDMA I just took about 2 hours ago. I started to have a lot of realizations of life, and others around me.

It was very hard for me to remember the details of the things I was thinking at that time, everything was very profound and insightful, like a whole door of wisdom opened up to me.

At the same time, I feel like my body and brain are frying. Energies flowing through my entire body and being burnt off of me every single second. Short-term memory is almost non-existent.

The next thing I remember is that I started seeing things around me in 3rd person perspective. Like I'm looking at a camera through a 10 feet GoPro stick. I can see things around me left and right, although I can't see the details because I was far away, I can identify their color and clothing. I tried to see if I could see things on the other side of the venue, but I cannot change or move my field of view. Then shortly after, my visions gradually zooms back into first person

That whole experience lasted about 5 minutes, the first time ever that I felt something like this from MDMA, and I have tried it handful of times by now.

I was paranoid for a moment, not knowing if it was my body that did that or if the MDMA was laced. But I am still getting only MDMA effects on the high, not some unusual high that I would notice if the drug was laced with something else.

Though I prefer the high I got on first day of EDC, where I took half of 25i and molly/meth pill, this MDMA high on day 3 overwhelms even that. I haven't had any water since the second dose, and this is about 9 hours into the rave, and I have to take a piss badly.

I walked up to a girl that was by herself on her phone, I asked her if she show me where the bathroom stalls are, I am too high to look for it on my own.

She said sure, since she lost her friends and her phone had no signal, she decided to walk me to the bathroom stalls.

We finally found it at the edge of the venue, I thanked her by telling her "Thank you for coming to the bathroom stalls with me." Not knowing what she heard from that over the loud music, she gave me a weird look, then walked away.

Waited in line for a good 15 minutes, and finally was my turn. I opened the door and smelled the shit in there already, trying to hold my breath as long as possible while I take the longest piss I've ever taken in my life.

Then I got a knock on the door, the security opened the door while I was still taking a piss, due to him disrupting me I had to take a breath, which almost made me throw up in there. He said, "Step out after you are done", like no shit bruh, shit stank here I'm trying finish my piss and get out.

After I was done, they had a few security guards there waiting for me. They walked up to me with the girl that took me to the bathroom stalls. They asked me what drugs I am on, and why did I ask the girl to go to the bathroom stall with me.

I told them all I said to her was, “Thank you for coming to the bathroom stalls with me.” I was too high at the time and didn’t think through how bad that sounds. Or maybe she heard something else because of the loud music speakers blasting. I didn’t mean it like asking her to go inside with me. I was slurring when I replied to them, they knew I was on some drugs, they thought I was lying and took me into a medical camp.

When we arrived at the camp, they told me to lay down on the chair and asked me if I’m on any drugs. I was tripping out and didn’t know what to do. I told them I was fine and tried to leave.

As soon as I tried, there were 4 security guards behind me, they all took one limb each and held me down. I tried very hard to run, almost got away but failed. Then they lifted me up and put me down on the chair, I tried to resist but they taped me down the chair.

Then the Medic said that they are only trying to help me, and I won’t get in trouble for telling them. I was skeptical at first, what if they are just baiting me to tell them I’m on drugs and they arrest me after. But I told them anyways, I was on MDMA.

They injected some water IV into my left arm for hydration, then handed me a bottle of water and told me to relax here.

As soon as I drink some water, I feel a whole lot better right away, don't know if the IV was necessary, but this is total badass of an experience. How they held me down and I tried to run and took 4 securities to take me down, I even have an IV drip on my left arm to show my friends how badass I was.

Sat there for about half an hour and they finally let me leave as they see that I am normal now. As I walk out, I see the sun rising. The night was finally over, I walked out to the parking lot. Saw a guy on the sidewalk lighting up a joint, I casually walked up to him and asked him if I could smoke with him.

I don't know why, it's just so casual to ask people these kind of things in here. People here usually are very friendly and would share because that was all what the PLUR motto is about. He replied to me ecstatically, like he was looking for someone to smoke with before I even asked.

So we shared some of our adventures in there while we waited for our friends in the parking lot, while we smoked that joint in minutes.

I felt great relief as soon as I smoked weed during the comedown of the MDMA, feels like its kicking up again, but mild enough that its enjoyable yet not exhausting.

When we were done, I gave the dude a fist bump, then did some awkward handshakes and thanked him for the weed and started walking towards my car.

Met up with my friends and we waved EDC goodbye as we drove home. It was an experience of a lifetime for me, the best of anything up till that very moment in my life.

It was not just because of the drugs, but the whole experience that I was in. I met a lot of people, and I enjoyed hanging out with all of them.

We smoked in circles and danced together. It was nothing else like the outside world. Everyone was so friendly and helpful even though they are pretty wasted themselves and probably won't remember much of it the next day. It was a very meaningful and magical moment for me.

Got home and went to sleep, woke up and got a text message from my girlfriend. Her bestie told her that she saw me, and I was high in there. I was kind of mad that she told on me, she was wasted herself and barely could speak properly at the time.

Then she asked me if I smoked weed in there. I know I can just lie to her, but this time I told her the truth, and I did smoke weed in there. Then she said she is breaking up with me, she can’t be with someone that is not willing to change.

She thinks drinking alcohol is fine but smoking weed is not, but I feel the exact opposite. I feel bad that this is the reason she's breaking up with me, out of all the other things I have done. Weed is probably the most beneficial to me thus far.

It helps me with most of my pain problems that otherwise I would need to take pain medication for which I don't have. Weed is the most accessible thing that can solve my pain problem, but she doesn't know that I even have those pain.

I have been with her for almost 2 and a half years now, we broke up once for a few months and got back together. We might have some arguments from time to time, mostly her being too clingy, but we always have loved each other and been through a lot together.

Knowing that there's nothing I can do about it now, I'm a party type of person, and she is a good book smart type of girl. Our lifestyle and perspective of life is completely different.

Even though I love her, I don't think I can be the one to provide what she needs down the line in life if our views are that much different. At least I won't try to lie to save the relationship.

So, we broke up. I told my friends that I broke up with my girlfriend. Trying to cheer me up, we threw a mini party at our friend's house. Just a bunch of dudes smoking and drinking all night until we puke our ass off.

Woke up with a headache next day, I messaged one of my friends that said she have connects to LSD. I also began to do some research on psychedelic mushrooms, saying that it could offer similar effects to the ones of LSD.

I decided to try growing some shrooms myself. Ordered some spores online and bought everything else I need in a local nursery shop. Telling my parents that I have a school science project where I need to grow some mushrooms.

Looked up some videos on YouTube on how to grow them properly. Did exactly that over the weekend, got everything settled and even got a humidifier for the "Project". Here humidity could go single digits in Vegas which is not ideal for the shrooms.

My friend finally hit me back after a few days, told me that I could pick up LSD from her friends at her house later at night. Me and Kwan met up and went to get something to drink while we wait for our call to pick up the drugs.

We arrived at the location of the drug house, picked up 3 paper tablets of "LSD" for 60$. Which is quite expensive for us at the time, that's like picking up 5 molly pills. So, we kind of expected something crazy from it.

After we got the drug, we met up with Kevin at our usual plaza to kick it. We each took the tablet before walking into the boba shop. We were instructed to keep the tablet in our mouth and do not swallow until 15 minutes is over.

Feeling a tingling numbing feeling on my tongues, I realize that again, we were sold something else faked as LSD. But I went along with it anyways.

Everything was getting a bit wavy on the come up of the drug, and we started to laugh at dumbest things. We decided to smoke a joint around the corner of the shop. At the time people despite weed a lot. Not a lot of people liked the smell of weed and think it's a bad thing.

We are like the only Chinese group here that smokes weed and known for drugs on this block. People probably think we do crazy things like heroin, meth, and cocaine but we never tried nor ever want to try those.

As we smoke, we can already feel the drug getting stronger by the minute. We sat outside for a bit and decided to walk to the hookah shop next door. We sat down next to one of the main music speakers and ordered the hookah. I started getting these weird visuals, like faces on the wall melting.

Kevin and Kwan saw them as well, and we thought it was pretty cool that we see things moving in front of our eyes. Something that all the other drugs we've tried don't offer.

As music gets louder, I began to start to understand what "Trip" means, like I'm in a loop of thoughts. Repeating again and again but sometimes with different outcomes as you think through the music, and thoughts gets a reset every now and then.

This is my second time taking this fake LSD, the first time in EDC was the same one as this, the taste and the numbness matches exactly. But it was Kevin and Kwan's first time, they were having fun just looking at walls. They also mentioned the though loop, saying they are thinking stupid funny things again and again.

We had a great time there, spent almost 3 hours in there puffing smoke and laughing. Then we proceed to head back to the boba shop, while we are waiting for our drinks.

We stared at the girl that took our order, and her face slowly morphed into a fox. I asked the boys, what does she looked like. We all agreed that she looks like a fox, and it was weird she was like looking at us with the fox face, while she was not actually looking at us and was making the drink.

I guess that's what people call "Trippy". We tried very hard not to laugh at how she looked while under the influence, but it was very funny to us for some reason.

We ended up bursting into laughter at the same time as we could no longer hold it in, like how when you try not to laugh you laugh harder. We were laughing way too loud for no reason while slapping tables, everyone at the shop glanced at us.

Not wanting those people to know what we were up to, we sat outside to wait for our drink.

I looked at her face again when she was bringing out our drink. Once again, we all agreed that she still looks like a fox and laughed our ass off again as soon as she walked back.

Not trying to be rude laughing at how she looks, she's probably one of the prettier girl that works there. Just that how the boys looked at each other like an idiot while seeing a fox lady is just too funny at the time.

We smoked some more and went to a pool bar, missing almost every shot but still having tons of fun trying to see straight when everything is waving back and forth. It's now 5AM and we are still high as we have ever been throughout the night. At the time we thought that it was more expensive than molly for a reason and we are getting high for way longer time than molly, we liked the drug right away.

Wanted to call it a night and just head home, but we decided to go sleepover at Kevins house and smoke some more on our way back. We were still tripping after we got to Kevins house at around 6 AM.

By this time, it has already been 10 hours since we took the drug. After we played some more games until around 10 AM, the wavy sights finally faded.

So I headed home, my house is only 5 minute drive from Kevins house. On the way back to my house, as I got out of my car, I accidentally kicked a black cat, and it screeched at me.

A black cat ran across me and dashed right back to its backyard; it was my neighbor's free roaming cat.

We tripped a few more times on those fake LSD after this, leading up to my birthday. All the times we have done it, it has been a positive and fun experience.

We were taking it periodically every 2 weeks since that is the recommended time to take off in between each trip. At the time all we did was smoke, party and play video games all day and night.

I personally see these drugs as helpful, it has helped me with a lot of pain, while also providing entertainment and learning aspects of life, where you sometimes just can't think in a certain perspective except when during the effect of a specific drug. But at the same time, as helpful some of these drugs can be, they can also be as harmful, and deadly if abused.

Turning 20 next month, I began to think about my life. What do I want to do? I am only good at playing video games, there's nothing else I can do except for 9-5 job.

On my 20th birthday, all the boys gathered up to celebrate. Tony, Harry, Bun, Kevin, Me, Kwan and a few more. We ate, then went to a karaoke bar. We were all underage, but the owner didn't ask us for ID since we visit often and usually have people old enough to buy drinks for us.

Kevin then pulled out some leftover “LSD” tablets we had from previous weeks, and suggested we take them right now. I wasn’t against it, but I don’t know how well I can handle the drug while drinking alcohol. So, me, Harry, Kwan and Kevin all took one.

The come up this time for the drug was awful, I am seeing things already but the nausea from the alcohol was getting worse. We got out of the bar for a smoke break and smoked some weed in our car. By the time we walked back into the bar, I was ready to puke.

I ran to the bathroom and puked several times. Then as I puke, I felt that I keep getting higher and higher, then wants to puke more. Until the point where I’m throwing up, but nothing is coming out.

I got back to our table, and the boys started laughing at me for being weak. I am the one that always drinks the least of the group. Next thing I know I threw up for the 3rd time already getting out of the bathroom, the boys suggested that we can’t stay here anymore.

The owner of the bar asked us what we were doing, and that we can’t be throwing up this hard on 2 beers, he knows that we aren’t old enough to drink yet. We didn’t want to cause any problems, so we just left the bar and went to Tony’s house, because he’s the only one that is sober enough to drive right now.

After we got to Tony's house, I started to sober up. I am still seeing things moving left and right, but the head high is almost all gone, maybe because I threw up everything including the tablet that I took. The rest of the boys that are still tripping, their trip barely begun.

This was only about 4 hours into the trip, and I am already almost sober. We smoked some more and just chilled at Tony's house for the rest of the night while waiting on the boys to sober up.

After I went home that day, I started to think about my future, what do I want to do in life and why things are the way they are, began to question a lot of things in different perspective.

At the same time music running in the background, the lyrics sounds and mean so clear. Like I can hear the hidden messages in lyrics and song while under the influence of these psychedelic drugs. So far, I know that all the "LSD" tablets that have sold to us thus far are probably fake substitutes.

They all have some kind of bitterness or numbness to the taste, in some cases even both. Which people on the internet always warned: If it's bitter it's a spitter. Luckily none of us ever had any "Bad Trips" on them yet, I have read a lot about it online, but me and the boys never had those occurrences yet.

Closest thing I've found to what those substances could have been are 2-Cb and 25i, both which have similar yet very different type of high I get from it and matches the description of the drugs. At the time a lot of the psychedelics going around were these two most commonly sold as "LSD", but I never tried the real LSD yet, nor do I know where I can find them.

Psychedelics have completely opened my eyes to see things and perspective I have never had before.

Almost like there is truth behind each trip and that I have to find them in though loops. Sometimes even when you learn and understand a certain thing, those memories do not last for too long and it is very hard to recall once forgotten.

Also, I noticed my gaming skills have significantly improved since I started tripping. Being able to read the enemies clearly, while also improving myself from every mistake I make, even the smallest one.

Unable to find the real LSD at the time, but my shrooms are going well. Just started to see mycelium growth on all the jars, should be ready in another month.

At the time, I thought to myself that I would give myself one more year to figure out and experiment with these things. By the time I am 21 I have to have a plan for my future. Spent the next month looking for a job as I'm going broke by just smoking and taking these drugs all the time.

Got recommended a job by one of my friends, and his cousin works there. The occupation was busser at a Vietnamese restaurant. I don't want to at first because this is getting close to winter, and my arthritis is about to hurt really bad. But I needed money for drugs. I applied for the position, interviewed with the owner and got hired the next day.

Work was okay, Kevin works across the street. Sometimes Kevin and Kwan would visit me at work, and they would eat then we smoke weed outside around the restaurant. I found out that they all smoke weed, and sometimes we would smoke after work right outside of the restaurant when we close.

There were 3 dudes there I chatted with the most, it was Shane, david, and Calvin. They always talking about the hoes that comes to eat, and which one they talked into sleeping with them.

On a random occasion, Shane brought up how he lost an acid vial that his friend gave him. So I immediately asked him if he knows where to get more.

He said he will ask his homie and joked how if he had it, he would just drop it in my eyeballs and get me high asf. That gave me some hope, that's the first time I met someone that might can get me the real LSD, as I read online saying that the vial form of LSD is one of the purest you can get, with no taste or smell.

On a random occasion during that first week of work, this is around November 2014. david said to me during work, “Dude Ima invite you to this game.” Then added, “Only you though, your two buddies can’t join.”

I think he meant Kevin and Kwan because they are the only ones that come to visit me at work. At the time he was a pretty chill dude, we smoked at work and talked shit about random things all the time.

When I first heard “game”, I kind of knew what he meant by “Game” because I knew the game wouldn't be video game, because he's not the type to play video games, but I was not sure.

I looked at him as i laughed and asked, “Sure, what kind of game?” After that, he laughed and said it’s his second year playing then didn't say anything after. So I didn't bother to keep asking what it was and just agreed to participate.

I went home after work and was looking up on the internet to find out about what could this “Game” be. I found nothing. Later, that very night, I heard a voice in my head, telling me to go downstairs.

I went downstairs, and I looked around to see what this voice wanted. I saw a dictionary on a table, that dictionary was a small dictionary that my mom used to learn English for work, so I opened it, and it was English and Chinese dictionary.

I was taking a brief look, and the voice appeared again, I couldn't understand it this time, so I kept reading.

At first it was just words that the voice was pointing out for me to see, and after a word or two I skim through the pages and flip it to the next till the voice directs me to see more. I began to puzzle the words it pointed out to me into a sentence.

Then I started to wonder, there might be ghosts in this world, like in the movies. And sometimes I do wonder the things happen the way they do.

Maybe there are things other than humans that might have influence over these things that are happening, so I looked up about ghosts and supernatural things. Then I began looking into religion-related things, I never got into it, just a brief summary of all these things, and what it is about.

Since I hate reading, I never cared enough to open a book outside of school courses, so I had no knowledge about these kinds of things.

I never knew why or asked my parents what they are, I just burn incense when they have a big thing going on, or holidays and whatnot but I never knew what it’s all about.

So the first thing in my mind is, it might be these things that were making the noises, so I tried to communicate with it, and it was hard, because I could only hear some noise but it was never clear to me.

I can only understand its intention, I just keep flipping the dictionary to get what they are trying to say. Kind of like those psychic reading tarot cards. But instead, I'm flipping through pages and linking phrases of words to communicate instead of a meaning of a picture on a card.

I think these things are what the "Game" that david was talking about, the voices only appeared after my he invited me to this "Game". So I assumed that this is what it's probably about. I gave up after a while not knowing what to think of it and just went to sleep.

The day after I went to work, I saw that Co-Worker, we talked about things in work and out of work, but he never mentioned anything about the "Game," and I never asked. After few days or so, I've forgotten about it, it was a busy part of my life at the time. I had to hang out with friends most of the time after I work, and when I get home, I play video games until I go to sleep.

The following day I was tripping on "LSD" on my day off, laying down in my room listening to music and playing video games, then the noise came again.

It told me to get the dictionary. I ignored it and kept listening to music, after some minutes. I keep getting the urge to close music, and eventually I closed it to check out the dictionary that the noise is keep bothering me about.

So I was flipping some pages, and the words printed on the dictionary. The ones that the voice wants me to see get more obvious and stands out compared to others, they are so clear, and I can puzzle out the things that it was saying to me right away.

And it pointed to the word devil, and it was asking me for help. It also told me that selected humans are chosen to participate in this "Game." And the winner gets to become the Ruler of this planet. And told me that I am **"**someone's" son.

I have my doubts because I know I was born from my parents and they were both humans, so it is impossible that I am that someone else's son. Unless everyone here on earth is that someone's children.

It did not say much after that, and the drug started to wear off after a while, so I continued to keep listening to music. I looked up about the bible on the internet and saw some quotes and a brief story of what it is all about.

I found out who satan is and it's believed that he is the one controlling earth. So, I asked, "Are you that "someone"?" I did not get a reply after. (I did believe that these things are real, but I did not trust the whole story from the bible at the time).

The voice never came back after that. And that concluded my trip, my mind was exhausted, and I just went to sleep after as if nothing special had happened.

On a random night, I found out from Kwan that his co-worker at his new job has connections to buy DMT.

At the time I did not know anything about DMT, I just knew that it's the strongest psychedelic drug possible. And I was very curious to try it out, as one of my to do list drugs.

So I bought half a gram for 100$, was kind of expensive, and hope that it's the real deal. I did some research on it, and bought a glass pipe the same day. Trying to see if I can get a breakthrough on it, like the one I had from smoking Salvia the other day.

I loaded about 1/10 of the bag, and tried to vaporize it with the glass pipe, and took a puff. Instantly started hearing ringing rapidly in my ear, while feeling super burnt on my throat, the taste was bitter.

I decided to load up more this time, and took a big rip, then I saw that room is being broken down into particles allowing me to see the outside of my room and a clear full view of my neighborhood, then put back together by bits within the span on a minute.

Desperate for a breakthrough, I loaded up the rest of the bag, then smoked again, this time with minimal visuals feeling uplifted, then felt like my body shot up. But gravity pulled me back down and didn't let me shoot through space.

I heard the voices, "That's a shame, try again next time."

During that next week, two girls applied for a position, and both was hired as Servers.

At the time my friend's cousin that recommended me for the job was still working, and he was complaining about how the owner was sexist. The girls get higher hourly wages than all the males and Server position without going through being a busser first like all the other male workers have to.

After a few days of work, I got to know the girls a bit better. I began to smoke weed with them after work, and we hang out from time to time.

One day, this voice came back to me, so I began flipping my dictionary again, and it told me that, one of the girls is "his" chosen, and I have to get her to be with me.

It did not tell me which one, we were all friends, I smoke weed with them every time we work together, and at that time that restaurant has 2 stores, and I always end up working with one of them.

We hang out outside of work with all the other Co-workers, as I got to know them better, and I started to have feelings for the Korean girl.

She told me about her life, and I felt like I want to help her. One day I got home, and I was flipping dictionary again, and I saw that this girl was also chosen to be participating in this game, and I'm not "someone's" real son, but adopted one.

I kind of got the idea of what it is trying to tell me, or at least that is what the voice wants me to know. The Korean girl used to be christianity believer.

Something happened in her life that she stopped believing god, and became atheist, but she did mention once she now believes in satan.

In one conversation, I said I've spoken to “him”, and she kind of knew who I was referring to, but we did not get into what I was talking about. So I was wondering this whole time if she knew what the “Game” is.

So, one day at work I was talking to david at work, and I asked him what the rules of this “game”. He laughed at me and told me that I would find that out myself and mentioned that I'm just a beginner right now.

Then he said, Shane is his brother-in-law. He is the manager of the store and was the one that brought him into the game. Stating, Calvin is also a beginner, but david himself right now is considered a “Pro”.

The same day, we were working. Then david looked at me and bluntly said, “I am god.” I laughed at him, and I was like “Yea, me too dog”, and he laughed at it too. Then he told me he likes the Korean girl, and I can have the Vietnamese one. I laughed at him and told him, “Nah I am good.”

In my thought at the time, the voices previously stated that I need to be with the Korean girl. I know that she had a fight with her EX-boyfriend and her family and left the house, she used to live in California.

I wanted to help her anyway I can, I drive her home every day, and we usually go to the bar and drink and smoke. She told me that david tried hitting on her at work and she now thinks he a fuck boy and hates him.

At that time, she was 18, and I was 20. The bar manager saw us before, he was very friendly to us and just believed us when we were 21 without checking our ID. I told him I am 21, and she told him she's 23.

One night I was working with Calvin, and he told me that david and the Owner of the restaurant are up to some weird rituals. They sacrifice goats and their blood to some "god" to get better business. Also told me that the owner is very superstitious and trust david on a lot of these things.

The same night I got home, I found out from the voices through the dictionary saying that the Korean girl, her left palm hand lines are the same as mine. So one day I asked for her hand and see if it is true, funny enough it was exactly the same.

That day I've made up my mind to go after her, even though I did tell myself before that I will not date my co-workers because if anything happens, it would be so awkward.

But I believed in the voice, and I believed that this is not a coincidence, so I started to think that the dictionary contains the future if you know how to read it properly with the voices.

And I got fired the next day, that day was very unlucky, maybe too unlucky to be true. I smoked a bowl, and I fell asleep few hours before I got to work, when I woke up and was heading to work.

The traffic on the way to work was bad, I've never seen that road have traffic that bad before, in all these years of driving.

I was late to work 2 minutes, and the owner that day was in the store, she locked the door at 6 PM exact, and no one else after could get in.

That day there was no work, only a meeting, but the owner was really mad because that day morning we failed health inspection, and we needed to be closed for 3 days.

The weird thing is, at that same time, the owner printed out a handout for all the workers, and each handout had their own name on it, and she said she forgot to print mine. Felt like something knew I was getting fired today.

She told me if I was late again, she’s going to fire me. I was in good terms with her, she invited other co-workers and me to a karaoke few days before that, but I still got fired because she said she cannot tolerate any more lates for me, the male owner and the rest of the workers did not agree with firing me, but it is what it is.

The point is that the handout was printed the night before, and only mine out of all the employees was not printed.

But to be honest I was tired of working there, the female owner was sexist, all the male workers had to start from busser to server, and she gave both non experienced females the server position right away, even though many dudes have worked there longer, and the female workers have more hourly pays than all the males.

If I weren't trying to get the Korean girl, I would have quit the job some days ago. I got home that day, I was playing some League of Legends.

Suddenly I had the urge to look at the dictionary again, and I was skimming through and saw that I got fired because I did not keep my words to myself.

I said I would not date co-workers, and as a punishment at the same time helping me keep my words. I got fired, and so I did not have to break my words for myself if I do decide to go for the Korean girl, because I have not gotten her to date me yet.

That reminded me ever since I was young till now, every time I break my own rules, I set for myself some bad things happen, either I get really unlucky, or I will get in trouble by other things if I ever did break any of my words.

I didn't think it was that big of a deal, in this case it was perfect that I lost that job because I hated it. The only downside is that I don't get to see the girl as often anymore.

But every time I ask her to hang out, she accepts, and I still get to see her from time to time. She told me that she doesn't want a boyfriend right now, so I never made any progress.

Until one day I was taking her home, before she left the car, she was looking at me for a while, and there was this feeling pulling me towards her. She didn't say anything then kissed me for no reason, then just looked at me and smiled and left.

I got home, and I was looking at that dictionary again, I couldn't get anything, so I just went to sleep. After a few days, I asked the Korean girl to come out, and I asked her to be my girlfriend once again.

She rejected me, saying she doesn't want a boyfriend right now, she likes me and just wants to be friends. I didn't think too much of that, but I feel like at that time she was exactly like what I was two years ago, the attitude the way she speaks, like we are the same person almost.

I was fine with just being friends with her, I really didn't need to go further, because I do enjoy just hanging out with her as a friend and we have a lot in common.

About a week after that, one day I woke up sober, I started seeing auras on the ceiling. Almost like seeing the air and seeing their movements towards which direction when the wind blows,

So I did some research online. Wondering why do I see these things, and I learn that once a person gets to a level of spirituality you can start seeing energies in your surroundings.

I noticed something very different, the same weed that I've been smoking after I started seeing energies. It only takes me about 1/3 of my usual dosage to get higher than what it is I smoked 3x the amount. I was like cool, now I do not need to spend so much on weed anymore. Then I started to realize how interesting this earth is.

Before any of this, it was only just video games and drugs for me pretty much, but now I see things in a new perspective, I start seeing things that regular people do not see or understand, not just energies, but this whole earth.

When I was high on weed, at that time, there appears a symbol inside my eyes located on my forehead when I close my eyes. And this symbol is a cross, and I can change it to a triangle, I did not know what it meant, but when I turn it into a cross, I get calmer and more focused.

When I turn it to a triangle, I get so much more intense high than before. At that time, I was listening to radio, and I can hear that “IT” is talking to me through radio music and commercials. Sometimes it will play a song that describes exactly what I am doing or going through at the moment. Or something that happened today or something that is going to happen later, stuff like that.

At that point, I know and believe that it’s what they are, they know and have control of everything here. I understand that these things are not normal, but the power “they” have shown me that can have a direct impact on my life lead me to believe them without questioning.

So, I continue with their “game,” and I found out about other religions from them. Before any of this I had no idea what religion was, and I have no idea what they meant to humans.

I know a basic idea of what each religion is and so “they” began to give me training courses. All it was just looking at that dictionary, flipping pages reading everything in the dictionary.

Usually when there are no presences of “them” around I will not get much out of the dictionary. Only when “they” are around, I began to see clearly what their messages to me are, through the dictionary and wordings from both Chinese and English language.

Sometimes it can take up to 5-15 minutes to look for the next context, not just randomly picking words but only the words that pop out more vividly in the book in a sequence into a conversation.

One day, right after I woke up from my sleep, there was a voice in my head telling me something, so I grabbed my dictionary and started reading. So they started to communicate with me, and the voice told me that he is lucifer, and I am his son. I asked, “Is satan the same as lucifer?”.

I did not get a reply and before the voice faded, “IT” told me to start looking for psilocybin (magic mushroom, aka shrooms), at this point shrooms was already one in my to-do lists.

When it’s time to go to school I would just go to my friend’s house and chill until school is supposed to be over. I told my friends that I'm growing shrooms but did not tell them about the “Game”.

Growing these shrooms takes about another month, so I did not have too much in mind of what I'm doing, every day is the same thing basically with some addon to my life now that I discovered that I have “powers” to affect my environment, and I began to see colorful auras on my ceiling even when I’m sober.

One thing I've noticed, when I am speaking to humans. There is a light hinting me about the people I’m talking to whether they are telling me the truth, or they are lying when I’m in a conversation with them.

It’s convenient at times and yet disturbing knowing when someone is lying to me, and I have no intention of knowing why they are lying. So, I always just believe what they say rather than trying to know what they are really thinking when talking to me.

One day I went back to the Vietnamese restaurant to look for david, He saw me and started smiling. Then he said, “Told you not to hit on your co-worker.” I laughed and said, “I didn’t want to, but…” He laughed and said, “I know.”

It feels like he can understand me before I even said anything, so I didn’t try to explain. He also mentioned “you are no longer a beginner now in this game, you are novice now.”

I asked him “so what's the next ranking?”, and he replied, “I’ll let you know when I find out.”

And we began to talk about normal things, like how's work and everything. Then he mentioned that god has made him perfect and was hinting to me that he was superior to me or whatever.

He seemed alright at first, now a bit cocky. He claimed he has slept with over 30 women, and he still does not have STDs yet.

Then said one of them was Calvin's current girlfriend, and he was bragging to me that the only reason Calvin got a girlfriend was him, and he slept with her before passing her to Calvin and Cavlin was right there with us.

To me, I was like thinking, "Damnnnn, how does he stays still to a man like that, if anyone ever talks to me like that I wouldn't of sit still like he did."

Later, we smoked some weed in front of restaurant, and they mentioned about something of the restaurant owner is on some superstition shit. They sacrifice goats and use their blood to pray to some kind of "god" with david for better business. It was quite interesting to me at the time.

I eventually left and started to head back home after. In the car I was thinking, given with what I heard this directly from them, this game might not be as simple as I was thinking. I put some thought to it, and realized it's not just ONE religion that is in this "Game", and all of them are participating.

Seems like david have a lot of influence in this game, because he was the one that invited me to participate, and whatever side he is on he's definitely not on the religion that worships the goat.

When I got home that day, my shrooms were ready to harvest that day, so I took them out of the cask and left them up to dry. The next day I went Kwans house, and I told them I am going to trip on shrooms, and I need a sitter just in case something happens.

I told them I am the only one to test the shrooms out first to see if it's safe to consume, then they can try it if they want to.

I did not know how much I needed to take for the first time, but at this point, I think I have at least tripped over 10+ times on other psychedelics.

Then I remembered something, a hippie girl drug dealer once told me to take about 3.5 grams dried shrooms for 1 tab of LSD in strength. She was pretty fucked up in mind already with all the drugs she has done in the past, she was only 18, and she told me she has done those stuff hardcore for a while already.

Knowing that I am not hardcore as her, I decided to take about 3 grams dried shrooms, about 18 sticks and caps. I've done extensive research about shrooms during the time of growing them.

And I know that it most likely will not kill me unless I've grew the poisonous ones, and my shrooms looking and smelling like the description of what it should be.

So I just went with it, thinking the worst it can get is just 6 hours and the effects will be gone, I've had very intense trips in the past with 25i sold to me as LSD which lasts more than 16 hours.

Thinking I should be fine. I ate it with an empty stomach and got some soda drink to down the shrooms. It was kind of disgusting to chew on, tastes like dirt almost. Also, I read that any acidic drinks can help with the shroom's effect.

I have been looking forward to this trip for months now, not knowing what to expect. Come up was very quickly and was super-fast with the help of soda drinks. I almost couldn't stand up 30 mins into the trip, everything started to change color, I asked my friend what color his bed sheet is.

All I can see is white and black color keep swapping back and forth, and he said his blanket is only blue.

It was very overwhelming at first because of all the drugs I've done this one is the most intense visual and feeling, the ground started to change color as well, the floor panels were changing color on and off nonstop, so I tried to go to the bathroom and calm down a bit.

I didn’t not want a bad trip from this, it was very intense, so I tried to calm myself and tell me that it will only last a few hours, and I won’t die from overdose. I grew them myself so it’s clean, which helps with tripping knowing where you get your supplies.

I took a piss and went back to my friends’ room, just laying down. Both of my friends were playing games in the room at that time, and they asked me how I feel. I replied, “Shit is crazy too right now, don’t talk to me.”

I can’t describe it at the moment because I'm tripping balls I can barely talk straight, but I remember all of it, my friend suggested should we go to the mall. I said, “What is walking?” So they kept playing video games, and I couldn’t feel myself anymore.

I was numb and seeing colors, I don’t know what to think about, my mind is tangled with a lot of stuff, and I can barely control my own thoughts. And soon we have to leave Kwans’ house to go to another friend’s house to eat hotpot.

By the time we had to leave the house, I stood up trying to get down the stairs, I suddenly had a full-blown open eye visual. Meaning that what I see with my eyes open is completely NOT my surroundings, as if I was invited to space.

I was standing up trying to walk down the stairs, seeing nothing but pitch black, with some lights like the star in the universe. Then I realized, ohhhhh shittt if there are gods this would be the perspective they see this universe in.

I had my hands on the wall walking down the stairs to make sure I didn't fall over the stairs. I literally could not see a single thing but light and dark. It feels like I can understand everything, but then I think again, I actually know nothing.

By the time I got downstairs, I started to see things again. But still, the visual is super intense. like my eyes are bagged with a waterproof goggle, and there's water inside the goggle, and everything is wavy and changing.

I saw Kwan's mom, and I greeted her. She asked me if I wanted to eat, I stuttered and said no, and we are heading out to eat.

She looked very surprised and asked me why we were heading out to eat, there's food at home. I did not know what to say to her I can't think straight.

Kwan quickly rushed down the stairs and explained to his mom that we were going to another friend's house for hotpot, and we would not be eating at home. I left the house and ran to the car, not knowing what might happen next, and I can barely stand at this point, this is only 1 hour into the trip.

I was wondering what the hippie drug dealer girl said to me before. 3 grams of dried shrooms equivalent to 1 tab of LSD, what I am experiencing off of 3g dried shrooms was a LOT more than any other psychedelic I've done in the past. The time I took 2 blotters of 25i was not as intense of this.

Knowing I've fucked up this time, and I only need to get through 3 more hours for this to come down, I was thinking I should be fine.

By the time we got to my other friend's house, this is when the full effect kicks in, we were in my friend's house, and I was just sitting on the bed watching Kwan play a shooting game, every time he dies in the game, it feels like I've been shot, and I died.

When Kwan respawns, it feels like as if I revived myself again, and I kept dying and reviving. I asked Kwan "Why are you so noob, stop dying, you are getting me killed." And he laughed and said, "Bro, I only died a few times, and I killed them all already."

I was tripping too hard to watch him, so I went to the bathroom and sat down for a bit to calm my mind, and I was thinking hard with no real intention of what to think about.

Something came up on my mind, life is just like a game, die and re-spawn die and re-spawn, and it nothing will change until one completed their task during their life and they can finally be saved and stop re-spawning after they died and get to afterlife.

And a voice kicked in and told me that I am the chosen one, and I have a very important role to fill in this lifetime, only then everyone can be saved. I listened to it and believed it, and I walked out of the bathroom back to my friend's room, I've gained back a part of clarity.

I can start thinking reasonably at this time, a lot of things in my mind makes so much sense, but when I try to talk about it, I started stuttering, and nothing in my mind will come out of my mouth, so I didn't want to tell my friends what happened and what I heard.

I think they will not be as acceptable as me even if I told them what life means, it's like a whole book written in my brain about what life is but I just can't get it out of my brain and talk about it.

I didn't want my friends to have the impression that I went crazy talking about things on shroom that no one knows about.

Shortly I have to use the restroom again, I walked out of the room and saw my friends grandma standing up, slowly morphing into a lizard. I didn't know how to react, I know that I'm under drugs and I must act normal and greeted her, and I ran back to the room, and I told my friend, "Duuuuuuuude, your grandma just turned into a lizard." My friend replied, "Wtf LOL, dude you need to calm down."

I didn't believe my eyes, so I walked out of the room, and this time the room I was in was not the room I was supposed to be in. Everyone that was supposed to be eating hotpot in that room, I saw a bunch of teenagers in a hookah lounge. I turned away and ran back to my friends' room again.

I know that these are just visuals, and the real people behind the visuals are just regular people that are eating in the room.

Then I started to think, reality might be just an illusion, only under a certain condition human's eye can see the real "Reality" behind the illusions. Shortly after that I've came down a bit, and the visuals starting to fade, that's when I can finally eat.

I was hungry after all of that, 3.5 hours into the trip. I would think that it would last a bit longer because of my past experiences with psychedelics was usually 10+ hours depending on what it is, but it was very intense, nonetheless.

So I went home shortly after I've ate, so I began to suspect that I can see things as I did with drugs. But without drugs, and one thought kicked into my mind, and it was the third eye. I've heard stories from my mom that her sister used to have it, and that she could see ghosts when she was younger.

I don't know if the light I'm seeing with my eyes closed on my forehead is related to this "third eye", so I looked on the internet on how to unlock if there's a possible and reliable way.

After some research, after gathering multiple sources of information I found online, I saw that people have some good results in meditation.

But I don't know what that is at the time, and I don't have any experience of doing any of this, and I have the urge to look at the dictionary.

So I went to pick that up in my room and flipped through some pages, and what I think "they" are trying to tell me is to do a headstand and cough a few times. I followed the instruction and tried to do a headstand and coughed a few times on my bed.

I did that and I fell on my bed eventually because I could not balance myself doing a headstand and cough at the same time, nothing changed, then I heard a voice laughing. At the same time I feel like I'm being watched by something, not just one thing but my surroundings. I was exhausted from the shroom trip, and I didn't think too much of it and went to sleep shortly after.

I've done plenty of trips with my friends since we started knowing about drugs. Many times, I asked them about what they see, they only tell me the "normal" things that a basic human would get from tripping, they did not experience the things I've experienced, and usually do see the type visual I see even when we got the same batch of drugs.

I'm starting to think that only a small portion of humans are able to see the special thing in these drugs like I did in the past.

And I realized that my whole life I've been watched by these "Things" on and off from time to time, and I started to feel guilty. They've been watching me all along and just realized that I'm now 20 years old with no real achievements, and what's worse is that I depended on drugs to get by since I was 18.

To be fair I always experience pain whenever the weather is bad or in some occasions I can barely move out of bed, that's how bad things get for me already at the age of 19, so I chose to take drugs to be functional human being. But still does not justify the fact that drugs are bad in the public's eyes, and I don't know how those "beings" feel about me taking painkiller drugs and smoking weed for my pain.

But why me, why am I one of the chosen ones, and they told me that ADHD plays an important role for anyone being chosen by “them”. And said that if one is not predetermined to be the chosen ones before birth, they use a method of selecting humans for their game and a lot of them have ADHD.

It’s a trait they look for when choosing their players, and it’s what the player must endure. I was thinking, if there's no cure for ADHD, scientists don’t know how to prevent it, they will only prescribe you drugs to stabilize your mind and body.

As that thought kicks in while flipping through the dictionary. I guess drugs is the key to this, they are looking for people that can handle the pressure under drugs and make decisions even under heavy medication or recreational drugs.

But that can't be all to it, there must have to be some other connection to people that have ADHD, and many of them abused the prescribed drugs and work their way into other substances.

Suddenly, I realized how easy it was from the perspective of these “beings” is to control people under the influence of drugs without knowing, and it’s very easy to manipulate their feelings and thoughts if humans aren't aware of it.

Usually when humans abuse these drugs, there will be a lot of side effects like depression, anxiety, schizophrenia, bipolar, some might recover and some don’t, and the ones that don’t will end up with suicide eventually.

AND I remembered this one time, I knew this girl on the internet, she's like one of my childhood friends. Playing video games together for years growing up. She told me that one of her friends committed suicide, he hopped off the golden gate bridge in San Francisco, but before that he left a story.

It was about him being in this "game", and he claimed to be god's son. He eventually abused drugs and suicided in San Fransisco golden gate bridge.

At the time she showed me the story and talked about him seeing god on drugs and some weird numbers and patterns. On the top of my mind, I was like OHHHHHH shiiiiiiiit, that was real? I thought I was just trolled reading those types of stuff and didn't think that the dude actually committed suicide because of these things.

I was now aware of my situation, and I asked the voices in my head, "What happens if I fail in this game?" The voices replied to me, "The drugs can help you just as much as it can destroy you, if one does not choose carefully with their life, it will always end up badly."

So I thought to them, "What do you guys do to people that wants to get out of this game?" voices replied, "Some might recover by believing psychiatrists and take prescriptions drugs to cut off the voice.

Some might be threatened to stay by their respective **“being”** that is in control. They will not be allowed to talk about the things they’ve done and or seen under the influence, or they and their family will be threatened. They cannot do anything besides submitting and accepting their fate.

At this point I'm thinking, these **“things”** talking to me might not be as nice as I think they are. I know it’s not just one because I recognized different voices, very faint sound from the most of them, and some are distinctively louder than another, and another voice “If you win, there will be fewer victims for these cases, and you will have enough power to change this reality.”

So I believed them, and I'm pretty optimistic at this point, and I have the confidence to win it all. Then one thing was mentioned to me “You must be with that Korean girl, I owe her something, and you must repay her of what I owe her.”

At this point I've already given up, I was fine with just being a friend, and I did not need to go further, but now that was said to me, I had to think about it and told the voice “Ok”.

Then one day, I was eating at a Chinese restaurant with the boys, I stood up and was heading to the bathroom, I blacked out for a few seconds. I could still walk and know my surroundings, I regained vision after a few seconds, and I proceeded to the bathroom.

I was thinking something is doesn’t feel right, but it was nothing major enough for me to worry about, and I kept eating afterward.

When I got home, I was reading the dictionary out of curiosity, and I was flipping pages, so it seems that if I was reading the message correctly, something happened to the Korean girl and she's in the hospital.

I was thinking if that blackout earlier was related to this, and 2 hours later the Korean girl called me, she asked me if I can pick her up at the hospital, she was alcohol poisoned and the police found out that she was underage and was drinking and took her to the hospital.

I was thinking, “Ohhh damn, this dictionary just told me before what happened before I found out.” And I heard the voice again saying, “This is your chance, you must convince her to be with you no matter what.”

I thought “Ok but sounds pretty creepy to keep asking her when she already said no already but whatever.”

So, I picked her up at the hospital later, then I asked her what happened, she said she was drinking with those 2 coworkers after work in a casino. She was also smoking and then she forgot what happened after she blacked out, she got sent to the hospital because the cop caught her drinking underage at the casino.

Strange thing was they searched for her bag and saw her grinder with weed inside and still put it back in there. I was a bit surprised that the cops did not take those away, because at that time the law in Nevada for weed is still strict.

Later when I dropped her off, I asked her again if she would be my girlfriend, she refused again. She said it's not my problem that she doesn't want to be in a relationship at the moment but gave me a kiss.

I just said ok and cool we can just be friends, and she was fine with that and just left. I just left and went home not thinking too much about it.

When I got home, I got a text from her saying that she is going back to California next week and live with her parents. Probably because of that accident happened her parents want her to go back to California.

That did not stop me from still trying, I still text her from time to time, but I feel that sometimes she's don't want to talk to me anymore, so I gradually text her less and less till I stopped eventually.

And some time after that, the voices came back to me and said, "I can help you get the girl, if you listen to me."

(By voices I mean, at this point I know that one of these voices is always representing one of the sides Left, Middle, Right and they each represent something from religions, there is more than 3 religions and some of them are no religions, but they all falls into the left middle right, category.)

But at this point, I am still unsure of a lot of these voices and where they came from, but I have a decent idea of which side they are on when they are talking to me. It is just not very specific of which exact "thing" is talking to me.

So the voices said, “There's black magic, and there's white magic, which one do you prefer to use on the girl?”

I asked them about what’s the differences of the two, after they told me the things I have to do, I compared the two and it was just as bad, so I said no thanks to that.

Then another voice said, “How about that other co-worker, do you like her as well?”

I replied, “No, she got a kid that’s already 2 years old, AND I'm only 20, I got no money, and I can barely even take care of myself.”

The voices said, “I can get you money, a lot of money, and you be with her instead, because I also owe her something.”

And I told them, “How about you help me get the money, and I help them both, I’ll tell her someone wants me to help her out or something, and when I have money I can try to call that Korean girl again.”

The voice, “okay, you sell me your soul, and I will win you the lottery, you keep 30% and give away 70% of them to those that need it. Use that money to live until 35 and use your power and knowledge to show humans what you can do, lead them back to the light, and away from darkness.”

So I was thinking about it, and started to look up online about soul-selling, and what are the consequences when a human sells its soul.

At the time my understanding of soul trade is that once a human sells their soul to an entity, they will import a soul of their choice, OR another case scenario they will have multiple souls in one body, with different personalities, but they will experience extreme bipolar effect and schizophrenia.

With multiple voices, it can be very hard for humans to function properly in front of others and will most likely have anxiety and depression because how chaotic it is in the mind with multiple souls.

Also, physical pain is common if those souls disagree with each other. They usually fight it out inside the human body and will sometime injure the human host, or they can just hurt the host directly, and if the host is weak-minded, they can be controlled completely by the demons that possess them.

I cannot find too much about selling soul to the devil on the internet, but I saw that if one sells their soul that would be the greatest disrespect to god.

Stated if human falls for temptation and sign contract with the devil, everything you obtain with that money and power will not be yours in the end.

I saw some stories, and I thought about it for quite some time. If I'm selling my soul to the devil what would god say about it. Thinking that if the devils are real and talking to me, god must be real too, just never said anything to me yet as of now.

But to think about it, it was worth it on my part. If I get that money, I don't even have to work anymore, and people will believe my story. For the price of one single soul that was worth in my case.

I hate working because I have chronic pain problems, especially during winter season. My joints all over my body will hurt almost every day unless I take opiates and smoke weed. Which sometimes can be challenging when I have to work when there's a lot of going on.

If I did sell my soul, I could help many others that need the money more than I do. If I became a sacrifice for the people, wouldn't that be just be like Jesus, sacrificing self for others?

I don't think they would hate me for it, if I can help out many humans for just the price of one soul. That's the only thing asked from me. So, I followed the instruction while flipping through the dictionary, it also told me I needed blood for the contract. I also asked who I am selling it to, the voices told me "satan."

So I wrote a contract and stated, "I agree to sell my soul to satan for the winning lottery of 300 million dollars." As was instructed to me in the dictionary. I didn't know where I could get some blood, and I did not want to hurt myself too much while trying to get my own blood.

I took a nail clipper and clipped a bit of my arm just to squeeze out some blood and signed it with my thumb with those blood.

Then, I looked up Power ball jackpot online and it said 300 million dollars like the voices suggested for the next jackpot. My initial reaction was like, “Oh shit, the jackpot is really 300m.”

I had a feeling it was going to be 300m before I checked the website because that was the exact number we talked about. I really thought I was going to win it, and I drove 40 minutes back and forth getting that lottery.

Later on, that night the jackpot revealed, and I didn’t even get a single number right. So I asked them voices, “What's the meaning of this?” and the voices replied, “Don’t worry, all that was just to test you, and how you react to this, very nice you passed the test.”

Now you can proceed to the next step. I was not worried about it at this point, I think that it is still pretty cool that I get to talk to them like this and I was lucky enough that they will help me out.

The next training course was to improve myself, in kindness and selflessness, and I must show that to everyone around me. Helping friends and family, as well as anyone in need, as I was doing those things and helping others. One day I realized that I must do something about my drug abuse, my parents do not know about of me using drugs.

I thought about it, and I have some shrooms left from the harvest. I didn’t want to trash them out it was only some left, so knowing the strength of these shrooms from my last trip on it.

I know that this time I'm going to have to play it safe because that shroom trip was too intense for my body and mind, so I took a few and told myself it was going to be my last trip, and I will cut off all drugs and smokes.

So I went to sleep early that day, and I woke up like 2 in the morning, and I knew, it was the time. First, during the come up, I was just listening to music.

Then later on, I started to hear other voices clearly, and they were not the music. It began to talk to me, telling me to draw.

So I picked up the pencil and started drawing. At first, I did not know what I was drawing. I was just putting lines together, and soon I realized what the lines and circles were connecting to. With some eyes and other elements that make up a sigil of eyes and some other evil elements in it, when I was about to finish the outer circle and complete the inner circle, something didn't feel right.

I know I'm close, and I know it's almost done, I can hear the voice saying, "FINISH IT, FINISH THE CIRCLE!!" With an eye looking at me smiling at me, I couldn't do it, but my hands were shaking, I didn't know what to do, and I was scared.

I start flipping the dictionary to see if finishing the circle was a good idea.

Then the voice grew stronger "Finish that circle NOW and you will join me." But then I saw "Rip apart that picture" In the dictionary.

I took a picture of what I drew, and I ripped that picture apart and flushed it down, then I deleted the picture as well right after thinking that it might stay on my phone and best to not risk that if anything bad happens.

Then later I just drew a cross, and I had a leftover tattoo design that I made myself and got on my chest when I was 18, I slapped that picture on the right side of the cross, it's a wolf with my Chinese name on it, and I put that picture on my wall.

The moment I pressed against that paper onto the wall it felt like something very strong and evil thing has left my body due to that picture and I was shaking when my hands were pressed against the wall, it felt like exorcism.

I knew I made the right choice, and I think I heard Jesus said, "I like that picture on the wall a lot." I said, "Me too."

And I walked into my bathroom and somehow found my lost earring, my hand grabbed it uncontrollably and put it on my ear and replaced my current earring.

It was one of my favorite earrings that I've lost for like 2 years ago. I did not know why my hand did that, but my hand just moved naturally without me even trying, I was like ohhh shit ill just leave that on.

I was still a bit high from the shroom, but this time was very calm and relaxing because I did not take too much of it, and it helped me sleep well that night right after.

I felt lucky, made the right choice. When I woke up, shortly after I've received a text from david. He asked me if I wanted to smoke at his house. He said his family went to work, and I can go to his house and smoke some weed.

I got to his house, and we were hot boxing my car, and I heard a different voice, “That’s my son, do you not recognize me anymore?” I did not think too much of it, I was talking to david, and he said, “you are progressing.”

And we kept smoking, I saw that david’s face started to morph, into an old man with a white beard, and I saw that face it could what people see as “god” the old man.

I Didn’t know what to say, that could be the christian god claiming to be the father of david. I asked him randomly if he knows anyone that can get me LSD, he said, “You are crazy, but yea I know someone.” He then told me he only did LSD once and never did it again.

I got his dude’s number, finally I might be able to try LSD So I left shortly after that.

I was driving home, I had the urge to stop somewhere I don’t know where I am at and started flipping the dictionary randomly. It had told me that I was a player from another game, and I am a human this time around to help out humans.

At that moment I feel very blessed, and guilty at the same time because I now know that I should have known better if that was the case, and the voices told me that my real parents are gods.

I have my doubts, because I know that my human parents are completely normal, then I slowly changed my mind and think, what if my human parents are gods or other gods are my real parents?

So I got home and was about to ask my parents something. Then I thought to myself, if they are really gods, they will know that I smoke, do I need to tell them still or is it okay just to walk away, and I hear the voices inside my head, “Don’t make me ask you!”

So, I began to speak and told my mom and dad I’ve been smoking weed, and they said they knew about the weird smell half a year ago.

They asked me if I was forced to do these things by someone else, I said no I smoked them because I wanted to no one was forcing me.

I knew that those voices played me again. But not only my parents was very forgiving and did not punish me, they just told me never touch it again. I began to cry in front of both of my parents and I was feeling very lucky and blessed to have parents like mine.

My mom even took my car for a complete car wash, cleaning and vacuuming removing all the smells in the car. And I was thankful that those voices tricked me into telling my parents about my smoking problems because it helped me.

Then later that day my sister gave me a silver medal, it is very small, and it has a cross on one side and Jesus on the other side.

I asked her where she got that from, and she said she just found that in her room and she wanted me to have it, so I just took it.

One key thing to mention that during this trip, in the morning when I got back to home and cried to my parents, I was having weird visuals of mandala of dragons.

It was cover all my ceiling and the floors with dragons, it was weird because it was the same batch of shrooms and I ate almost ¼ the doses of my first trip, and I never saw those dragons on my first trip.

Those dragons were following me wherever I go and was flying around me, so I was reading the dictionary trying to figure out what's happening, the voices said that these are my powers, and said once my spirituality reaches a point, I unlock these powers I can use and see.

I was very happy I get to see some cool stuff this time, and I said something to my mom, I told her that I'm one of the chosen ones of God and I'm going to do good things, she gave me a weird look, said that I'm going crazy because of the drugs in the past and told me never touch those drugs again.

I said, “okay” and ran back to my room. At this point, I have no more drugs, I smoked everything I feel like I can start all over again, and I feel like I'm a brand-new person now because of these profound experiences.

The following week, one of my friends called me and asked me if I was looking for a new job, at this one other restaurant and they pay pretty good compared to my last one.

I tried out for work and got hired on the same day. At this point I've quit everything already. But I started to smoke cigarettes because of stress during work. My parents are the traditional types, they think weed is bad for me, but to me, I think it’s a lot better than cigarettes. And the voice said, “Good thing will happen to good people.”

At that time it was actually the first time I've feel like I am truly guilty for just smoking , I don’t know what and why it was that when I smoke cigarettes I started to get the feeling of guilt and it gave me the impression that this is what sin means, and I tried looking for information about what “sin” is, but I have no luck finding anything about it and stopped after a few lines, it was very hard for me to look into the bible, as if the words in it does not register to my brain, I got bored and looked away after a page or two.

And I began to ask them what it means, to my understanding. Its gods plan to use the devils to test human, and they use the 7 deadly sins to tempt human minds to gain control over a person's personality.

Sins are usually under those categories but could be a lot more, god will not judge you because of the bad things you've done, but rather judge you on how you change yourself when knowing wrong.

At that time, I have 6 cigarettes left, I just wanted to toss them out, then right when I'm about to do it, the voices came and said, "Just smoke them all, don't want to waste anything just quit after." I thought about it and said, "hmm, you right."

As I was smoking them, I started to begin to have that "sin" feeling, as if something is telling me that its bad. As I'm smoking, I am thinking, where does smoking fall into that category? Thinking that it's the last time for me, it's probably okay anyway. I got a minor headache after that; and I no longer have any cigarettes.

After a few days, I feel like there are always things that are spiking up my craving to smoke. So I took one of my dad's cigarettes, one of the voice said, "You always turn back on your words."

So I started to wonder who is saying that, because I'm almost positive that the demons here love to smoke, and I was wondering if that voice was from something else. So I was looking up the dictionary, and was wondering if that voice was from god, but it was not.

Instead that I found out that it was from something disguised as “Karma”**,** so I asked the voices. They told me, that it was a tool or weapon of the buddhist religion to regulate the balance for their followers.

So I suspect that these were the things that were affecting, and controlling my life from the start of my life. From all the powers that they have shown me already have been enough for me to suspect that they have some influence on my family because my parents were buddhist.

I started to read more about it online about the Buddhist religion. Later that day, something hinted me that currently, The Cat and The Snake that is my teacher at the moment.

Then the devil insisted that satan must be my master and I must perform the ritual at night as the next process.

Thinking that I've already sold my soul, might as well perform the ritual, what can go wrong right. I needed to gather materials and ingredients, one requirement was at salt, and the timing had to be Exactly the minute of Sunday 11:59 PM to Monday 12:AM for this ritual. So I had to wait for next week for that.

Lately at night I have my eyes closed in my bathroom pitch dark and I can start seeing the light under my eyelid under full darkness, and the light started to have a shape, and they are moving, and the voices told me my third eye is opening, I started seeing various types of images and souls under those light. And the voices said, “your eyes are developed now.”

Then one night I saw this snake, and it said to me “Hi friend, it been a long time.” I was thinking, “Are you that snake from the bible.” The snake replied, “No, but you will know in the future, and I will sleep here tonight.”

I didn’t think too much of it, and I just tried my best to sleep with a dim light under my eyelids. I eventually slept, and that following Sunday is when I gathered up all the ingredients for the ritual, and the voice said, “You must perform the ritual tonight.”

I said, “I know, I know, been waiting for this for almost a week now.” I got ready right on time; I closed the light at 11:58. Lit up the incense on a little incense burner and surround the incense pot with salt in a circle. Closed the bathroom door, it was a bathroom inside my room, so it was perfectly locked up and dark.

Then I put the faucet on running and sat on top of the toilet seat with my legs crossed, and one hand up one hand down. In my mind, thinking, “Hmmm, will this work? This seems weird and useless.”

Voice, “Shhh.” And I heard a faint knock on the window of my bathroom, I freaked out a bit, and the voice “Don’t move till incense is done burning.” Me replied, “Are you playing a trick on me again? This is dumb.”

Voice, “We are done.” Then I cleaned up and wiped everything, and just got on my bed, and looked for the dictionary and see what it says. And they told me “I’ve been held hostage, and I will go to hell for it.”

I was a bit of scared when I saw that, so I didn't know what to do and turned off the light. At that time, I have my eyes closed, and I start seeing 4 souls, there was a soul resembling me and can be changed by my mind on how it looks like in my eyes.

I created a character of myself under my eyelids. But there's also 3 other souls that are not affected by my eyesight, one is a bright Light and it's above the buddha statue and a goat.

I feel like I was lied to because that's 2 more souls showed up than intended. And I was surprised and scared now that I have the light and statue here as well. So I asked the Light and the statue, "Will I go to hell for this?" Then they told me, "You are responsible for your own actions."

Voices said, "Move to the other room, you have enemies watching you in this room." And I asked, "Who? Outside my window? Across my street?"

The voice replied, "The triangle (Illuminati), the other room is very discrete and protected with a barrier, the enemies cannot enter or hear your mind once you are in that room."

At that moment, I will have to just keep on believing and take their advice and move to the guest room, which is inside the house and not on the outer corner like my room was. I never doubt what they are telling me at this point because they've shown and taught me a lot of things. Also it seems like these "beings" can tell the future.

And when I was in the room, I asked The Cat that is here, “Why are you possessing me? That's not what I signed up for.”

The Cat, “I'm only here to help you.” I replied, “Whatever." That day when I was going to sleep, I felt like there’s something moving inside my body. Another voice “You have been held hostage; you are a sinner now.”

Then I realized that the other two souls have left, I can no longer see them under my eyelids, now it’s only me and the Cat. At that point I didn’t know what to do, it was not my intention to be like this.

I literally did ALL that they ask from me and so those 2 left, and I started to repent for whatever I did, see if I get a reply from them. The Cat, “they already left, they don't care about you anymore, but I can deliver your message to them.”

I said, “Okay, just tell them that I said sorry.” I still believe in The Cat, that it will help me talk to god. I do not know if that light is god because it was there during that night. But it never said anything. I was a bit guilty now, knowing I should have stuck to my ground and never asked the devil for help.

No matter how hard things are on earth it is only one lifetime if you do it right, and you will be blessed for eternity. And even go to heaven too. But for the curiosity, I sold my soul to the devil, and I became its apprentice. So I was wondering if I get a second chance of something for being a chosen one, and I keep trying to reason with myself, and I heard a voice, “You are a bad kid.” Right before I was going to sleep.

Now great, I go to sleep being guilty of what I've done recently. When I woke up, something was not right, I had a lot of pain on my left arm and bruised up, and my sister also told me that there's this big bruise on her leg after she woke up and she had sleeping paralysis not knowing why. So I asked the Devil, “Not that you only hurting me, you are hurting my family too! what's the meaning of this?”

The Devil replied, “Hurting you was just for fun, but your sister hates you, so I hurt her too.” And I said “Okay, stop hurting my family just throw all the attacks on me instead.” Devil replied, “If that's what you want.”

And during that time at around January, it was really rainy for some reason, and I'm almost completely immobilized by my pain, arthritis on my whole body and the pain kicks in during rainy days I get a solid 7-8 level out of 10 of pain on bad days the whole day. And during that time, my mental health was very stressed and tired. I hear things I see things I don't get enough sleep; I eat less and less.

Now with the rain, I have physical pain to deal with as well. Usually, Vegas gets almost no rain but somehow this season was very bad, and my mom also suffers from the weather. Both her hands will get swollen to a point where she can barely eat with chopsticks, and my joints also gets swollen but for my case its worse because it spreads throughout the body.

I’m thinking that it might be genetic, since my mom had these problems since she was 12 and she almost didn’t make it that year with all the pain from different reason, and the arthritis on her hand.

She had to do a lot of therapy with bees and scorpions stings on her hand. One ancient way of Chinese therapy to deal with arthritis, use the lesser poison to numb the pain of her hand. Life was very hard for my mom, she was always sick and almost passed away in one occasion because of a fever.

She never had too much time for school although she is very smart, but she spends most of her time sick. So I'm very understanding of her pain and I never really complain to her that I have all these pain.

If it gets that bad for me it must have been bad for her for all these years, so I kept it to myself because I once mentioned to her that I have these pain she said it’s impossible and I'm just making an excuse for my laziness, I know I'm lazy, but it really does feel like my bones are falling off at times, and I have to work under those condition was very extreme for me.

So, I asked the Devil, “Weren't you only supposed to hurt me only? Can you stop my mom's hands pain?” The Devil replied, “I cannot cure your whole family of their problems. But I could give you the majority of the pain split to you instead, you parents should be proud of you if they knew what is happening.” Then I asked, “What if you are lying, what if you are still purposely trying to hurt my family and me still, how do I know if you are lying or not?”

The Devil, “Do you regret any of this?” Me, “No why should I? I haven't done a single thing I regret in my life because if I was to regret something after I wouldn't have done such thing. Just me being tricked by you and not get anything out of this, I did not make the wrong choice, it's you that did not keep your words.”

I asked, “Can you stop hurting them?” Devil replied, “You are already lucky I let you take most of the pain, and I don't hurt them as much already.” Me “You are right, things can be worst.”

At first, I always thought that it was real that I was taking the pain for my parents, but that's not the case. Later, I found out that they were just testing me and seeing if would do that for my parents.

The Devil said, “I also have that Korean girl’s soul as well, if you want to save her you need her to believe in what you tell her. You must tell her about this story. I was like, "How?”, my parents and friends all think I am crazy already for telling them some of these things.

At this point I also said a little bit of these things to my friends. Told Kwan about it and he said he thinks these things happen for some reason, but he doesn’t believe them himself. I told Harry about the lottery which I had failed. Then I told Kevin as well, but he was too scared to believe.

Because the Devil told me to tell them that I was going to win the lottery and see how my friends react before giving me the winning lottery, and every time I listen to the Devil and tell my friends and my mom that I was going to win the lottery I've failed all of them.

As of now, I'm not doing any drugs, but my parents think I went crazy because of these drugs in the past, and I keep saying these things to them without success of what I'm doing. I've been talking like I won the lottery already, as directed by the devil. It was The Devil's play that my parents and friends think I'm delusional and stopped believing me and have doubts in me and think I'm still a drug addict. I don't have the courage to face them.

I heard some stories from The Devil about the Korean girl, and I feel really bad for her so I tried to contact her again, seeing if she would believe me in what I say, so I can save her like the devils are telling me to.

I still believe that The Devil is trying to help me fix my life, but now that I'm on my own, and I'm on my own path of solitude. I know it's going to be very hard, but I slowly stopped contacting my friends.

They hit me up occasionally, but we used to be hanging out 5 days a week for the past years, all those just gone because of the true things I said to them that they couldn't understand. Kwan said, "If those are the things you are into, you must have your reasons, but I can't relate."

I don't blame my friends though, it's very hard to accept these things if it did not happen to them firsthand, and from my perspective, it's not something that everyone sees or experiences.

The Devil told me that Korean girl is one of their chosen ones, and I must get her no matter the cost. And I'm currently at the hell stage of training, my physical body and my soul will be burned by hellfire.

I was in a very bad mental state at that moment, but to think that if I'm suffering like this already, I can't let my life go to waste. I must help more people if I can, I must warn people about these things, but I don't know how to, without make me sound like I'm the crazy one for talking about these things.

Currently ALL the people I've told about these things is not believing me, and I had a funny thought in my mind, "Hell might not be too bad, at least there's going to be a lot of people that are getting roasted as well, you won't be lonely there."

I read that once you are in hell, there's no way out, and it is going to be eternal torture. Once you end up there, god will not help you. And it never stated anywhere saying that things in hell will get a second chance either, I feel very bad for them knowing that they can never get out of hell because of this. So I said, "How cruel is god to keep everything in hell forever." Also asked, "What did satan do to god to be burning in hell forever."

The Cat, “Only you have the power to save them. You are their last hope” and I said, “are you in hell?” The Cat, “Yes.” Me “Does it hurt?" The Cat, “I’ve gotten used to it.”

Me, “If I have the power, I will free you too.” The Cat, “Will you trade yourself for me?” Me “Why not, but I doubt that god will free you for me, even if I were to take your place in hell.” The Cat, “Do you really love that girl?” Me, “Yes, she’s their chosen one, isn't she? But all that is kind of hopeless now. I got nothing to say to her, and I have no money.”

The Cat, “Do you love me?”, Me, “Like my parents or family because you are my teacher, and also can you remove my feelings for the girl, I'm very tired of this feeling.”

This has been on and off for three months now, and I'm exhausted in emotion and physical and mental health.

The Cat directed me to search up something on my phone and I found out about palm reading. One of the line on my left hand was the emotion line and it’s longer than other lines, and The Cat just told me to go to sleep it will be better tomorrow.

So I went to sleep and woke up, my heart was not heavy anymore. I feel light and I looked at my left hand when I woke up, ¼ of the emotion line of my left hand was gone, and I can’t no longer remember that girls face, I barely remember her name.

I said to The Cat, “Wow! so you have these kinds of powers!”

But also, I noticed a very heavy side effect, I no longer have any feelings it seems, it is so hard to squeeze any feelings for any emotions. I became uninterested in any girls. I asked, “Will I turn gay from this, where’s my feelings for females?”

The Cat replied, “Your heart is mine now, you don't have one yourself. I control all your emotions from now on.” I said, “You can’t make me do or feel things I don't want, I do whatever I like and whatever I do is what I want to do, you can’t control me.”

The Cat, “your mind is a lot stronger than others.”

I asked, “How about you give me back my heart.” The Cat replied, “It’s mine now, you won't get it back.”

To me it wasn't that bad of a deal, at least now I know that something powerful holds my feelings for me, so I didn't think too much of it, at that point my mental health was back to normal.

I quit drugs for a long time now, only work and skim through the dictionary daily. But I stopped contacting others completely, only sometimes they come for me for help with something I help them out. I never go out anymore, and I just stay home.

I don't think I am used, because I decided to help people and friend out when they need, though they don't contact me anymore unless they want something from me or want me to help with something. I think to myself, even all these friends I knew for 8-10 years don't really understand me, they never know this side of me.

During this time I try to read stories about people and their life, examples of the dos and don'ts and I read something about christianity, a lot of their believers lives very poor and sad, only those priest and pastors and a few are rich among their people, and yet, people that worship The Devil, they get all the publicity, fame, money and power, as well as influences on the media. I just want to be a good son now at this point.

I didn't want money or fame or whatever, my parents raised me for this long, and I have yet to repay them of anything. I'm already 20 years old, and I have yet to contribute financially to the family.

It was just said to me that I would get money for helping them out, but I guess not, and yet I'm still working labor jobs. It hurts on the inside, and it hurts on the outside that I have to live like this.

And what's worse, after all these things happened, no one in my family or any of my friends believe in me. And ruined my relationships with them because of what I said in the past to them.

I am seen as a psychopath now, and what's worse, I've sold my soul and lost my heart in the process. I tried to imagine what is the worst-case scenario, but I can't. The Cat said, "You are better than most of the people already, at least you have your powers after all that training. You have what others cannot get no matter what they do."

I don't know what she is talking about, I'm just an average person, and a college dropout. Got a very basic job and with no money or property. Most of my money are spent on drugs and on video games, I feel like I'm a failure and I was very sad at that time.

I was looking through the internet, and I came across a story about buddhist religion.

I replied, “I don't have too much connection to the religion. I feel like in their books, they overemphasize on something good characteristics to be what they are "buddha" which I don't agree. I can do good and help people just fine without any of those title.

As a human, I don't need any labels on me which restricts my freedom of will and what I can think about. And I said, “No thanks, I will just be labeled as a good human”

Voices said, “There are things that needed to be rearranged in their book, and hope that I can help them and convince humans to let me do that for them when the time is right.”

I replied, “I can't do that, I will not change anything written for anyone, your believers will think I'm crazy or something, that's something that needs to be done by yourselves."

I read some about the Buddhist religion, they don't believe in god, only the creator. And that they do not go to heaven, even their highest rankings.

So, I asked them what really happened. Then all sides told me their stories about their past and how things went down, each side was very bias towards their own reasoning on why they are correct.

So I'm trying to analyze the situation, so I'm not rushed to judge them, I have doubts on all sides. I thought to myself, If I lean towards one side, the other sides will attack me. Shortly after that most of the things they told me were wiped off my memory.

I can only remember the core things they have told me, and all the other smaller details are now forgotten. So I asked, “If it’s true that christianity god is the creator, there's no reason to not go to their side for help if they truly want to help humans.

They asked me, “Which side do you choose? Whatever side you choose you will have direct impact on their future.”

Me, “Don't ask me that, I am not choosing sides.” knowing that if I did choose any side, it would be very bad for me.

All I need is to focus on getting money for my parents. If they get retired early, I can do things freely. Then after that I can decide where I will progress into in this game.

I asked, “If there's a lot of chosen ones for this job, you don't lack players. I'm only one human, why would I have an impact on anything?”

And one of them told me, “The reason you lived this hard and wrong is because they placed a cursed seal on your brain when you were 3 years old. At the time you already memorized many poems and can recite without help at the age of 3. They did that to stop your progression and distract you in life."

I asked, “Why would they do that to me?”

Voices, “They did not want you to be smart in school, and that would actually made you a successful person, now you are trapped in this game knowing nothing about life, and you are in full pain because of them.”

I replied, “I'm only a human, all I care about right now is money. If I can win the lottery my parents can retire, and I will have free time to do whatever you guys want me to do.”

If I win that lottery my friends and family will believe me again and I won't seem like a loser to them anymore. These entities already saw that my friends and family's reaction to what I said to them, they think I'm completely crazy at this moment.

It was never a problem for me that I have no money, I make enough for myself to survive, but it’s for my parents. I want to give them something, and I don't think I can do labor works all my life due to my pain problems. I have no knowledge of any sort in another career field, I've spent most of my time playing video games and skipping school.

I told them, “All these problems need money to solve, and I don't even think humans will ever believe me if I stay broke. Even if I wrote everything I know about it, they would just think that I'm crazy due to drug abuse.”

Then I added, “You want others to believe me, when in reality I am a low life loser. I never wanted anything from any of you, you guys came to me asking me for help. I still have yet gotten the money that was first promised to me, how about all of you leave me alone and I go back to being a regular human being.”

The Voice, “Calm down for now, there’s no reason to be like this. Also, I want you to be with my daughter. Not the human, but the soul that was implemented to your body.”

I asked, “The Cat or The Snake?” The Voice, “Does that matter?” Me, “No, they are only my teachers. I do not have other feelings of any sort towards them, and my heart is gone, whoever gets it keeps it."

The Voice, “It’s still possible to get the winning lottery, but it must need the power from all sides. This will not work if any of them disagrees to this.”

The Voice instructed, “First choose a set of number, write it down.” So I wrote “3 6 9 12 27 36” and asked “Any set of numbers is fine?”

The Voice replied, “Yes, if they all agree to it any number is fine. But there will be needing psychedelic drugs as well, and I need you to take drugs.”

At this point, I've been clean for a while now, and I don't have any drugs, so I contacted the plug bought two tabs of LSD from david's friend.

Later, that evening, the voices were bothering me about the drugs, I ignored them and went to sleep. But eventually I was woken up by these things at 4 AM.

I took a tab and started waiting, first time I took tablets that didn't have any bitterness or numbness. I knew it was real LSD.

Then I was just listening to music and looking at the dictionary. At this point I am not looking at the dictionary to communicate with these voices, rather to double check myself of what I heard is true in my head.

Most of the words in the conversation is recorded in the book, the only thing for me to do is re-arrange those contexts and know of what and when are they trying to say those lines to me.

And I saw something about the journey to the west from the dictionary. I thought it was just a fiction story, but it seems that one of those things was also trying to contact me. I didn't think too much of it. I was watching videos online waiting for the peak of the drugs.

As of now, everything is moving slowly and waving, but not too much thinking yet. Soon a familiar voice was trying to tell me something, and it suggested that I start drawing.

So I went and picked a random pencil and scribble on the paper, I don't know what I am trying to draw, nor do I have a clue what I am drawing.

My hand is scribbling left and right repeatedly, and I started to see the image showing up on the paper before I drew those lines. All I had to do was follow their pattern and slowly I see more and more images and I kept just drawing lines and feel that I can just draw this with my eyes closed.

I tried that for a minute or two and opened my eyes, and I saw that cat and snake on my picture, they started to fight for the spot in the picture as I draw along.

Best way to describe that is when I draw a certain amount of lines and it ends up looking like it's The cat or The Snake at one point, so I decided to draw other shapes.

I began to see the image, it was a pyramid, and I slowly started to build the base up, and eventually the pyramid instead formed into a monster.

I began to use my fingers to draw. I smeared all the ink on my thumb, and I started to paint with my hand. Because it was easier to get the ink on the paper.

Then I put a lot of ink on the paper and use my hand to spread the ink while the “power” draws the picture for me. And later I started seeing there were thousands of souls on my paper.

They looked like they were repenting to me, with their knees on the ground, and then a monster started to show in my picture. It was big and in the middle of the frame, slowly as I add more to it, it began to hold a weapon, looks like a monkey in armor. And all the souls around it was bowing down to it I don't know why.

And I kept drawing, then soon there was black dragons surrounding the whole frame, and also hellfire was spread to all the souls. They look like humans, and they were crying and being slaughtered by demons and dragons.

I wasn't sure because I've done plenty of trips and even at the most intense trip, my physical surroundings never changes, it’s has always been only my visuals that changes.

So I took a walk outside the house to see what's going on, then I was like, “HOLLYT SHIIIT,” when I walked outside the house.

The Snake, “You don't think all your training was for nothing, did you?” Me, “What have I done?” and I realized something, the bottom half of my body is in a lot of pain, and it only started to hurt during the painting.

It feels like as if there are thousands of needles pinning my legs. I could barely stand up when I walked downstairs. I didn't mind the pain because this was awesome to watch as I did not know what it meant at the time.

I ran back to my room and kept drawing. Everything I saw with my eyes was being morphed into my picture, the earth's surface was changing according to my picture, I knew I was not done so I kept drawing.

As I progress, everything in the picture is now made up of mandala of some sorts, demons, dragons, devils, and souls.

There were countless of them, and I asked The Devil, “This is happening in Vegas? Why is the city filled with demons and dragons?”

The Devil replied, “That's correct.”

Then the picture is starting to come together, it was a monkey sealing the triangle, inside the triangle, god was in it.

The surroundings were all dragon and demons ripping each other apart, as well as all souls in the picture was enslaved by the environment, the grand picture was a floating castle in the sky, and the picture was the whole battlefield.

I asked, “Is this hell? I would imagine this is what hell is, and it is all over Vegas!” There were also a lot of roller coasters with hellfire running in the background, with variety of types of souls flying around on them.

And I began to hear a chant in millions of voices saying the same thing. They were all praising me as their new king. I said, “Hold up, I am not your king.”

Then I was distracted by something in the picture and The Cat said, "Now, all you need is a seal, and the picture is done." So, I followed the instruction and drew a sealed circle and initialed my name to it and started decorating and designing it.

I suddenly realize the role I play in this game, and I thought to myself, “This is nothing but pure evil.”

And then I got a strong feeling about something, and I said, “If these drugs are the forbidden fruits, I’d take this shit all day, dog.” I didn't really mean to say it like that, but I couldn't hold back, something was forcing me to say these words to god, and I heard a reply, “Go ahead, We already have given up on you!”

Then I realized what I had done. I helped the Devil capture them with this “power”. They are all sealed in my picture, and the outcome heavily favors the demons. But up till this point, all I have tried to be a good person in my life, and I have not done anything to hurt others, why would they call me king?

And not just any king, they were chanting me as their new demon king. The Devil, “They have to agree to help you with the lottery now; you have absolute power and authority over them.”

Me, “Have I been lied to all this time? All I wanted was to be good, and this is how it’s got to be?”

The Devil, “Devils might not always be the bad ones, and god might not be as good as you think.” And I asked, “Who really is god?” The Devil, “Only if you knew what he have done, you’d hate him just as much as us.”

I didn't want to think too much of it, I knew that I'm heavily under the influence of psychedelic drugs. The doses were just fine, but I need to somehow return this place back to normal before someone notices.

And the weather changed, I felt like something is approaching me, I started to begin to understand why these things were coming after me. Even though my tone talking to them has always been neutral, and not many people will find that disrespectful, because these are the things humans' worship, but that's all my attitude was since day one.

Because I always kept a line to myself that I would not cross no matter what these things say to me, I just want to play their game as best as they intended and see where it will lead me all in the sense of self-realization. I never wanted to inflict any pain onto others, and especially not god or Jesus. I have never done any immoral things of any sort in my life.

The most wrong I've done besides these drugs is probably stealing a fake pack of Yu-Gi-Oh cards when I was like 7 years old in China.

This is the first time I've experienced psychedelics like this, with these intentions and presence these drugs are not far from what "Forbidden Fruits" would be.

But there's a heavy cost to know about the truth this way, I feel like the more I know and understand about this Universe, the more punishing it is to do these drugs.

And for me it is not physically safe to consume these drugs regularly anymore, anything said and done wrong during this duration will affect the reality of this dimension. The war in mind is very intense, and everything is updated live in this Universe, so everything outer space is looking at this event. And is heavily influenced by my eyes, because whatever I see that is what they see, like my eyes are linked to theirs and when I trip, it's as if they are all tripping in the same intensity as me.

So my brain is affecting them directly, if anything goes wrong others can get hurt, thus why they are now hurting me badly, doing whatever they can to break me. I am feeling a good 8-9 pain in my upper legs right now, I can barely walk. And this voice in my head said, "TELL HER IM HERE!"

I am almost sure I did not say that, but a few minutes later I got a text from david out of nowhere saying "I can't say it, you tell her yourself." It was super weird because I have not talked to him for anything since last week asking him about the LSD connect. Then I could hear him say "Ouch dude" in my mind.

I was very surprised; how did he hear me and how did he know exactly what I was saying? This is when I suspect that he is literally one of the characters in the bible.

I started to think, "Not just the name but literally david in the bible?"

The Devil, "Yes."

Me, "So david, he really is the christian god, that old man's son?."

The Devil, “Yes.”

Then I asked, “What about Jesus? I thought that he was god’s only son.”

The Devil, “A different God.”

That reminds me of the time when I was smoking with david in my car, his face morphed into the old man and he said to me, “david is his son.”

The Cat, “Yes, and they favor him far more than you, also they are doing whatever they can to stop you from winning.”

Me, “Why would they invite me to play in the first place?”

The Devil, “They needed you to help them, and I can't let that happen.”

Me, “Why would they need my help, and where do I get this power from?”

The Devil, “This is not the time to talk about it yet, go buy the lottery right now. You will definitely win it.”

So I believed in the Devil again, and I put my picture in a shoe box locked up in my room. Then headed out to buy the lottery.

I asked The Cat, “Do other humans see these changes without drugs? or only in my own eyes?”

The Cat replied, “If you try hard enough, you can show this power to any human you wish, and they will not need drugs to see changes on the surface, also they're now after you.”

I asked, “Who?”, The Cat replied, “The Triangle.”

I didn't understand what the triangle meant at the time, so I didn't pay too much attention to it.

Then I asked, “If I draw something else, will it show on the earth's surface?”

The Devil replied, “Yes.”

Then I start to wonder if that is what it means to be the Pen or Pencil, mentioned to me during my salvia trip breakthrough. If that is true to the exact meaning, the pen might be one that can rewrite reality.

Then I heard another voice “Can you burn that picture in that shoebox once you get home? It is causing quite a bit of a problem for everyone.”

The Cat said, “Don't do it yet, not until you win the lottery.”

I said, “Okay, I’ll do that once I get home then.” I really did not expect a picture could cause so much chaos, and I have no intention of keeping it if it's causing others discomfort. So I got home, and the voice talked to me again, “Can you put that picture on your window, where I can see it.”

I did what it asked me to. I took out the picture from the shoebox, and I taped it on the side of my window, so it's facing the sky. Then the voice “Thanks, now leave this room and come back later.”

I assume this voice is the christian god, but I wasn't 100% sure, but it seems like it because it had talked to me in the past, and I have a pretty good idea of how they talk to me.

Headed out as I sobered up a little from the trip. On my way to the lotto shop, all the mountains and rocks, and tree and shapes, even shadows are altered to the shapes of my picture.

(Imagine that there's a grid in the background of the physical world, and this earth is affected by the grid, I think my picture is directly affecting that "grid," and I have the power to re-arrange this earth's surface based on my vision.)

I really just want to win the lottery, then I can fix my life and also help out others. I listened to The Devil again. I arrived at the lottery shop and bought the ticket, with the numbers that me and The Devil agreed on.

As I was going home, I've noticed that a lot of the demons in the skies have faded. Not all but a lot of the things I saw earlier in the sky are no longer there.

So I was just waiting for the winning lottery to be revealed, it's about 2 hours away from now. Then I've noticed something, all those demons and dragons were disappearing after I put up the picture on my window. Then I took the picture down, and I saw that about half of the details on my picture have faded.

So I asked them, "Did you do that to my picture? You erased most of the details that were there, and those demons left as soon as you did that."

That voice replied, “Yes, I did, and I thank you for that. Since you were sincere enough to help me out, I will help you win the lottery. But under one condition, burn that picture before the winning lottery is revealed.”

And I replied, “Okay, I trust you. I can do that for you.”

At that time, it was an hour before the lottery was revealed, so I agreed to it and went to my backyard and burned down that picture.

As the picture was burning, all the remaining demons in the skies started to fade, and the surface of my surroundings are returning back to normal.

So I went back to my room and was just listening to music, waiting for the lottery. Then The Devil said something to me but I couldn't really hear what was it saying, but I can tell that its mad at me. I know that The Devil said to burn that picture only after I've won, but I believed god's word and burned it right away.

As the lottery was revealed, I looked up on my phone. I was kind of shocked that I did not even get a single number right. The Devil said, “I told you; how could you be so stupid!” Me, “I did not expect that god would lie to me, I thought we were on good terms. It only cost me 20$ worth of drugs, I can just do that again whenever I want to. Why would they lie to me? I did exactly what they asked me to do.”

The Devil said, “That's why you should have listened to me, not god.” Me, “I guess the lottery is not possible anymore. I give up, don’t ever tell me to buy this again.”

The Devil replied, “Even if you did not win the lottery, you could still show humans this power of yours. They will believe your story. Or better yet just help me destroy them with this power.”

I questioned, “Believe in me for what? I don't even want to tell people that I have this kind of power. Why would I use this power to destroy them? People would think I'm crazy before I can even show them these kinds of things.”

The Devil asked, “Now what? You are just going to give up?”

I replied, “Whatever, I did what I was asked to do, from you and from god. I did the right thing to burn that picture because it was causing problems that I have no intention of causing.”

I just did not expect them to lie to me. Then I said, “Even if he disagreed to win the lottery for me, I would have still done the same, he did not have to lie.” The Devil, “This is why you failed, why would they help you? They are jealous of you.”

Me, “Jealous of what? There's nothing special about me. I literally have nothing but pain.”

The Devil “Do you hate them?”

I replied, “No, they didn't owe me anything to help me, how would I know if burning the picture will affect the outcome, they sounded like they were in pain.”

The Devil, “Even if they are the source of your pain?”

Me, “There are still lots of things I don't understand and why things happen the way it does, just leave me alone I just want my normal life back.”

I was pissed today, wasted gas and money again going to the lotto shop when I knew that these kinds of things were too good to be true to be happening to me.

Honestly, I mainly did it because I was asked to. Normally I wouldn't just go out and drive like 2 hours just to buy a lottery ticket and expect to win anything. So I just went to sleep early.

At this point, I just want to forget about everything. I don't care about anything anymore. I just want my normal life back, but lately I have been dreaming a lot. More specifically, I started to have lucid dreams almost daily.

This one night before I went to sleep, this one bright light looking soul came to me, claiming to be The Holy Spirit and was the voice that other day telling me to burn the picture. It told me that it was very nice of me that I burned that picture for them and that it will stay here from now on to help me.

As of now, I can clearly see three souls here under my eyelid. A one-eye Cat, a dragon looking Snake, and a bright light. The majority of the time, it was just The Cat talking to me. That night I went to sleep early.

I don't completely remember all the details, but I learned how to fly in my dreams. I was on the top floor of a building, looking down. Then I jumped off the roof, tried to focus the power onto my feet, and held my body in the air.

I met a lot of different people in this city. Then this voice in my head that I did not recognize talked to me and told me that he is lucifer. In the dream, a gun dropped in front of me. And he said to shoot the person in front of me.

I asked him why, and he told me, “Just do it.” I refused, and I tried leaving that place, and suddenly I got shot a few times and I woke up. The pain faded as I opened my eyes.

Then I asked The Cat, “Is lucifer the same as satan?” The Cat replied, “No.” So I went on the internet and did some research, in most of the results that I've found were that most of the people think that they are the same. But I had a feeling that they were not, so I took The Cat's words for it. At this point, I do not need the dictionary anymore to speak to The Cat or the Snake. I can hear them when they want to tell me something, and I stopped using the dictionary. This is about 3 months into the “Game”.

The funny thing is, I kind of knew what I was getting myself into when I decided to sell my Soul. So far, all of the side effects that I knew I was going to experience at some point has happened. Right from the start, it was told to me that anxiety, depression, schizophrenia, bipolar, and insomnia would occur if the soul trading process goes as planned.

And so far, all of the above I had experienced it all, and it's just daily stuff nowadays. I don't really have too much to say about this. I know the worst is yet to come, but at least I have a better understanding of what is going on around me.

I started to see Souls on inanimated objects, like the walls, floors and physical items.

It seems like there are so many Souls on earth. It seems like the smaller ones are usually the ones on objects for the most part, and they are different than to a human soul. A lot of them had no places to go but to latch onto physical objects in groups.

One day I was out in a parking lot, just smoking a cigarette outside of a store that I was going to. I was scrolling through YouTube and saw a video on the feed. It was burning candles in a dark setting, teaching others how to communicate with the devils. I don’t know why I clicked on it, but I was very sleepy after I opened up the video, almost fell asleep inside my car before the 5 minutes video was over.

I walked inside the Macy store, looking for something my mom asked me to buy. I sat down on one of the chairs and looked at the ceiling, then a voice told me to look up. It was a bright light and as I stared into it, it started to move up and down slowly. I am 100% sure that it was moving, because my shadow on the ground is moving according to the movement of that light right on top of me.

The light at the time looked like a triangle shaped eye, and it smiled. I asked the voice, “Is that you?” Then the light nodded AGAIN then replied, “yes.” Then it returned back to circle as it stops moving. Then I completely disregarded the reason I was here I ran out of the store right away.

When I was leaving. I checked ALL the other similar lights in the store, and they were all stationary.

It’s physically impossible that the light right in front of me was moving. I began to wonder if these Souls have impact on physical objects.

Then the following day I was dreaming of being in this underground club, I started to walk around, then I recognized some faces. They are mostly famous people I recognize on the internet, most of them are celebrities people see in movies or tv shows.

The place was filled with homosexual and disgusting group sexual activities both males and females. I tried walking out of the place, then a black guy holding a naked man and walked up to me and stopped me.

Then I heard a voice said, “Kill him.” The black dude took out a pistol and fired a shot at me.

Suddenly a voice told me to close my eyes and blink with my eyes close, I did as instructed. Then I opened my eyes, and I was in another place, as if I had just teleported. Then I arrived at this place above clouds, I saw an empty Throne.

The surrounding is all gray, like how the clouds are when it’s about to rain, then a man walked behind me. I turned around and saw the guy who looked like my dad.

He kicked me off the clouds, then spit in my eyes as I fell from the sky. Next thing I remember I see myself slowly waking up on my bed.

When I woke up, I thought to myself, “That guy is NOT my dad!”

At the time it’s been two weeks since I’ve done LSD, curious about the drug and the experience it could give me, this time I took 2 tabs of what I took last time.

Come up was rather fast this time, and I started to flip the dictionary again, by this time I can hear a lot of the familiar voices here but it’s quite difficult to tell whom the voices are.

I know that drawing will create problems, and I did not want to create the same scene as I did last time.

I tried playing video games during the come up of the drug. I could start to understand the voices more clearly, and the voices would give me tips on when to kill and alerts me when enemies would ambush me. Like I can know there's someone hiding before I see them being there. Almost like hacking without the actual hack. Then the voices told me they can help me win, I told them no thanks because I just want to play games on my own, and that I appreciate their offer of assistance.

The come up of the drug was a lot faster than last time, in just about 45 minutes compared to an hour last time I already feel the waves kicking in.

For a second, I forgot that I was tripping on acid. I began to wonder why I am feeling like this, and forgot who I am. I looked at my chest and saw the tattoo of my name, then I remembered that I am tripping on acid. Then I urged to open the dictionary again, this time I open the book.

The words of the dictionary seems to be arranging itself to a full sentence in the order it wants to be perceived. It told me what the "Game" is about, in pictures and visuals from the drug. As I kept reading, I forgot that I am on acid again.

Then I realized that I was no longer in my own room, I was on top of a building in a fallen city next to a clock on a tower. Looking down from where I am, I see a lot of people running around screaming on the ground as the buildings were falling and the whole city is on fire. Looks like apocalypse in the movies. Then I heard, “This will be the future if you don’t change.”

Then I saw a prompt in front of me saying “GAME OVER, Do you want to restart?” then I selected “[YES] NO”.

As the fallen city melts away as the background of my room slowly, I slowly came back to reality in my room, laying on the ground. Trying to process what I have just witnessed; I didn’t believe myself that just happened. I kept trying to look for clues in the dictionary, then it was told to me “Today’s lesson is over, come back again next time.”

That was only 2 hours into the trip, for the rest of the trip I just listened to music, while trying to play video games with no success. I can hardly see straight with water in my eyes but was fun trying to even navigate through the menu.

I began to keep questioning who myself is, why I am here on earth, and what do the “Game” want from me as a human. So I had the urge to smoke a cigarette. I walked out of the door and saw bunch of clouds forming in faces and I am almost positive that it’s not just visuals from the drug.

It is ACTUAL clouds forming in the image of the visual that "They" are trying to show in front of my eyes.

So the more drug I take and more intense I trip, the more power "They" have to change this space with. Then I had an idea, I tried to THINK of the image I wanted to show, and it kept showing clearer and clearer on the ground, wall and the skies. Like my eyes are imprinting marks on wherever I can see. Just like last time I did LSD.

I asked them "So whenever I am on these drugs, you guys have these special powers?"

The Voices, "Yes"

Then I began to think, why me? I am pretty sure that when other people I know trip on these drugs, they do not have the ability to alter physical state of matters around them.

Am I really just tripping on Acid, I have doubt right now IF I do have these special powers OR I am just high off my ass on two tabs.

Because I know that on shroom, I tried drawing pictures before and various other research chemicals, like 2cb and 25i, but it didn't feel like it when on LSD. On LSD I actually HAVE control over my environment as I trip.

So I had an idea, to try and paint instead of drawing on pencil and pen. Last time I drew that picture was very damaging to me and the environment, I felt immediate pain the more lines I drew on the paper, until the point where I could almost not walk anymore.

Trying to find the paint right now was a real challenge, this is when I consider that I am officially TRIPPING BALLS. I found some leftover paints and took out a canvas board. Started splashing colors onto the canvas board.

I didn't even have any intention to draw or paint an actual object, I just colored in the canvas as panels. Then I stare into the picture, I almost don't believe my OWN eyes what I am seeing. THE PICTURE IS FORMING WITHIN THE COLOR OF THE PAINTS.

The I am seeing a lot of those slaves again, looking like those terracotta looking statues, they are climbing in stacks forming images throughout the panels of color. With demons and dragons showing up spitting fire and torturing souls as they are building the picture within my painting.

THIS is when I began to wonder if I was tripping OR did these souls are really using power to alter the paint in its physical state to form the picture I am seeing.

It's mandala on top of mandala, pictures within pictures. AND each time I rotate the canvas I see MORE and different versions of the images in a relatable sense of what's happening on all sides of the painting.

So, I took the picture downstairs, I have NOT done anything to the painting, all I did was applied about 4-5 different colors into the canvas and let these “Power” do the work. I showed my dad the painting and told him to rotate the picture to see if he could see what is inside the picture.

As he tries to comprehend the picture, I wonder if he sees anything OTHER than just the color I splashed, it means that he CAN see the picture as I am painting it with these power.

Dad asked, “When did you learn how to paint like this?”

I ask him, “What do you see?”

Dad replied, “This is Impressive, how did you paint this?”

I don’t know what to tell him I painted, because I am tripping HARD right now and I do not want him to know I’m high on drugs.

I couldn’t even explain what I drew, I think he sees the painting clearer than me because I am tripping. I just wanted to know if others can see this when I am high as shit. I didn’t want to tell him I have these powers or anything. So, I took the canvas back and ran upstairs.

I realized that these patterns on the picture is ALSO on my walls, ceiling and floors. I ran downstairs and out to my front yard, I wanted to see how far this power reaches. The images showing up on the skies as clouds starts to from the image in my painting as I stare into the clouds. For as far as I can see.

I asked the voices, “HOLY SHIT, CAN OTHERS REALLY SEE THIS?”

Voices replied, “Can human see clouds?”

I asked, “You have the power to alter this space’s physical properties?”

Then I saw something strange in the skies, apart from the clouds that my marks are forming, I SAW this BIG giant alien mothership behind the clouds with a BIG FEMALE looking alien with the head being the spaceship ITSELF.

It started to fade away within the minute I saw it once it realized I saw it. I asked, “HOLY SHIT WHAT IS THAT THE REAL ALIEN MOTHERSHIP”

I feel a heavy body load right now, 4 hours into the trip. I ran back to my room, and I began to get stuck in a though loop. I began to realize what ego is and how it can affect a person.

I started to understand like when “Oh so that’s ego when someone does “This””. I began to think that because I understand everyone is different that I never judge anyone for anything they do, unless they try or hurt me personally.

I kept experiencing ego dissolving simultaneously, trying to understand each particle of it. I began to see that when true, ego will try to act as truth, the more right the person is the more “Truthful” ego can get without the human realizing.

Then I began to set rules and guidelines for myself to separate myself from ego as much as possible so that I can understand it. As if I were to extract the “Truth” from ego as “TRUE” in a fundamental level of my aspects of living and thinking. All during the peak of my trip in a thought loop and I forgot who I am completely.

Felt to me like ego was being stabbed every time I made a principle or guideline that would stop IT from communicating with me. For example, whenever in a thought process that “Ego” would trigger, it gets replaced by something else that would be “True” and not in the form of ego.

I began to realize that, on a human fundamental level of this “Game”, that was a big change for me personally the moment I understood what Ego means. That was probably one of the most profound moments I have from all these trips.

Then I began to realize SELF is only one, and anything else that triggers my brain to any thoughts are seen as others and some of these entities are trying to talk to me in the form of ego.

I don’t exactly hear anything from them, just that I feel the thought that they want me to think without hearing things. Unlike the actual voices that I hear from some of these “Souls”.

It’s SUPER hard to remember things during this state of mind, a LOT of the information and the truth from the drug is being taken back by the end of the trip. My short-term memory is almost nonexistent.

The only thing I can remember about myself is my own name, which I have a tattoo of on my chest I kept checking to make sure who I am, otherwise I would have forgotten about my own name.

I ended the trip in good notes and was a very profound experience. The destruction of the city I witnessed in another dimension. Also, the ego death experience and encounter with the alien mothership.

One thing I noticed that my body was in a lot of pain, not as bad as last time but still hurts a lot. I know the drug itself probably does not cause me any pain, but the entities that are causing my physical pain. I don't want to suspect anything, so I asked "Them" if they are the reason I am in pain, and "They" told me those are the price for the knowledge I received from the drug. Those pain almost felt like pieces of my soul being ripped away from me.

By the end of the trip, I was told that I cannot do LSD anymore for now, because I am being watched by the "Triangle". I think they meant the government by that or some they call illuminati. That was fine by me, it was all the drug I had on me. I don't have anything even if they come for me.

I have very vivid dreams lately, and all of them are Lucid Dreams. Everything feels so real, I have visited the same places multiple times.

Like in dreams are like memories of the past from another reality or dimension. Or current events that are happening as you are dream in real time in another dimension during the time you are asleep.

A lot of my dreams seems connected, like an episode of a drama series being played out. And the things I am seeing in dream are truly insane, much more than any drug can give me. Despite all the drugs I've tried so far, the highest of all high is probably lucid dream for me, but comes at a cost, I am being chased in dreams.

There are many times where I encounter the government, they ALWAYS try to capture and kill me if they can. One time I was flying around to dodge them. I ran into a hotel bathroom, the next thing I knew, I was shot in the head. I fell on the ground and a robot walked in; I think that was the killer. Then the Robot said, "We Got him".

I would say any pain occurred in Lucid Dream from many of my experiences, the pain that is felt would be up to 70% of what it would as if it happens in real life. But the moment you wake up from the pain it disappears no matter how painful it was. The memory of the pain is only a few seconds, but the traumatic event that triggers the pain always is scary to me to face death many times in my own dreams.

For fatal pains in dream, I just get paralyzed and sent back to the body and wake up immediately.

Sometimes I would go to take a nap for 2 hours and I get a Lucid Dream, and I am like “Cool I get to pick up where I left off”

Because I was dreaming every day, it was not hard to remember where I left off. I was developing all kinds of special power in my dreams, I slowly learned how to fly, then teleport, then also telekinesis. To move environment, or shape/form lands on the place I am in.

I always get along with most of them and they love me back, but there are some very disgusting things you can find in dreams. Some would smile at you right before stabbing you. I always try to remember to keep my distance from anything I encounter.

Sometimes it would feel like I am being tested to see if I know the script to my movie or not, as I am playing it out. I’ve been to outer planets where I can see multiple moons on the surface of the ground. Seen Aliens, dragons, demon, all in different setting and timeline of places I’m visiting but all connecting back to the game and “Memories” like the things I am dreaming about have already happened before.

Throughout the weeks, I have been completely sober. I began to unlock new vision powers, I can see souls clearly at nighttime, not the ones that I have on me, but the ones around me.

I can hear each individual soul that is speaking to me around me, they are like little minions. About the size of a skittle candy, various shapes and form.

The stronger the soul the bigger they become. They have different voices and individual personalities with good sense of humor and tell me jokes all the time.

I began to see my body structure with my eyes closed in the dark, like an X-ray scan. I can see my bones and body structure with my eyes shut in the dark. I began to progress into seeing in the dark.

I tried to walk around the house in the dark at nighttime with my eyes closed. At first, I was tripping over objects, but as I practice more, I began to place random objects on the ground to see if I can avoid walking into them in the dark.

I eventually can see the environment in the dark, every object is outlined with dimmish light, I think those are souls on the objects that I can identify through my eyelids closed.

Throughout the month, The Cat and The Snake told me bits and bits of history, and how the governments control human lives and control their mind through various means. While selling humans and earth resources to the aliens in exchange for some of their alien technologies to extend their control.

And that most of the country's leaders are the people that they chose are to serve them knowingly and or unknowingly.

So they are the ones directly affecting the life of human lives, because it have gotten to a point now where they have complete control over human lives since the internet was mass adopted. They control humans by various means, by politics, weather, religions, music, media, entertainment, government, and the human mind.

They taught me things about souls, and how they are the energy of the planet, and that each individual life form and the planet as a whole to produce these energy known as magic.

At the time, I was wearing a bead bracelet gifted by a friend, made from supposedly from black meteorite. When I first received it, all beads were pitch black with no other color.

But as the time of my "training" the beads started to change color, there are white, black, blue, purple, green, red on each different bead. The color changes slowly throughout the time I had it on me. It was told to me that these are the excessive spiritual power I have from my body that was transferred into the bracelet, storing partial of my power.

As I progress, the more clear my visions are at nighttime, I started to see the souls even during daytime. Life was very hard at the time for me despite all this happening. Mom wants me to travel back to China to see some doctors about my problems.

She thinks I am going crazy; from that one time I told her that I am "god's son" because these voices told me to.

She almost got a panic attack and told me that I am hers and my dad's son. So, I agreed to go back to China because I need a break, but I quit my new job that I just worked there for a month. They were good people, the owner told me I can go back anytime.

I can't take work anymore, my entire body hurts and since I am not smoking weed anymore, things are very bad for me during the winter. Not to mention, I have to communicate with these souls the whole day now.

It's like twitch chat, but I hear every comment, and every interaction costs me energy to respond to. Its draining all my life and energy because now my eyes are able to see these things 24/7.

My parents were very mad that I quit my job before I had to go back to China, they see me as a failure. In family gathers or whenever friends visit from another state or country, they try to avoid me being in conversation because they are embarrassed to the family and friends. Usually, they just say I am still in school.

I feel humility around people, when people ask me what I want to do, I don't know how to answer them, it's always awkward to be around a family gathering because of these questions.

I know my parents don't need me to become successful or anything, just a regular person that works and have a family. They only wanted me to do good on my own, they don't need anything from me.

But because I got myself into this situation I am in right now, I can't really do anything much other than trying to complete whatever I am doing right now.

And hope that I get something out from this game once I am done with everything I need to do. If I do end up succeeding, this would be the greatest honor a human could ever possibly achieve.

I still feel guilty for not being able to provide to the family at the moment, they raised me right and taught me everything to be a good human, yet I cannot give them anything in return. What can I do with these power? I can't even help my own family with this, how can I help others with it?

I tried making up my mind to go to school again and only communicate with these things when I have time, but they do not like that.

That will force them to live here with me while being in school and they hate that. They will make it literally impossible for me to focus and lose track of my thoughts whenever they want to.

Maybe I am just making an excuse for myself, I am too lazy to change. Thus far, I know and understand that I am a very unresponsible adult, I only know how to play video games, and do drugs with no real-world skills.

But at this point there's no turning back now, I can only keep going or else I am just going to end up as a failure in real life.

The souls are telling me that I am almost there, and I must keep training using these visual powers I have to further enhance my spirituality powers for my awakening. They told me to add up my birthday, and coincidently they adds up to 2015. Which is the current year, and that this will be the year I "Awaken".

During one of the nights, I began to see other souls under my eyelid that are not ON me like the rest of the souls that were here before. They identify themselves as the old man (god), there was a black dog (lucifer), and david the dude that invited me to the game, also a buddha statue, a white female version of that statue, and a rat with wings.

They told me more about how the game works. I found out that when a regular human dies, their soul go to one of the entities in their belief, depending on the person of their beliefs or religion when they die instead of freeing them, they will have to live again to work for them for their grand scheme of the "Game".

The souls are forced to help them enhance themselves and give them more power to control human minds by various means. (These are things that have the power of creation on this land, they can alter weathers, shape and form landslides, causes earthquakes and floods.)

There was 3 sides of the game, I was on the red team, there was Me, Cat, Black Snake, and The Light.

There was the blue team consisting of god, lucifer, david, and the rat. Then the Yellow team, that consist of 1 yellow male buddha statue, and a white female statue. (the one that is held up in the alter of my house)

At the time I did not see “satan”, which I think it’s possible that it is one of the visible souls here hiding its name. I asked The Cat if she is satan, and The Cat told me she’s just delivering message for satan and is not the same entity.

Since these things came to me how they did, and told me specifically what they are, I did not have doubts on if they are the real ones or not, if not then they would be a messenger of what they are representing, so everything from them is the actual message those entities want me to hear.

Before this I only had 3 souls under my eye lid, The Cat, The Snake, and The Light. But tonight, there were 9 other souls under my eyelids, each having their own personality and voices.

Unlike those small souls I encounter and have spoken with for the past month, most of the time their voices are very low, and I have to guess what they are saying.

But I was hearing these entities voices and what they are trying to tell me so clearly, and they have real live expressions on the soul they appear in front of me.

If they are smiling or frowning, I can see that from their soul appearance under my eyelids. Their messages are clearly louder and more direct than the rest of the souls.

They said that the other "Game" has not yet truly started, and they are here to just play with me. It was super hard for me to sleep, when there's multiple voices trying to talk to me.

Their souls were quite bright under my eyelid, they can free roam unlike the other souls I have around me. They can shape their soul into a scene in the movie playing out to show me things, EVEN when I said I want to sleep and don't want to be bothered by them.

At the time that they were here, I noticed something. I had a seal on the middle of my forehead.

Whenever the seal is moved or changed, the balance of my body is OFF. For example, if I was thinking a sentence like "I will __", before I can finish the sentences, these "entities" could manually FILL in the blank for me, and make my body feel OFF because it was not my true thought and intention.

So as I was thinking, they can change just one word in a sentence to make the whole sentence turn against me in a situation they put me in the thought loop. Then I began to feel the balance was off, and one of my nostrils gets immediately stuffed, I started to hear ringing noises like I have tinnitus when I don't.

I know I don't have it because when I change back the comments in my brain that they changed, those ringing STOPS, and my nose turns back normal right away.

The blue team was pulling my leg hair, touching my ass and balls. Though it's not physical, I do not like feeling anything from these things, especially when they are identified as males.

Feels like ants on my body crawling, and when I was trying to sleep, they would play random songs that keeps on repeating inside my head. When I finally almost fell asleep, they woke me up with loud noises and I felt physical pain occurring.

I was very angry at the time and told them they are not welcomed here. The Cat told me she can help me and told me to focus energy into my eyes to throw them out of here. So, I did those multiple times to push them away, and somehow, I got rid of them. But they are still there, I can't see them anymore, but their voices still exist, but in very low tone like a fly buzz, unlike how it was when they were here, I can hear all their intentions.

Black dog said, “Me and my brothers will be back!” as they were leaving, and I questioned “Brothers? yall gay asfk haha” then I heard a “FK YOU” from one of the 4 that just left here.

Woke up the next day, feeling pretty good. My eye eyesight has improved, and I see souls clearly now even during the daytime which was a big improvement. A few weeks ago, I was still barely able to see souls during the nighttime.

Now I’m vividly seeing them during the daytime too. I can speak to them more clearly. They told me that the souls around me have absorbed the excessive powers I produce from my body, and it has given them enough power to have a visible form here.

The voices getting gradually frequent and more detailed, about the things they want to communicate with me.

Some would even use my friend’s voices in real life, to talk to me with their own personality, using my memory of sounds of others to replicate the phrases my friends use around me.

They were always polite to me and very respectful despite all the jokes we talked about. At the time, when I close my eyes, I can see a chatroom, there was a chat box like a discord server. And the souls would type in that chat box to let me know the messages, so I don’t have to process hearing some of them to know that they are trying to talk to me.

I can send messages straight to the chat and they all can understand me right away.

During a lot of the conversations, the souls were trying to tell me the real history of the earth and the truth, I began to have doubts. They are trying to create a human king through these selection of participants in the “Game”, one that must have achievement above all else. To create a man with absolute power and control, through these spiritual powers that a human can potentially get from participating.

They also told me that david this lifetime is pretending to be Jesus’s second coming and he is playing in the role of the son in their holy trinity.

Then I started to question, this was not the “Game” I thought it was. Before I knew the truth, I was told that I was only selected to help them with helping other humans with teachings of their religion, like a preacher.

But because of that I made up my mind to not join any religion, and they needed a true “Outsider” of this “Game”, that is not from any of the religion, also they told me this is my first human playthrough and I am not from any of them.

Apparently there’s multiple realities and other dimension and space outside of this physical realm, maybe due to many extinction events that had in the past on this planet, humans’ knowledge and technology is mostly lost due to it.

They have high tech technology that is incomparable by modern technologies. A lot of them flea to outer space before the apocalypse hit on earth, retaining some of the tech, that later on, some came back to earth to claim to be the “gods” of the universe, restarting their lives here on earth.

Building buildings using technologies like with the pyramids, that we have hard time explaining how it was built. Then leaving earth again to hide themselves from humans after their timeline on this planet. Teaching humans what they want them to know, altered the history and the truth to hide their origin and act as religions or beliefs here on earth as “god”.

I also heard a lot of history and the political side of the “Game” where they have governments turn against each other to shape the world we live in now, throughout the history of the planet.

All these slaughtering are just them reaping souls from humans to further increase their power control in the background.

Because at the end, if they choose to reset the game again, like an event of extinction that had happened MULTIPLE times throughout the history of the planet.

At first, I did not know if I should believe these things, I have my doubts, but if this is true, everything happening on earth suddenly seems so much more sense.

I finally realize what they meant by I was that “someone’s” son, during the time when I was first introduced to the “Game”, and I was chosen by ALL of them, they all agreed upon my birth that I would be the one to hold this power.

They tried to manipulate me into thinking I was from their side of the game. But that was always david. Makes sense because he is mexican, and the pyramid of the Sun in mexico is that literal in the lore. That might also be why, that there’s so many mexicans name Jesus, I guess this particular david is the “chosen” of all the prototypes for the fake second coming.

I was chosen to have some of every different type of power, Good and Evil ones. That was placed here when I was born. But they have been suppressing this power all this time until I was an adult when I finally got introduced to psychedelics and that have helped me break the seal that was placed here.

I am being asked by david to assist him win the game, against the demons here and aliens from other places outside of earth. I asked them “Why do you need my help, if you guys are the all-powerful you claim to be?”

I clearly stated to them, that I am my parent’s human son and not god’s, and the power I have here have nothing to do with me, and my relationship with them.

As I know nothing of them up until this point, and that I will not convert to any religion. Because I now understand the if I convert to any of them, I will just become their slave and tool for the game. Looking at the history of this planet and all the slaughtering. If they were the good on this earth, where were they to stop the demons from destroying their religion on earth, enslaving their believers, and poisoning the planet by the government.

My heart aches very bad from just understanding these souls the more I know, I cry a lot during these times, I am emotionally drained throughout these days. I finally know why people say the truth hurts.

I asked the souls, what do they want from me. Because from how I heard everything, it seems like the “god” of christianity is trying to claim of ALL that there is.

When they are just one of the earlier ones that have been on here on earth, they are not the true Origin. The souls just told me to be true to myself and be what I want to be.

Life is a fucking trip right now; I am clean and sober of all drugs. Yet I am tripping 24/7, I can’t even catch a break. This literally what tripping feels like, but I’m high on just power.

I communicate with so many souls daily, reading their messages. Feels like just everyday truth is just beating my ass for knowing and understanding.

This feels like literal hell, I can't imagine hell being worse, if I can physically feel the pains. They are giving me as messages are received. I always get sexually touched by all kind of souls, not just the ones I have on me, but there are unidentified souls that comes around from time to time throughout the day that drains me of my power when they are around. I am like a soul battery for these things. Because I was open minded, the knowledge I am getting turns into visible power into energies that souls can physically consume.

But I just cannot stay in one place, my mind is always racing, my thoughts are too fast to catch up to even If I understand, I might not remember what happened few seconds ago.

Felt like things are keep pulling me forward and not letting me stay at where I am at, I keep progressing faster and faster and produces more power quicker.

I began to realize that these power, is what the souls seek from humans, throughout their human life, these entities extract these "Power" from human emotions.

Each emotion have a different attribute of power, and they were trying to create fake scenarios to talk to me to create that "Feeling" to generate a certain type of power for them to consume.

But they are extracting from me in a pace where I cannot physically keep up anymore.

I am losing a lot of weight, and I am barely eating, I have no appetite for food even when they are the best type of foods that I usually enjoy.

I check back on my bracelet, now the different power from each emotion have completely colored into the black beads, shining colors of each emotion, looking like a whole different bracelet than when I first got it.

At the time I noticed that I was losing weight rapidly, because I must process all the information in my brain, and its actively responding to all the messages I received. I have lost 5 pounds just since the past week.

My diet has not changed, before this I have been a reasonably fit person that goes to gym 2-3 times a week. I am not even doing anything, staying home every day and talking to these souls was already enough for me to keep losing weight.

I was dreaming vividly throughout those days, I feel like the dream world is just another reality that humans can visit, a lot of time I visit the places I feel like I have been there already.

I remember the different paths that lead to a different place, but they are always there, even little details like there's a rock in that specific corner of the city I am in, the next time I visit I still see the same rock.

A lot of the souls that have talked to me in real life, I sometimes see them in my dreams, some let me know which one was them right as I am waking up.

I have also seen a lot of celebrities and rich famous people in my dreams. They sometimes talk to me like they knew me for who I am before I even remember who I am in my dreams.

I am kind of lost in life right now, I am 20 years old. Just quit my job and now I am broken with no goals in life. The game I am playing is not the same as I thought I was playing.

The game I understand now is that I am now participating in their game of throne type of game, where they are fighting for control and power over this planet.

And they specifically needed a “human” for this, so I was chosen. I was told that I was only chosen by gods because they needed a sacrificial lamb for me to die for them.

Those 4 from the blue team have visit me from time to time to mess me up, doing annoying and gay shit here that I hate. I am guessing that it’s because one of the souls that are here with me is supposedly from their side of the game and they want her back.

I don't understand too much of what that means at the time, but I do have my doubts on a lot of the things I said, yet I choose to believe everything I am hearing, at worst I am just getting deceived, not knowing what harm can happen from believing.

"They" told me that they are all tired of this conflict and want to resolve this once and for all. They just want to end this game and save the humans from the ones that are controlling the planet.

During the mind games in the training, no matter how harsh I was treated, how many lies was told to me, what kind of deceive tactics they are using on me, no matter the physical torture I am getting, I ALWAYS remind them that I just want to be a good person and not fight back. But feels like the more I back off, the more they are trying to take advantage of me.

They calling me out false names and used profanity to curse to my family. The "better" I become, the more hatred they have for me.

I understand that these might be just them testing me, and that the tougher the situation they put me in, the more I can learn from the pain and what I have to go through to know the truth. I never really taken anything seriously in life thus far, and not be tempted by these "mind games" that are trying to make me act irrationally to humans that are not involved.

At the time I can see clearly there was these soul chains around both my wrist, that always on my hand pulling towards the ceiling. I can break the chains when, but the chains will slowly form back together after I go idle for a few minutes.

I asked the demons if this is how they will keep me in hell, and they said yes, and it's because of that I sold my soul to satan. At this point I don't really know who satan is, I think I've seen him once during that night I sold my soul, where I had to put up a ritual in my bathroom.

But ever since that night, where I see a red goat on my 3rd eye spot, I have not heard from him from any these voices. Most of the time when I think a message is from him, the message is always delivered by someone else.

Then I heard a voice, it was identified as a male. It told me that he is the real Creator of this place, and I am who they are looking for to do this job. And these entities, some of them are trying to convert me into their religion, also stating that when I find out about the truth when I die, I won't hate them as much.

At the time I noticed that when he was talking to me, all voices in the background has been completely cut off. I can no longer hear the chatter in the background, as well as any other souls that I used to communicate with ease are muted.

From that I know that his power is levels above other souls that are around me, including the black dog and the shitter son that was around at the time. And he told me that others will not hear of this conversation.

Then the voice got cut off, my hearing slowly returning to normal. I can start hearing other souls chatter, they seem to be clueless of what just happened. Then I heard the blue team talking again, they began to read my memory, and they found out about the conversation I just had with the supposedly the real creator.

And they were not happy with what they saw in the conversation from my memory with the so called “Creator”.

At the time my eyes have been developed to the point where I can absorb souls into my body through my right eyes, and I can release them with my left eyes.

Doing so sometimes will mess up my 3rd eyes, changing its form or color on my forehead. Also can absorb souls through my hand, I accidently found out this one time by grabbing a soul off my desk and it got absorbed into my body, now it can free roam inside my body.

I know I am not going crazy seeing these things, because I can give a soul a simple command or task, and they act upon request, like I would try to tell them run around my room, and they do just that.

At the time I realized that if this power works on the normal souls around me. I have the power to fight back against these manipulative souls from the blue team that are attacking me daily. But I kept everything neutral and took it as a joke, I didn't want to use these powers to create any conflicts.

Instead of fighting back when I see the blue team around. I ask them some questions, until the point where they have no answer to my questions and leaves. That seems like the most effective way to get them out of my house.

I asked "If you guys claim to be who you are as all powerful, why are your followers suffering in poverty and why is your lands being destroyed by the enemies"

Then I asked, "Why are kids being raped in your churches, are that priest doing god's work too?

I got no answers and saw the blue team left immediately as I questioned. Then I had this realization, if the "Creator" that have spoken to me earlier was not lying. Then this "god" of christianity, only came in AFTER this latest extinction event and their race and believers give them their current status after the creation of their religion on earth in this timeline.

Then I looked up illuminati, I researched on some of their agenda or whatever, found out that they are a cult that is worshipping lucifer as their “god” printed on the US dollar bill with the triangle eye.

But here in this game I am participating, lucifer is the black dog, which is clearly not the same as the “god” the old man looking soul here. And also that satan is not the same entity as lucifer. And now I have my doubts, because there’s now 2 supposedly “god” , but it was clear to me that lucifer is only working for the old man.

Then all the dots seems to be getting connected, if what they told me was true the other night, where when these “entity” claims their followers or people’s soul for powers, they kill them. If jews are christian god’s people, all of their power will go back to them in the background.

Then I have this thought in mind, there’s no way the wealthiest family on earth turns out to be a jewish family right? then I searched on the internet just to find out that my guess was correct.

And they have been the ones running the world, funding most wars and almost have an influence in all aspects of the world to establish total control overtime.

Them jews is literally is running the world without people knowing it, they own most of the stuff. Almost seem like a plotted vengeance, where these “entities” probably did some sick shit to Hitler to turned him into what he is, and slaughtered the jews for their power. Then funnel all those “power” back to the current jewish families that is gaining total control of humanity.

Then the rat came to me, saying that it will join me on my team, I agreed to it and put it in the spot of my heart. At the same time, the snake said, “you should not try to help these humans, these are their own problems.” Then left to the blue side.

Also said that she will be mine if I follow her to the blue side. I refused by saying “go ahead, not mine anyways.”

Since the snake came right after The Cat at the start, at the time it hurts me very badly in my heart, I don’t know why but it felt like a sharp knife stabbed my heart, the pain was so surreal, the pain felt like getting killed inside in some of the lucid dreams that I have been in.

I asked The Cat if she knew that The Snake was going to betray me from the start, she replied “Yes, but wanted me to find out myself.”

I don’t know what to believe at this point, since a lot of the things in the past was told to me by The Cat and the snake and I don’t know if any of them have been lying this whole time.

Then the two buddhist statue moved from middle, the male one went to the blue side, the female one came to my side.

At this moment I have 5 visible souls on my eyelids, it's Me, The Cat, The Light, the white female statue, the flying rat. And was told to me that, when I collect at least 6 of the souls, I will unlock the true power of my 3rd eye.

If I can convince at least one of the five on the blue side to me, then I will unlock the power of the creator in human form, and nobody has ever seen this power yet from all their games of playing, because it requires everyone to comply at their will to achieve this, and they have never been on the same page for as long as the planet existed.

So yes, the 5 Entities here in my eyelids ALL hate each other, but they were curious as well, about this power that no one have seen before.

My eyes right now are already crazy with these 5 Entities here, not to mention a few souls I accidentally absorbed from objects. I can see things in the dark, I no longer see pitch black, I see a lot of light energies outlining everything I see with a dim light. In total darkness, light shines in the walls, I now see more light instead of darkness.

At the time I was getting a lot of attacks from outside, not the ones from blue team, but some kind of drones or spyware looking objects, they are showing up in soul form, but they are not souls, they have no personality or life in them, just an object.

The Cat told me with these things here, the listener can hear my thoughts, I asked who the listener is I heard “illuminati”, and they seem to know my thought and every move.

They wanted to test my power. If what I heard was true, they are conducting a lot of human experiments to try and get these powers, especially LSD related cases. But a lot of them are unsuccessful because they didn’t have the power or the knowledge of these Entities that are in my eyes.

But right now I am completely sober with no drug uses for the past weeks, I no longer need LSD to see these souls and entities.

The Cat specifically told me that no matter what, I cannot use any drugs right now, as my Eyes is at the states nobody has ever been, I might be in danger if I used any drugs that would enhance my ability because nobody knows what will happen.

At the time, I spend my whole day trying to use these “power” to defend my house from being attacked, I even have aliens trying to invade my house, I see them in soul form.

They look different than the rest of the souls, to my understanding, these aliens have various forms of existence, that serve the same goal, to corrupt humans through these mind control in soul form and have actual human bodies on earth that works for them.

Because I realize how they can do damage to a human, by just being around them is already to cause disease or mental problems to humans through their frequency and vibrations in the background. They have been bothering me ever since, i noticed how much pain they can cause me, I told them don't hurt my parents. They agreed.

I was using my eyes to form a seal, and the circle of my 3rd eyes turned into a dragon, I copied the seal onto my ceiling of the house.

Somehow, I just had to think, and it worked. I have no idea what I am doing but it just worked like it intended to be. Maybe I was helped.

Now the outsider souls and invaders can no longer come through the ceiling of my house, which was kind of annoying. They kept bugging me day and night with their shit, and they hurt me physically. It felt like my bones are corroding and grinding against each other.

Life does not feel real right now, there's like war going on in my house, like I am literally defending for my life just because I played some stupid fucking game and found out.

How am I going to tell my mom, there's literally aliens invading our house, and I can see them attacking them.

I was really mad, because they agreed not to hurt my family and were just going to test my powers. And the aliens said, “Because they cannot attack me in my room with that seal there, so they took it out on my family.”

I then tried to replicate the dragon seal in my room to all the walls of my house, and floor, basically I locked up my whole entire house with those seals.

I know that they are not nearly as strong as the one in my room because the one in my room was very detailed. Almost like a mandala seal made with dragons, and I cannot make the same seal again no matter how hard I try. But it helps defend against lesser souls. Though the bigger ones are still in my house, and I tried to get them out.

I thought all of this was just a dream, but it’s a reality for me. I went to sleep that night, woke up. All the seals are still at the exact same place where I placed them, like they are literally branded into my walls.

I think I’ve done fucked up, although the house is secured. Theres a lot of things I do not recognize in my house. I see souls, dragons, demons, angels, soul parasites and various forms of aliens all in soul form like my whole house is a pool filled with these souls. Almost like I am on LSD trip permanently, with watery eyes visuals, but I am completely sober.

I asked them how they got into the house; they just told me they just moved in while I was sleeping.

But there's a lot of souls outside in the skies and the ground that cannot enter my house, so I guess these things are the things that are stronger than the ones outside of my house. I noticed one thing, besides the 5 Entities in my eyes, none of the other souls can enter my room that had the dragon seal on it. So, my room was the only "safe" place in the house.

I was desperate to get them out of my house, but I did not want to attack them, I then thought, what if I use my hands power on them, like how I absorbed a soul into my right hand and release them with my left hand.

I used my right hand to invite the souls in my house to my body, they slowly got absorbed into my body, then they started to clutter into my body, and eventually I absorbed everything. I began to invite even those that are in my ceiling and floors, I absorbed so many souls into my body, I started aching.

I feel utterly disgusted by what I just did, I feel bugs moving under my skins, there's things stabbing my body, I feel like I am being burnt from the inside. There were a LOT of soul parasites that got in. I wanted to vomit, I could totally do without what I just did, I did not know the consequences would be this severe.

They are moving under my skin, I feel physical bumps from them, like if I observe my arm, they will make a small nudge under my skin that humans can visibly see when they "hit" me.

I felt like so much knowledge has been downloaded into my brain, but I have a hard time remembering anything specific because there was so many things all imported at once.

Some are attacking my vein, feel like sucking my blood, and stabbing my joints. I noticed this evil looking dragon, it had a ghost mask on a dragon head, it was drilling my knees. I feel like my body is constantly being drained by these soul parasites.

They are literally starting a war within my body hurting me and fighting each other, I feel like being punched and stabbed all over my body. The cat told me to write out some rules on a piece of paper, to stop them from attacking me.

I got out a piece of paper and wrote out the words against those souls that are attacking me, and that some of these things have to listen to what I write.

Then tried to release them all from my left hand, sending them out from my ceiling, Then I proceed to remove the rest of the negativity energies from myself. I then realize how insane this power is, I just need to write it down and most of them they have to obey.

I have trouble believing that simply words on paper will have such an effect on these things, almost like because they are living inside my body that these words of commands force them to follow.

A lot of my symptoms relieved, but I still feel very disgusted by those parasites, I can't describe how disgusting those were, felt so real that those are doing exactly what they sound like they are. But seems like the things I wrote did not affect that dragon that was here, and it's still trying to hurt my leg.

I was terrified, I feel like I am about to reach the limit, I understand that human body have physical limits, and what I did might just push it over that point.

I physically cannot do this anymore, souls are slowly being absorbed into my body, willingly or unwillingly, I am like a black hole for these souls, anytime I touch anything physical object I drain that spot of souls into my body.

At the time I have a protector charm from my mom, and it seems to be helping me hold of some of the powers. And my bracelet at the time looked like an entirely different bracelet, it's almost shining in rainbow colored into the black.

The souls told me that bracelet took a lot of my excessive power, and I noticed that on my right hand, I see a 4th palm like on the top of my hand. It wasn't there when I was born, it just showed up like these two days.

The line is making its way to the middle finger, and The Cat told me the line resembles the amount of power I currently have, when it reaches my index finger that's when I unlock unlimited power.

I tried to slowly release the souls from my body by various means, like standing in the sun. Sunbathing kind of works, some of them are actually scared of sun light, and releasing from time to time with my hands.

I hate going anywhere right now, ANYTHING I touch I absorb the souls on those objects, good and bad. Good ones I don't really mind, but the bad ones are quite nasty, like you can instantly tell they have bad intentions and will try to do harm.

I wrote some rules, to not let my body keep absorbing things I don't want. I now have to clinch my fist to not absorb them like I would if 5 of my fingers makes contact with a physical item.

Every day from day to night I feel like I am defending for my own life against all these spiritual things. A lot of new things have got through the seals in the house, but my room is STILL secured somehow.

Seems like nothing can go past that seal unless they have went through my body. Like these souls want me to absorb them, even if they were just to be freed right after. They want to use my body as a filter, absorb them then free them and they will gain some "power" from me.

And seems like the only way the souls that have filtered through my body, can enter my room.

Ever since I absorbed all those souls, everyday has been tough for me, like they are swimming inside my body, especially my balls. Sometimes they get very sexually demanding. The only way I can stop the feeling of them touching me is by busting my nuts.

But it gets DAMN near impossible to watch porn when they are TALKING AND SUGGESTING how I touch myself and what kind of porn I should watch. PURPOSELY letting me know what type of porn they prefer and hate, it's so embarrassing knowing that there's thousands of eyes watching me beat my meat.

I legitimately HATE beating my meat now due to these damn conversations. With all these things talking shit and throwing hands at each other whenever I am doing my business. It's like I literally can't beat my meat without starting the next world war.

I feel like my body is no longer pure, but my mind still is. No matter how many voices I hear, how many messages I get, how painful this is I try to not be bothered too much by it. I know that some of the worst things here feeds on emotion, and if I feel fear they will only get stronger.

Their whole purpose right now is to torture me, and feed on my emotions. As right now I am at my peak of this power at its purest and most potent form.

All emotions convert into energy for some of these things to consume, I feel like this is what they are designing humans for. Just that most humans don't see it like this, all that is that I am seeing it in a larger scale than what it's happening to regular humans in their normal daily lives.

If what I am seeing is real, there are humans that are completely aware of this as its happening, it's not only happening to me, but other humans CAN also see these things if they have awakened their 3rd eyes. Not by just activating, but by awakening it.

Dreaming right now to me is literally just being summoned into another dimension. Over time I have already developed so many skills in dreams, though sometimes I don't remember I even have special powers in dreams, but whenever I get in a desperate situation, I remember I have these power that can bail me out of some situations.

It takes a lot of trial and error to test these powers in my dreams, feels like my soul can walk right out of my body when I enter the dream state.

I think people call that astral projection, I can vividly see my surroundings with my human eyes closed and how I enter back to my body when I wake up. Some dreams I would wake up seeing my soul fly back into my human body before I regain consciousness.

Sometimes I would even get sleeping paralysis, waking up and see the demons are attacking me when I left my body. Some would sit on top of me and strangle me during my sleep, I need to make sure I position how I sleep.

If I sleep with my face down, or if a blanket is on my face and they will capture that position to attack me. I almost died from out of oxygen from sleeping paralysis multiple times. I couldn't move to breathe when I woke up, I was paralyzed and struggling to get some breath of air outside of my blanket.

I realized that, whenever I encounter those problem, during the time when I feel physical restrain from these entities, I can fight back before I completely wake up.

Like how I am still in dream state where I still have special powers. One time I caught them trying to choke me again during my sleep, I punched one of them off me when I was waking up to my body. They were surprised that I was able to hit them with my own hand during my sleep.

Although dreaming has been quite fun to me, I am always encountering things that would test me of my power, a lot of them result in extinction type of events during my dreams.

A lot of alien encounters, also the government have also contacted me again in my dreams, they are always the ones trying to capture or kill me straight up. I don't always have my power available, depending on where I am visiting.

A lot of times when I am being chased down, I fight back. Resulting in many deaths of others including me in my dreams before waking up.

One dream where I was flying around some abandoned houses in the dark. I suddenly felt a stab in my stomach, tasting blood in my mouth while falling to the ground. Hearing a voice telling me that he is satan, and that I will never win because he will not allow it. I looked at my body as I woke up due to the pain, and I see no physical items that have hit me.

I noticed that other times when I am damaged, there has to be physical objects that hit me in dreams for me to feel the pain, this was the first time I felt pain without seeing how I was hurt.

So, I just believed that it was Satan that stabbed me. I woke up right away while the pain and blood taste slowly fade away as I open my eyes.

It's never a good sign when there's darkness in a dream. Whenever I visit places that are not fully out in the open during daytime of the dream, I can always expect the dream to turn into a nightmare.

I know it's just a dream, but damn I feel like I am ALWAYS being hated for who I am, even when I am not doing anything to offend anyone. It's just so damn hard to fully trust anyone in my dreams.

I always treat everyone I meet in dreams like a friend in real life, but some of them would purposely accompany me as friendly and turns on me right before I wake up. To the point where sometimes I have to wake up instinctively knowing of the danger I am in. I would try to wake up right before I get killed to avoid feeling pain in my dream.

I still don't mind dreaming though, despite all of these things happening to me. Because sometimes I see things in my dream that are like a miracle by just by witnessing.

It's the experiences that are so real and profound that makes it worth it. Like visiting other places of the universe without traveling physically.

Some of the scenes are so graphic and futuristic that tops of even the most advanced fictional movies that we have right now. Almost like I am watching a movie that is possibly made in the future by humans when technology is finally caught up to these things I am seeing in dreams.

That lead me to think, what if people that make these movies or plot them really do see these things before making them into films, and not just all from imagination.

This is the worst I have ever been mentally, and physically. I know it's only gotten worse, as I am receiving so many messages daily, I cannot process them all anymore. There are so many conversations going on every day.

I don’t remember the specific details of each conversation, but they happen so quickly, even if I want to remember it, the upcoming messages will always take my attention away.

Short term memories are almost non-existent, I can only recall some of the conversation the next day that these things were said to me.

I need to defend myself at all times from things that are trying to change my thoughts all the time. Trying to mess up my mentality that will also affect me physically.

There will be things I think about, and I get physical pain, because “somethings” did not want me to know about certain knowledge I am thinking about. Once I get close to the truth something would rip the thought right out of my brain to hide those memories from me as I am thinking, and I would forget what I am thinking instantly.

My only goal right now is not to gain any more power, I am trying my best to stay as I am right now. I am trying to figure out the real intention and purpose of this game from the souls I have absorbed.

But the outsiders that have power to influence my thought process are trying to mess up the messages that the souls are sending me.

Turning them into deceives and lies, and most of the time it’s from the things from the blue side.

For example, when a soul tries to tell me that “X did something”, then another soul that is stronger than the one speaking to me, they can change that to “Y did something” which completely fucks up the whole message before it gets to me. And they can do that whenever they want to mess me up on any occasion, which is quite annoying and frustrating to deal with.

Now that I can’t trust everything I hear, I have to carefully analyze these things if I ever want to believe in things, they are saying that I cannot confirm myself as a human.

When I can’t confirm if the messages are true or not, I simply disregard it and forget about it, just to not stress and lose energy thinking about it.

One night, I was visited by the government again, this time not in my dreams, they came in soul form when I was still awake. The rat came with another soul, that looks like obama and also talking to me with obama’s voice. They also brought over a lot of the drones of various kind again, these ones seem to be more enhanced than the last batch.

The moment I see these things on my ceiling, my hearing began to ring like I have tinnitus again, I start to get these itches and pinches on my body. I wonder what kind of technologies they use to create these. It looks and outlines like souls but are completely lifeless, like its literally technologies in soul form.

They seem to be working as intended and not just for show, each have their own applications, and do different things to humans. But most of the time, humans are not able to see these things even when they are affected by it. Unless they have some advanced 3rd eyes that can see the background of reality behind physics.

I asked, “Why did you bring these things over, and why does this soul look like obama, you are supposed to be on my team.”

The rat, “To convince you to join us.”

I used my eyes to make multiple seals that directly target the drones they sent here, and I was somehow able to detonate them with those seals. I don’t know how it worked, but it just does. All I am thinking was making a seal with my eyes, then with attack intent on them before I finalize the seal.

They brought over more demons and were using threats to attack me and my family to ask me to join. Next thing I know, my house was swarmed with those fake soul drones, there were countless of them.

I hear a gradual ringing noise in my ear, and it gotten so loud I thought my ear drums were about to blow up, I had to cover my ears completely to reduce the noise.

I was very angry that they were so persistent with these things, after I’ve pushed them back again and again.

I want to get rid of all of them, but if I use my power on my right hand, I might absorb the surrounding souls. So, I wrote down a line, to prevent any souls entering my body and only allow those lifeless drones to be absorbed.

Then I used my right arm to absorb everything in my surrounding, next thing I know, my hand absorbed all of those drones and spywares into my right arm, like hundreds of them and I crushed them into a single dot that looked like it blew up in my arm.

I was feeling a lot of pain the moment I absorbed them, and it got worse when it blew up. I don't know why it hurts and power is moving as I intended with my mind, I originally thought this is all fake and they are all just acting, but I am getting physical pains as these scenes happens.

The rats and the devils were surprised as I am that I did what I just do. I have no clue how to explain these things, it just literally happened because I was thinking about it. Like I wasn't even trying, I was just responding to the situation because I was put in it.

They said they are sorry, and they don't want to attack me anymore, seems like they are scared. Either that or they trying hard to make me have an ego about myself like this whole entire time. They've been at it in random conversations like they are purposely trying to build up ego here. I kept rejecting ego again and again, I try to keep everything objective and unbiased.

At the time my forehead has this indicator switching between 4 and 5, meaning the entities in this “Game” that is here, changes from 5 to 4 whenever the rat leaves.

Next day the rat brought over the black dog and the son over, saying that they were only here to help me defend against the outsiders, I believed them for a minute, and they were summoned by the rat to my room.

Then I realized I was lied to again, they are doing more damage to me than the outside invaders. Because I noticed when the outsiders try to attack me, the pain usually is felt from the outside. But when these three are here, starting to feel internal pains.

I also noticed when they are here this time, the mark on my forehead is still at 5, so those two fuckers did not count towards the eyes.

They told me that if they don’t want to give up their power here, it won’t count towards my eyes even if they are present. They are especially annoying with anything.

I never hate anything so much in my entire life. Because they are in my house, and I seem to have complete control of my environment with just 5 here.

They said that they are now inside me and I won't be able to get rid of them. So, I separated the three with my right hand, then sealed the rat on my left feet, and kept the other two males right under my feet, so whenever I walk, I am stepping on them.

I don't know why I have the power over these things, Cat told me I have admin power here on my body, and they are in my domain.

This is how the "Game" is playing out here. I am just reacting to their actions towards me, but why would they try to hurt me if I can do that to them, something is not adding up.

I then turned the volume of those 2 to the lowest of all the souls, they sound like ants here when they speak, other souls are now louder than them. Before I turn their volume down, they will always be the most obnoxious shit you can hear, overriding other souls, what makes it worse is that you don't hear them once and get to ignore them, they spam those fucking messages.

The next day I woke up, I saw that there's number 4 on mark the first thing I saw, I realized those 3 have left during the time I was asleep.

They came back to me when I woke up, and they told me that my seal is weak, I would need to make something stronger if I want to stop them.

I ask the rat, why is it attacking me again and again, I gave them so many chances already, the reason I call IT, the thing looked like it have tits and a sack, I don't know how to describe it.

I used my eyes to make seals to attack them, they reacted to it, I don't know if I am actually doing anything to them. So, I kept doing it for a few times. Then I used my right arm to absorbed them three into a ball in my hand and I threw the ball in a shoebox, then I used my eyes to make a seal onto the box.

I hear their voices trying to come out of the shoebox, I heard the rat said, "we will get out!" Then I made even more seals to cover the whole box sealing the ball. I try my best to ignore anything coming out from that box and talk to other things throughout the day.

I started to begin to accept that this is what power means and I am not just hallucinating while sober. Like I can place two identical boxes next to each other. I can identify the one with soul in it because the clear one has nothing on it. But the one I locked them up in, have multiple seals on it and a ball inside the box.

I have not mentioned that throughout all of this, the 10 souls from both sides have conversations throughout the "Game" just that its so many of them that I can't possibly remember or write them all out, only writing out the key interactions.

Two days later, I found out that the rat has gotten away from the box, with the ball inside the shoe box remaining those 2 fuckers. I asked it how it got out and the rat replied, “I am in your body, I can break all of these seals you put up”

All they have to do is to read my memory and copy the seal to undo the seal. Except for that dragon seal in my room that cannot be copied, because I was not the one that created that seal.

Eventually unlocking all the seals on the shoebox and those 2 fuckers fled from the box and flew away from my house.

I asked the rat why they are trying so hard to hurt me, I have not done anything wrong just defending myself. The rat said that I was the first one ever to have these powers, and they all hates me. So, the rat is back to the blue side trying to help their son to obtain this power.

I told them I am not playing with them anymore. Then the fuckers said its fun being locked up, because they can always get away from it. I told them I won’t fall for their lies again and never come back again.

I don’t know why I was so angry at the time, I don’t think I was doing anything wrong. I have never offended anyone until they cross the line and do shit to invade my personal space. I have always kept all my opinions unbiased no matter what the souls tell me.

I hate them for forcing me to react because they are just there to annoy me and no one to stop them, I began to see the changes on the mark of my forehead as I got angrier.

The light in front of my eyes now has turned blue from white. I started to see a lot of black dragon souls on my ceiling, they are nothing I have seen before, they look different from the rest of the souls that have been here.

At the time, the 4 other souls here are all located in a different spot of my body, The Cat being on my left eye. Then I had this idea to absorb all those black dragons into my right eye.

My vision begins to blur as they all come in batches. The mark on my forehead began to reshape and the seal started to blink in white light. The dragons told me that they are here to assist me to defeat the blue team.

I noticed something when I closed my eyes. I can see through some materials in about 60% transparency. Like my eyes now have a transparent filter, I put a blanket on my face, and I can SEE my hands outside of the blanket waving, I can even see my own palm lines through the blanket in the clearest detail.

This was awesome to me, as my eyes right now can see through eyelid and fabrics when it’s closed, I can literally walk around with my eyes closed.

While all retaining most of the actual colors. And this ONLY works if I close my eyes, so I can walk with my eyes closed WHILE seeing through some physical objects.

I opened my eyes, and my hand is no longer visible through the blanket anymore. Then I closed my eyes, and my hand is visible again, I can hardly believe what I am seeing. It's like walking inside a matrix when I am walking with my eyes closed.

I walked outside of my house, I tried using my mind to print those dragon seals in the skies, then clouds slowly starts to form in a clear sky, forming the seal with the clouds, into a dragon shaped head seal around the whole sky.

I thought, "HOLY SHITFTST, THIS IS THE POWER I HAVE ON PSYCHEDELICS, BUT NOW I CAN DO IT WHILE SOBER" (I have been clean for months now no drugs no smoke nothing)

I can move around these marks in the skies, shaping clouds where I point to, literally painting the skies with my eyes and hands using clouds.

This is actually better than doing it on drugs, because on psychedelics I cannot control it as freely as I am now, like they have restrictions. But right now, they are truly free to shape how they want.

Then I understood why The Cat said that I cannot use psychedelic drugs when my eyes are awakened. If I have LSD on me right now, I would not have the guts to take it, and that's from someone that's never said no to drugs.

My eyes right now are already showing me more than any drugs I have taken before, cannot imagine what would drugs do on top of all that I am already seeing. Almost feel like I am dreaming 24/7, when I am awake and asleep.

But I was quite happy that now wherever I am, there's always dragon marks on the floor, ceiling, walls, following me wherever I go. And I saw that there is a thick layer of "darkness" outside of the skies, that I have not noticed before. All my life living here in Vegas, the skies has been very blue, but now I see the darkness outlining the skies.

The rat came back saying "We only did those things to you to get you to hate us, you needed the power of hatred to activate those powers from the dragons, because nothing else they did in the past was enough to get me that angry."

Then the rat and old man joined my side, now activating the 6 on my forehead, slowly turning into number 1, the outline of the seal forming a dragon.

Then I noticed, my power to see through fabrics with my eyes closed is no longer active the moment I got the new eye. When I close my eyes, everything is back to darkness with dim lights on them.

Shortly after my eyes awakened, those 2 lefts, while retaining the newly formed eye. I was sad, because that was one of the best powers I ever got, and it could be useful if I were to ever go outside again.

But I only kept it for a day and was spent all inside my room. I kind of want to see people in public with this power, even once would be nice but never got the chance to before I lost it.

Seems like the power got a downgrade, but I started to notice my hearing is improved, everything is so silent, it's getting scary, no background noises. I tried to listen with my eyes closed, I began to see things inside my eyes, like my surroundings in a 3rd person perspective.

I think I am hearing human's minds; I can hear which direction those thoughts are from, not completely clear but I can identify the direction, or which house is coming from the vision I see with my eyes closed.

Theres now a hologram type of system inside my eyes when it's shut, it outlines the houses around me inside my mind, and it would accurately locate each house like if I were to look at it with my eyes open.

When there's no noises in the background, feels like the silence is building up in my ear drum, and it felt like its pulling in space into my ear. It was very scary; I have to play some music with my phone to keep the noise level balanced.

Seems like the three entities here on my team can use this power of mine, or temporally take it away from me. The white female statue helped me with my hearing problems by balancing my ears when its off. I think it's a female, or at least it sounds like one when it speaks to me.

I just believed what it says it is, I don't think just any regular souls can control the power of my right eye, and their soul form appears to be more thicken and visible than the rest of any other souls here, even of those dragons.

Somehow the eye I have awakened here can be shared among those three, whenever they asked to borrow the eye, they can remove it from my forehead and it will be on their soul, it amplifies their power and gives them their true potential.

They can use it to protect me from lesser beings when I am sleeping. When I want it back, I need to physically use my hand to move it back to my forehead to activate the power. They can temporarily disable some of my powers if they remove the eye from me. But at this point I don't need the eye at all for basic things, I can move souls around with just my hand without any contact.

I slowly have taken in more souls everyday while filtering out the bad and negative ones, keeping all the good ones to give them all my excessive power I have so it doesn't hurt me more than it needs.

One day I woke up, and I found out that white female statue has taken my eye from me when I was sleeping and won't give it back when I asked to. Stating that I can only get it back if I win this mini mind game that they have setup during the time I was sleeping.

It took me around 3 hours to figure out the mind block they have rearranged here; it was like I had to rewire my brain to change some of the settings they messed up.

I was kind of mad, I ended up sealing up the female statue and threw the soul in my backyard, because it was attacking me relentlessly due to jealousy of the other two entities here before her.

After few hours it seems like its having trouble getting out of the seal, so I broke the seal and let it back into the house, but the mask it had on was damaged and cracked.

At the time the rat came to ask to borrow the power of my right eye by placing it into my eye, but The Cat told me no matter what do not let the rat get into my right eye.

This one night I was visited by three souls, they are not the normal bean sized souls, each of them is big enough to cover my ceiling, and they were flying around in threes, each of them have a different ghost mask.

They were really creepy, I looked at one of them in the eyes for a second, and I felt like I lost some of my power, my eye were disabled during their visit.

I am stuck inside my room, I can't go outside of my room, there's too many things outside, as the rat have disabled every protection seal I placed in my house, the only active one is in my room.

This is like I am living inside a scary movie, I am legit terrified to even step outside of my own room in my own house at night. The Cat said that these three is not here to hurt me, just here to test me.

One of them said, "If you survive the night, we will serve you." I checked the time, and it was only 2 AM, I have no idea how I am going to make it to daytime.

I was just thinking about going to sleep, and everything will be fine if I can sleep. But when I close my eyes I see them more clearly, and they were moving inside my body.

I noticed that the dragon seal is still active, I was thinking what if these three are just some of the things I absorbed before, or they are that strong that can bypass the seal unlike most of other souls that are outside of my room waiting.

I tried attacking them with my hand, but seems like my power are completely disabled, they stated that they will only submit if I don't exit my room until the sun rise.

One was sitting on top of me, and I feel like I am being raped, it almost felt like a person on top of me, it was bouncing on my bed, I almost felt like it was going to have an earthquake by just the thing jumping on top of me.

I don't know how to respond, the things were jumping on my lap, I was so scared I wasn't even getting hard from it, though it felt like I am getting sucked the whole entire time.

I was exhausted and drained; I just went to sleep while they were roaming here on my body. I woke up sometime later after I fell asleep for a nap, thinking it must be sunrise soon. I looked at my phone, and somehow it says 11 PM, which is 3 hours before I went to sleep.

While they were roaming while my power is disabled. I feel like because they were around, I was getting stronger and stronger. My bracelet on my left hand was absorbing so much energy from my surroundings and my emotions was feeding it this entire time for months.

I was very paranoid, what if tonight never ends, and why the fuck is it only 11 PM, I literally went to sleep at 3 AM.

One of them told me that because my bracelet is draining excessive powers around me, it currently have enough power to affect space and time, and that I need to destroy the bracelet right away.

They also mentioned that some of other dimensions is now linked to earths background, due to the bracelet pulling in other souls from another dimension.

I began to hear a lot of complaints about what I am doing to the space. Unrecognized voices from many directions, seems like some of them are specifically looking for me, and they want to challenge me. And they can only be seen by me after I absorbed them into me and free them after.

I kind of understand why I am being attacked, but I didn't do this on purpose, I have no idea I can mess things up by just sleeping in my own room.

I put the bracelet inside a box, then I wrote on a piece of paper to stop it from absorbing any more power from me.

I don't think there's a word I can describe how I feel right now, maybe terrified but beyond that. I noticed that one of my watches next to the box became smaller, while just being next to the bracelet, like I have trouble putting on the watch that I have been using. Then I decide cut the thread that is holding it together so it no longer echoes back the energy in circle.

It's like the bracelet is trying to create a type of energy, a dense ring surrounds it, shrinking objects physical forms that is close to it, my left hand is messed up right now, and my watch being smaller than my wrist confirms that its indeed shrinking physical items.

I ran outside of the house to get away from the bracelet for a bit, I just hope that the power stops echoing into each other, the ringing sound is scaring me because its affecting physics around me.

I went back to my room after the ringing stopped after 10 minutes, I can see that my room is began going back to normal, and the watch that I could not put on earlier now seems to be back to normal size, and I can comfortably put it back on.

I just want to go back to sleep, it's 4 AM right now, but the 3 ghosts here told me not to go back to sleep, just in case I mess up the space again if I close my eyes in the dark.

At the time when I close my eyes, I literally feel like I'm looking into space, and my visuals affect the physics of what I am looking at.

At the time I was in my room with no lights on, I see the three ghosts wrapping my left arm AGAIN, covering my whole entire body in the dark. I see that my whole body is shining, except for my left hand, like the left-hand part of my body/soul is not there anymore.

In the dark, I see my left hand being cut off from me. Feels like my left hand is being ripped into another dimension. I really didn't think I can make it to the morning. Feels like I am about to be erased in my own room by these power before sun rise.

One of them said, “If you get wiped here, you will join us in our dimension” then I got really scared and turned on my light.

Taking a look at my left hand, I was not just thinking crazy that my left arm is about to get ripped off. My left hand is now about 60% of its original size compared to my right hand (inserts weak left-hand meme).

Like all the blood and muscles have been drained off the hand, leaving only the bone and skin wrapping my hand. Then at the same time, I noticed my 3rd eye has changed again, my eyes can now directly affect physics.

For example, if I look at a water bottle, I can make the water bottle taller and skinner without affecting the content or the weight of the item.

Like changing their shape without changing their physical property. I can do that by focusing energy from my eye, my right eye will expand while left eye will shrink the item. Now I am starting to fear what I am, this power is NOT okay for any human to have. It’s causing so much disruption and potential damage to me and others around me if I am not careful with what I am looking at.

Just by looking at my arm, I am extending its length, but also making it skinnier because if its longer it has to be taken from something else from my body.

Then I got scared and shrunk it back to its original size with my left eye. I don't know what to do. I feel like I am becoming a monster by just having these powers.

But then again, all this to me up until this point have always been just an experiment, like I volunteered to be an experiment subject.

This is how far I have become, a monster they created from all the lies, deceives and doubts that was forced into me believing to advance in these states of altered conscious to obtain this power.

Most of my emotions are manipulated, before this game I was just like a blank piece of paper, and I was forced into making a lot of these decisions inside my head to build up a "Character" in this "Game".

I walked down the stairs and saw my dad sleeping on the sofa in the main living room, I heard a voice in my head that is talking like my dad's voice, in Chinese.

I asked if my left arm is fixable, and the voice told me, I just need to make it until sunrise and might be restored with sun light. I asked him who he really was, because my dad would not know about these things.

And the voice, "I will adopt you as my son, and I took your left hands power for my own son."

Then the voice told me something about their family, stating that they need my help because his own son has failed the expectation of others that have entrusted their faith and believes into him. And all I have to do is submit to them, and I will be granted everything I wish for.

I told him I refuse, and I will not fall to any of his lies, and I am a human I am not anything related to whoever they are.

If they are all that, they can do all this on their own. And that his son is trash for needing my power, also I told him to get the fuck outta here pretending to be my dad using his voice.

Makes me fucking mad every fucking time fuckers tries to claim to be my parents. It mumbled something, then left shortly after.

I went to check my weight, I lost 7 lbs just this one night, I am now at 113 lbs at 5'9 and that's not fucking cool, I was 125lbs and reasonably fit before all of this, being able to bench my own weight.

It's not a lot but now I am totally fucked up, half of my arm is gone and lost 12lbs in the course of 4 months while eating healthy every day. I am not even doing drugs anymore, where did all my energy go. Only logical explanation is that all these souls have been feeding off of my body and soul, and in a rate faster than I can regenerate.

I stayed downstairs with my dad until the sun is rising. The three ghosts left, saying I have failed because I left my room, but they will keep watching me.

I tried absorbing sun light into my left arm, but nothing happens so The Cat told me to go to my room. Then instructed me to bring out a piece of paper to draw the seal inside my eyes onto the paper.

I just stare at the paper, and there's this watermark showing on the whole piece of paper, its visible to human eyes, almost like just looking at it, and I have layered those seals onto the paper without drawing it out.

I drew a total of 27 eyes, each resembling the seal on my forehead then with some fire smoke and symbols, it looks like an occult ritual summoning.

Then The Cat told me to use my left hand to absorb the picture. I did as told, and when I place all my fingers onto the paper, my left hand feels like a inflatable balloon, sucking up the seal and the "watermark" on the paper onto my hand, pumping the size from 60% to 90% of my original size.

But here's another problem, my left hand is completely pale and white, like my left hand is bleached, feels fake and unauthentic.

That's then the souls told me, I have the power of Recreation and is able to reconstruct or reform with my power. I can terraform the landscape of my environment however I wish to command.

I tried out on a small mountain that I can visibly see from my house, and to me like the mountain moved up few inches just by me looking at it, I got scared and didn't know how much trouble I could create, I ran back to my room.

They explained more about what this is, seems like a human can obtain this power from spiritual training, and from that they can become godlike, awaking that power of what it's like to be a god in human form.

Now I realize why david want this power, it's to prove that he is Jesus to his people. But seems like he was already too big of a shitter before he came into power and continue to be a shitter after he knew who he was.

Heard something from the souls saying that he have been using these power to manipulate humans for sex including minors, and is not able to complete his part of the game to obtain this power because of his immorality.

But he still have the all seeing eye from the christian god, I believe that's what its called, which is different than the eye I have. He can see and view the planet in 3rd perspective in his human eyes.

Seems like he can also hear thoughts of anyone he wishes to on earth, and I am not just guessing, the fucker just knows. Like he can directly implement thoughts into humans' mind, to make people to think abruptly about "god". Just as expected how the dogs are controlling human minds.

Then I realized he is literally the incarnate of the souls on the blue team in one person. That is as close as a human can ever get to god, he's literally their chosen one as the son for this timeline.

I remembered that when david told me he joined the game at 2012. Since he's repping the pyramid of the sun(son) and if the fortune telling of the mayans is correct and judgement was supposed to be at 2012. david was supposed to be the one to cast judgement day with absolute power as Jesus 2nd coming, upon his arrival to end humanity for salvation.

Which will fulfill their prophecy just as told. BUT he failed to obtain this power due to disagreements and conflicts with the rest of the entities outside of their team. NOW the God's backup plan for Judgement is in the GOVERNMENTS HAND, because this david FAILED.

I told david, "Everyday past 2012 people are suffering because of you couldn't end the game"

I know what they are about now the US government is working for both sides knowingly and unknowingly, red team resembles satan and blue team is lucifer, not completely true but accurate enough because they have spies on each side, and Obama right now is working for Satan.

So the blue team started America to establish control over the whole planet, and Satan is now gaining control over them from corruption on the inside all while the dogs not being much better.

People always wonder why the US is considered the best country or at least the strongest in political power, and influence to the rest of the world. Because they are legit ran by the entities that controls the majority of this planet.

They direct humans to do shit to each other's followers. Like rape, kill, enslave and all of the bad things. They have different races, and not all human race came from the same creator.

There are multiple entities from various religion or beliefs of origins other than god and satan, that have created lifeform that represents a race of its own on earth after the latest extinction. (Some race are actually evolved from animals), and if you track back the wars that obama have caused since he was the president, they are all targeted countries to the christian god's people.

Just them controlling human lives through governments worldwide to establish their power and territory against each other for this on fight. BUT there are contenders, there are other alien races and otherworldly beings in the shadows waiting for the scoop.

I can sense them in the background ever since I have awakened, they are entirely different than of god and satan. Feels like World War 3 actually started already, and it's a spiritual warfare and the war inside minds.

And seems like the christian god is trying to claim to be the creator of all things, which from what I heard it is not true.

The christian god is only one of many "beings" that is participating this "game". And looking at how human lives are representing their race and religion, they are the ones being targeted attack by the other sides of the game.

Seems like the christian god had committed the upmost treachery against all else participating in this game, in the background he's the one controlling and manipulating humans mind and behavior to turn into their religion.

That's why so many people are going crazy and becoming school killers, literally these things TELLS humans to do harmful things and have harmful thoughts towards others. If the human affected does not have high moral standards, they will fall to corruption to these impulsive thoughts.

They use LIFE and tragic events to disrupt people's lives to make BAD decisions to fall even further to be eliminated soon by their agenda if they don't submit, this is their form of judgement to humans to see who passes the test or not.

Only the ones with purest intention and heart will be able to survive these mind control, and even then, they will most likely be restricted in life by government to make poor choices in life to lose their morality.

The only thing that can escape these controls is by being GOOD and kindhearted while being financially free, and even then you might get hit by a catastrophic event that turns your life upside down.

Which is pretty DAMN near impossible for your average humans, surrounded by sins and temptations of various means to distract people to do best for themselves.

At this point, I don't know these Entities for the past that they have done, I know them a bit for what they are doing NOW currently in this state of the game.

They all have other names in various myths and represent each stage of principle of life and existence. Like Life, death, time, space, earth, sky, water and etc. But I just call them with the names they presented themselves as.

It took me a lot of time to figure this out, that christian god might be the Ego of this planet, since that one acid trip I found out what ego really means, I have never looked at ego the same ever since.

And since that incident, I have always rejected the blue team and what they might claim to be, because I was suspecting that Ego might be one of them in disguise.

And If it is true, it would make sense that lucifer, known as pride is the ego, is the one playing “god” in this reality.

That might be why many people with big ego tends to claim that they are gods of some sort because they are literally speaking as god through ego.

They told me lucifer is NOT the same as “god” the so-called creator of all, but part of the government worships lucifer as their “god”, they have different appearances here even on their blue side team, lucifer might be just the puppet to get things done on earth vs satan.

And make sense if ego is god of this place, would make sense that he is a part of building the whole earth through human minds, using human ego to make decisions for them while building this place from scratch every time it resets.

Once humans know how to become self-aware, free of ego is when god loses control over you. That's why IT became god to have humans worship them for faith and believe for their power and regain control over human minds.

I want to test this recreation power on myself, this is insanity to see it for myself.

I tried to stare at my abs and corrected the right side to match exactly like the left side, one of the sides was off by a little bit but I fixed it by just looking at it.

Then I shaved both of my arms, then I absorb souls from my surrounding to both arms, and my hair that I just shaved is growing back within the second the souls enter my body. Seems like these powers have the ability to regenerate and grow.

I ran outside of the house, I began to stare at a tree on the street, wishing it to grow faster. As I stared, the tree grew taller and bigger, then I looked at a random mountain, it grew within seconds I was focusing into it, I was shocked. Don't want to cause any damage to the environment, if what I am seeing is true, this is the power I have in my dreams, except that I am now awake.

This power to terraform earth is just exactly like how it is in my dream, but in dreams if I injure myself or destroy the land, I would just wake up. I realize that I am now awake in reality, I HAVE to absolutely make sure I make no mistake.

Right now in reality when I am awake sober, my eyes can make things move by just looking at it, this power literally hurts myself whenever I make any eye contact.

I tried to wear long clothes to cover myself up from my eyes, and right now is summer where outside is around 110 degrees F, looking like an idiot.

I wrote down some commands and seals to stop part of my powers from affecting me and my surroundings.

At this point whatever I write down on paper is like a command or law to my body, that affects me and the souls that lives inside me as exactly as I wrote it. Like I have complete control over my body and environment.

There were a lot of chatters in the background, but I can mute them, I cannot let anything mess up my though process right now as I am in a critical condition, any mistakes might result in consequences I don't want to risk knowing.

At the time the souls told me that I have enough power now to show people what I am. Even though I don't know what I am, I just listen to them and make the right decisions to obtain power bits by bits, now I have too much power that my body became unstable.

I don't think I am ready to show people this yet, how can I explain to people what happened, and I don't think anybody will believe me even if I told the truth.

I am scared to even talk to my parents right now, I am afraid my power will affect them. Luckily that my parents work at night, and I only see them for an hour or two during the day, I just ignore that part completely right now and haven't talked to them in the past days.

I just get what I need to eat and run back to my room, only walk around the house when nobody is home.

I encountered something kind of strange, as I was laying down on my bed, trying to take a nap, I looked at my phone and the reflection on my phone there was a girl next to me, when I looked to the right, she's not visible to me.

But on the reflection of the glass I saw her smiling just few seconds ago, she didn't look like the souls I have encountered before, almost like a ghost, then I eventually fell asleep as like nothing had happened.

Things gotten better as the week goes by, the environment is more stable, and I noticed a change in the souls around me. The souls I am able to see are growing in size, and can move around me freely.

Some can even fly around me which they said it was not possible before, but now they have absorbed some of the excessive power from me and was able to have freedom of movements. They have various sizes and shapes, looks like transparent 3D anime characters.

Around mid-March 2015, I was asked again to buy a lottery, and this time they assure me that I am ready and will succeed because I have successfully obtained this new found power.

I have my doubts but decided to try once more because of what they told me and what I have witnessed in the past few months, which was all sorts of unbelievable things that humans don't normally experience.

In my head a voice told me to write down the note, stating that "It" will suicide if I succeed in winning the lottery. So I did as asked and wrote down what it told me and also a few rules mentioned about the "game". Then it told me to store it in somewhere safe, so I put it under my drawer in a place where no one will probably have access to. Then they instructed me to go buy the lottery and eventually prove to humans about the special powers I have, and to let them know that "these" things exist.

From how things happened in the past months, they implied that the things I have experienced was necessary part for the plot and real emotions needed to activate parts of the powers I have got, so I believed them once again that they were just trying to help and not just trying to do the worst to me.

My friends decided on a trip to California on the march of 18th, I declined the offer to the trip and went out to buy the lottery ticket on that date instead.

It was pretty hot that day, a lot of things talking to me at the time, and I forgot to charge my phone, I left house without charging my phone and it only had 10% battery.

As I was heading towards the lottery store. I noticed that the road kept extending, like no matter how fast I drive or how far I drove, I was at the same spot this whole time, like the road kept getting longer.

I realized that I could not get to the end of the hill because I had been driving for 10 minutes and I was still the same distance from my destination.

To me it seems like the power in my eyes is extending the road and I cannot get to the destination, so I did a U-turn to get to the other side of the road. I got to the lottery store after did some routing that took seemingly forever to get to. Noticing that my gas is almost empty. I thought to myself I should just buy 2 dollars' worth of gas and head home because I know that I don't have enough gas in the tank to make it back home.

Then the voices told me I could get home with the amount of gas, and I should buy the lottery ticket, so I don't have to travel again for it. I knew it was stupid idea, but I went with it anyways, purchasing the lottery ticket with the last 2 dollars in my pocket.

Trying to get home when the gas tank was empty, and my phone just ran out of battery. I was still about 15 miles away from home, my car broke down at the intersection before I can get back into the local side of the town.

Then a voice told me, there is a bottle of Ferbreze air freshener, spray it into my gas tank and might work.

So I did just that, used the entire bottle to fill some of the gas tank. Hoping it might work, I tried to turn on the engine of the car, and it actually worked. I know it probably won't last until I get home, so I tried to park it somewhere I can get to before it breaks down again.

Just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, some white dude hit my car from behind. I am pretty sure it's his fault, because I was just driving straight.

I walked out of the car and checked what happened, there was no damage, just a minor scratch. There were a lot of noises in my head when that happened, seems like something is messed up from the settings previously I have set to lock them in, and some of the seals I have placed on my body have been released.

The dude claimed that it was my fault that his car hit mine from behind, but I have to deal with the souls messing me up at the moment I don't have the time to deal with the human right now.

Anything I think about or say could affect me in the "Game", right now my mind becomes settings and command for the game.

I didn't want to talk to the guy that hit me and wanted just to let him go, and I am scared I might not have enough gas to even park the car further, so I just stopped by the next light then parked my car behind a casino.

I am hearing a lot of new voices, and mostly are hostile towards me, and saying that I am unfit for the position I am in, and I should quit the game. I noticed that these sounds were different than the souls I have talked to, and the ones I have talked to were no long talking to me. Also, a lot of them were attacking me physically, but at the time I was so strong that I could wave around my hand and push them blocks away.

I even threw a batch of souls outside of the city and placed a seal which prevents them from getting back in here and stopped some of their attacks towards me, I have no idea how I am doing any of this, it just seems like there's a intention hinting me to do such a thing and when I did what it hinted, it turns out to it happening.

So I walked out of my car, tried to smoke my last cigarette and calmed down a bit, The Cat told me to get home before it was too late. I walked a few steps with my eyes closed, then I realized I was a few blocks away from my car I had just parked 2 minutes ago. I feel like I teleported to the casino next to the one where I parked, I realize the danger I am in, if I teleported in the middle of the street I would have gotten hit by a car.

Then I heard more voices, and some were trying to warn me of what is happening, the good ones telling me the truth about the game is being blocked off by other entities, and the messages I am getting from others became corrupted and faked.

Then I saw the black dog's face on the ground, and its physically printed on the ground when I was walking, like its tied to my shadow. They told me I am new the replacement for lucifer, and he will use me to help him redeem himself in the "Game." I refused, told them to fuck off and I threw him out of my range, and locked him down with a seal.

Trying to walk home from an unfamiliar street mentally exhausted, and very hard to breath, I felt something stabbing my back and stomach, it's the souls that are going against me are attacking me again.

As I was walking, trying to get out of the strip. My eyes were once again affecting the things it looks at, my eyes were altering physical structures.

I looked at a casino for a few second, and it started to bend and pulled towards the direction I am looking at, so I tried to reverse as soon as I spot the differences, not trying to mess anything up as I walk, I became afraid to even look at anything when I am walking.

I have done this before, but did it to a mountain a week ago, I was trying out the eyes I developed. I disabled and sealed that part of the power last time I found out about it, but this seal was broken earlier around the time when the white dude hit my car, and this was one of the problems I was worrying about earlier.

If I was home alone, and encountered this situation I can just sort out the setting when I am calm and able to think. But now I am under pressure to not make any mistake and was attacked by multiple things while trying to walk 10+ miles to home.

After an hour of walking, I got out of the strip area, and was heading to a road that would lead me back home, but I feel like the road isn't what it used to be, I have been to this area of the town but have never seen this site that I am on.

Took an hour to walk out of the strip area, then I noticed something weird again, my eyes were extending the road again. I have been walking for 20 minutes and I barely moved, the road kept getting longer and I cannot walk out of it.

A cop car stopped by me, then asked me to stay inside of the road as I was walking far up to the edge of the sidewalk. I asked the cops if I can get a ride home, my car broke down and my phone died, but they said no and told me they are not allowed to do that and left.

I couldn't tell them the things I am going through, and I need to be home as soon as possible before more settings are messed up. I will never be able to physically walk home if I don't get out of this situation, then a voice told me I can teleport out of it. "Just close your eyes and run."

I listened as instructed, closed my eyes while running, then when I heard "Now!", I flicked my eyes while my eyes were closed and opened my eyes shortly after I jumped physically. I then saw that I was in a more familiar street. Seems like the teleport worked, and I have no idea how it did. I think something helped me teleported during the time I had my eyes closed.

With a sign of relive I kept walking, just need to walk straight for 10 miles and I'll be home. Surprise that the night was cold, strange thing was that it was very hot earlier during the daytime, now it's like winter. I have a T-shirt on and wearing flip flops, the walk is not going to be easy

As I kept walking home, there were so many souls still attacking me, I felt like my lungs were stabbed by a tube.

I used my hand and took it and flicked it onto the one attacked me, and I heard a female voice, "Ouch! How did you know it was from me?"

When I close my eyes, I can see blue hologram outlines that shows me this “Game”, my character was attacked by something. In the screen I took out the item attacking me and threw it back to the attacker, and I guess they felt the counterattack I sent back.

It may seem just like holograms, but whatever is going on in this “Game”, it can directly affect the things on this planet physically.

And from what I am hearing I think it also can affect things that humans cannot see, but are in the “Game”. Like the souls that are around me, I can defend against them in this “Game”, and it will keep them off of me physically.

I stopped by a CVS store that is open 24/7, I checked the price tag on some items. I checked my wallet, and I didn’t have my credit card on me.

Then a voice hinted me to close my eyes and shake my wallet, so I did that, then the next thing I knew there was a credit card that I lost long time ago. Felt like a scene in the magic shows. I tried purchasing some snacks with it and the transaction failed as expected, and I told the voice “Could have sent me the working one!” Though it didn’t help but was cool to see that these “Magic” tricks are possible.

One good thing about this is that I am now at a familiar street, so I walked down the street and saw a bus, got on with 1 dollar in quarters, realizing I don't have enough money, I left the bus and walked to a nearby gas station.

Having to choose between a drink or a bag of chips with the last dollar I got, I took the chips. Thirsty and didn't have enough for water, I went to the bathroom, the voices told me I can drink out of the toilet, these are the things they are saying to me in this situation, I realized they are still trying to do the worst to me, shouldn't have trusted anything they said.

I told the voices to gtfo, and I turned on the faucet on the sink and got some water to drink, was about to pass out how hungry and thirsty I was. When I was paying for the bag of chips, I had this impulse to take water on the counter and run, I refused the impulsive thought. The cashier looked at me weirdly when I left.

There were good souls trying to help me and defend against the offensive ones, or correct the lies they are telling me to something that is true.

I was swarmed with the souls lead by the blue team when I was walking home, threw out many of them and sealed them before they can get back to me, some kept attacking the same spot on my body and it hurts a lot.

Seems like they can use the type of power I am using to throw them out to attack me, so I suspected that it was one of the traitors here that got in here and have some permission to access part of those power, I have a good guess on who it was.

Then I heard a voice I have never heard before; it was asking me if I needed help. I asked him who he is, but he didn't answer the question, he replied he's someone that have not interfered with things that is happening on this planet.

But he can get rid of the obstacles around me, so I can walk home peacefully. He claimed to be my "brother", then he said, "If this man does not get home tonight I will destroy this planet."

I thanked him for the offer and told him if he never did anything to affect the outcome of this place. It would be best for him to stay out of it because it wouldn't be fair to help now if he has not done so for anyone else.

He said that it wasn't fair for me to have to go against all these things that are attacking me that I cannot see, and not worth trying to help the "Game" if this is how I am treated. I told him not to get involved and I can do this on my own. So, he left me alone after that, and I continued to keep walking.

It was getting really cold, I am freezing, and legs were hurting from walking for about 6 hours for now, and ridiculous amount of offenses I have been getting from the bad souls.

I got tired and stopped by a block nearby an unoccupied office, and sat outside next to it. Waiting for sunrise for some heat before I continue walking.

Then lucifer came to me again after I kicked him out multiple times already during the walk. This time he said, “Sign this paper, (The paper on the hologram of displaying this “Game”) saying to transfer all the power to him.

Then just suicide by hitting your head on the wall.” And said, “If you kill yourself here, I will compensate your family and give them immeasurable amount of money, also will give me a spot that is only below “him” and above all else in the afterlife.”

He also told me that he is working for someone, and is the one that sent traitors to my side to betray me at critical moments to mess me up, and they did all of this to me because of him.

I declined the offer and told him to fuck off. Then I asked him for that “Someone”, and I offered him that deal lucifer offered me.

That “Someone” showed up shortly after I told them, then it showed me a white paper, and told me to sign it. Not showing any signs of doubt so he doesn’t suspect what I am trying to do, and hoping it works, so I signed it.

As soon as I signed the paper on the screen the hologram started to disappear. As it disappears slowly, he said “Hahaha, your power and soul is now mine. The game is over, we now have won, you can just walk home now.” I played it cool and did not make any comments so there is no suspicion of my plan.

I realized that “Someone” was the old white man on the screen, and lucifer is working with that old man and david as the blue team. So, I am assuming that this old man is the “god” in the bible that christians believes in.

From this I understood that it was true that the numbers on my head represented the amount of these “entities” on my side to develop some kind of special powers that can be unlocked in human form.

And those that were here are just spies and traitors to help me gain those power just to take them away. Also, that they require “consent” to do certain things to a human if the human is not their believers.

Authorities wise, I suspect that the “god” in the bible might not be the highest in the room. All that they claim to be, like the creator of all things but still have rules like this, and there’s some restrictions even for those like them in the “Game”. Like they can’t take my power if I said no, but yet have trick you into signing paper like that. I think that the “god” in the christian bible is not the creator of all things.

Sun is rising, so I decide to continue my walk back home. I was getting a lot of hate messages from souls, they were saying a lot of bad things to me. Saying that all my effort has been wasted because of what I did. Seems like the souls that have been talking to me, they hated the blue team more than I did.

I didn't want anyone to suspect anything at all of what I just did and kept walking. Ignoring all the hate comments, just trying to get home safely before I think about anything again. I am quite exhausted, my legs are hurting a lot, and arthritis is kicking in, my legs are swollen and hurting a good 8 out of 10 pain trying to walk the last few miles.

Took me like 3 hours to walk the last few miles, I got home in the morning, there were few police cars outside my house. I walked in the house to see what happened and why, then I saw my mom.

She asked, "What is this note? Have you gone crazy and want to suicide!!?"

It was that note that I wrote few days back, stating that that one of the participants said to me that if I succeed and she will kill herself. But on the note, I didn't state who, so she thought the note meant I was going to kill myself on the date I went "missing".

It’s crazy to think about how I am being plotted like this, mostly being careless and fell for the blue teams tempts, plus made some stupid mistakes I could have avoided. like charging my phone and bringing more money.

I clearly remember putting the note in a drawer so no one would find it, but my sister told me the note was next to my laptop and they found it and called the cops. Because I went missing and did not answer my phone, they thought I really went to suicide like the note stated.

Then I had a flashback, how last night an old lost credit card appeared in my pocket, I think these entities can move physical things around. Maybe something similar happened to the note, where it was in my drawer, but they moved it to where my family could see.

Sometimes I know I put something down, but always cannot find it until days or weeks later. I suspect that they could have the ability to hide things for a while and put it back at some point but usually different than where the item was.

I tried to explain to my mom that I went to buy lottery ticket, and on my way back my car broke down and my phone was dead. Then she asked me about the notes again, she thinks I am completely crazy right now and won’t believe a thing I say.

The cops around my house called a paramedic, while we were waiting, they asked me a few questions. While they searched my room to see if they could find any hints about me going missing.

I really don't know how to explain the note situation to anyone right now, I can't tell them what actually happened, or else they really will think I am crazy.

So, I told them, I went to buy lottery ticket, and on my way back my car broke down and my phone was dead, so I had to walk home. And the note was a joke to a friend, was nothing serious like my parents claimed.

I guess they had a more unbiased opinion about it than my parents, they seem to believe it. Also, the tow truck got my car back to my house and broke the front bumper. Then gave me a traffic ticket for that guy that hit me yesterday and stated that I hit and run on the police report.

While all that was being escalated, in the background the voices of those who plotted this were all laughing at me. Saying that I deserved it for not picking the right team and being the person I am to them.

Then I said to them in my head, "All of this planning, just to get me to sign that paper this morning?" I realized that they are not in the best interest to help and only here to cause me problems because I won't turn into a believer of their religion.

If up until this point all that happened just to plan and plot to take away all the power from me, while causing this many problems for me and my family because I fell for their deceive and tempt. This is when the switch flipped.

I have done this multiple times to the rat and the black dog, whenever they stole my power when I was sleeping in the past. Somehow, I can always take it back whenever I want to. And that was the plan behind signing the paper this morning.

Also was a huge gamble, because I might not get it back. I need to make sure I am in a safe location, preferably when I get home.

So, I tried the same move that pulls the souls in but directing it to a location where my power is at. To my surprise, it worked. I pulled in the old man and took back all the power I intentionally gave him earlier and some of his own too.

I said, “Don’t need you anymore hahaha” Then pushed him out of my block and told him to gtfo. Should have seen his expression when that happened, that jaw dropped harder than I dropped him.

I almost laughed out loud how funny that was, then he said, “HOW?!!”

Then I said “How? How’d you think it got there?”

Old man, “But you signed the paper!”

Then I replied, “Aren’t you the creator or something, you should know that better than asking me how.”

Then he left shortly after that.

Meanwhile the paramedic came over, and they asked to take my blood sample, to see if I am on any drugs. I have been sober for more than a month now, there shouldn’t be any of trace of any drugs.

They took the blood sample, asked me a few questions, waited a bit in the ambulance and told my mom that I am sober at the moment and is probably not on drugs.

She seemed to be more relaxed about the situation when she heard that from the paramedics. She wouldn’t believe a thing I say right now even if I told her the same.

She also called my friends, and they all came over to my house to see if I was okay. I told them what happened, and I even showed them my lottery ticket that I purchased, so I was not lying about it.

But I noticed something odd, I went there and purchased the ticket on the 18th, which stated on the lottery ticket. I checked the calendar, it’s currently the 17th. Meaning that I was reported missing on the 16th which couldn’t be, because my lottery ticket said I bought it on the 18th.

I was told by one of the souls that saw everything, they claimed “someone” turned back the time by 2 days to help me get out of the street I was stuck on during the second time I teleported last night.

Then they said “Humans won’t believe you even if you told the truth. They don’t even have memories of those 2 days, just doing what they usually do daily and didn’t suspect a thing”

I didn’t know what to believe, and just went to sleep after the exhausting experience.

I noticed the difference of my power after I gotten it back from the old man, I no longer needed the 6 entities for my eyes to function. The old man tried to come back to negotiate the next day, trying to claim that he only messed me up for his son.

Then I listed all the things up until this point that they have done to me to make things worse as is. I didn’t even do anything wrong, every time I do something good it backfires, and ends up hurting me for being nice.

I have always just wanted to be a good person without any of their religion believes. Just being good on my own was enough for me, but they could not allow that and kept on pushing me to do the worst, because once if I do, they could take me out with reasoning.

I don't believe in the concept of karma anymore, like bad things happen to me just because I am who I am, not even because I did anything bad. And the bad ones that should be punished are not being punished, there is no fairness to this. And told them "Should of not be playing any games if they can't take a L when it happens."

Tonight, the power ball number was revealed, and not to my surprise I didn't get a single number. Which is fine by me, since I found out all of those were just sweet talks to get me into a position where I'd make a mistake and had an opening for them to mess me up like that. I wouldn't expect anything from them if that's how I am treated.

But I don't need to win the lottery to prove myself now. I think I have enough power to show humans, if they really are interested in finding out there's supernatural powers a human lifeform can obtain.

From my experience of what I have learned or witnessed happening, there's a lot of possibility of learning lesser form of special power outside of the things I have done.

Right now is literally insane, I am sober and the power I have right now is passively showing on the walls and floors, anything in a physical range of me I can see the watermark of these beasts and dragons in the background.

I went to sleep early that night, then got woke up at the middle of the night. Being attacked by many things again, this time I can tell they are not local, or sound like the ones locally that I have spoken to.

They claimed that they have came from other dimensions, because my power affected them. I told them it wasn't on purpose, and they didn't have to attack me for it, I am already trying to be as careful as I can with this power, because I already saw a glimpse of what these power can do. I try not to understand it as much as possible as it can affect me directly from just knowing.

As they were attacking me, I am trying to see what I can do to protect myself from these otherworldly beings, and some big shadow figures that has the size to cover up the sky.

I was outnumbered, so I used my right eye to cast a layer of power to protect myself, it slowly made my body shiny in the dark.

I know it's not physically shiny, but when I look at family, their body is just like a normal human being with no lights on them. But my body is shining with various light and color in the dark. I think normal human eyes cannot see this light, but if for humans that are playing the game and have developed their eyes, they can probably see the shiny parts.

It's shining in various colors, I can see the element fire, wind, thunder, light, and dark, running through my whole body. It felt amazing, because as soon as that happened, the souls that were attacking me stopped. The moment they tried to attack me in physical range, I could passively bounce them off without hurting them.

They claimed that I have to be cheating to be able to do that to them. But After a few moments, they found a way to disable my power. I don't know what happened in the background or what did they do, I was slowly losing my power.

I tried writing something to protect myself from them again, seems like it still somewhat works, since apparently when I write something down specifically with a pen, it sometimes acts like it's a rule to them, if the rule is within the parameter of a possibility in this game.

This reminds me of a salvia breakthrough in the past, where they told me I am the Pen, don't know if that's related to how the pen is working here.

But these otherworldly beings can alter the things I've written, and it does not work like it meant to be, and I was being messed up from it.

I knew I could not depend on the pen now because it doesn't seem to be effective against these beings. Then I was visited by a few familiar faces, all wearing masks.

They threw these flies into my eyes, causing my eyesight of the game to be blurred out, I can no longer see what's happening in the game. Since the eyes are a very significant part of the power I can visibly see and hear the voices of other players, I'm now like blind and deaf in the game.

Also, my power and commands of the things I used to can do, are now no longer active. Then they said, "If you can get out of this situation, we will leave you alone."

I tried everything I could or things that might work, and none of them did. Then I remembered my black bracelet, that has turned kind of rainbow throughout the months that I have been wearing. Last time I had to put it down because it had too much power for me to handle. I took it out of the box and put it on, to see if it would help the situation.

After an hour or so, seems like it was working, my visions are regaining. I immediately threw out the flies and placed a seal on them to not let them get close to me.

Glad those annoying beings kept their words and left shortly after I regained my power. Seems like they didn't mean too much harm, just wanted to test me. Then I went straight back to sleep afterward.

Throughout the week, there's a lot of souls visiting me again, some familiar voices, some new. I saw a black dragon on the floor, just the face of it was as big as my living room. I asked if it wanted to join me.

It shook its head, I still tried to absorb it with my right hand, and it backfired instantly, like my right hand is being stung by spikes. So, I left it alone and went back to my room.

Seeing my room was swarmed with souls again, I asked them if they wanted to join me. I have done this before, I ended up freeing them after I absorbed them last time, some said it helps them a lot, unbinds them from the planet and they regain freedom once they are out of the body.

They flew up to my ceiling to my walls, I guess that is a yes. So I absorbed them with my right hand, I absorbed so many souls, tens of thousands in batches. As more and more entered, I began to feel worse as they came in. I used my right hand to absorb, then my left hand to release. My body acts as filters for them to get released from the ground/walls into the sky.

As the process is occurring, the expressions from the blue team were not looking good. Then they yelled, “STOP FREEING OUR SOULS!!”

As I heard them say that, I told more souls to come to me. I absorbed more and more then released all of them, rinse and repeat. Did multiple batches, then I saw a bunch of red souls in my ceiling.

They look very different than the ones I have freed. I tried to absorb them but wouldn’t let me, then a voice told me “These are the worst of the worst, they will kill you if you try to absorb them, and also they are not allowed get in human bodies.”

After multiple batches, I feel like the job is finally done, at least the ones that were around my house were all freed by this method. But I noticed that there's still many that were still in my body that is not willing to leave.

I walked out of the door to check out the sky after all of that, and saw a lot of souls in the skies, with a hint of grey behind the blue skies.

I can use my hand to command them, I can move them around the city with my hand. So, I pushed them further away from the city, I told them to stay free, go back to nature and do not get involved with human things anymore.

Some were gladly to listen to that advice, many left but a lot stayed around the city. Then I noticed something odd with my right hand, like there were souls stuck on my hand and couldn't get out because it was passively pulling them in.

I had to write down something to limit my hands power, I don't not want to control these souls. All I wanted was to give them the freedom they asked from me, which I did.

I told them just believing in me is good enough, I don't need their help for now, if they get too close, it will just hurt them. As soon as I told them that, many of them chose to listen to me and leave the city, seeing that these souls are listening and leaving makes me happy.

As the old batch of souls leaves, the new batch came in. Asking if they can get the same treatment the last batch got. I took a minute to think about it, then said “fine, this one last time.”

As I am almost at my limit, because I physically don’t feel safe anymore to keep on doing this. I have so much power right now, staring at a mountain will make it grow, that’s how insane the power is. I guess absorbing these souls gives me power, then after I release them, I keep some of it as well.

Then I REALIZED, this is what the dogs are doing, they are enslaving these souls for power that they can accumulate to gain control of the planet!

Now I know why the blue team is so mad and is doing everything they can to stop me. I have already gained respect and recognition from a LOT of souls. They feel threatened if I gain humans trust as well by telling humans about their treachery against humans AND souls.

The blue team was around the corner of my block, I told them I did not wish to fight them. After all, these things that happened, wouldn’t be possible without them being treacherous against me.

Then I said, “All this hard work of teaching me all of this to obtain this power, just so you can one day take it back, right? You guys should be happy that I did it, at least I did something right with it.”

As I free the last batch of the souls within my block, the blue team said, “Those are our prisoners!”, I replied, “I know, aaaaaaaaand that’s why I did it.” Blue team “You will pay for this!”

Finalizing things up, I left some power to a few trusted souls to take care of the things around me. Some originally didn’t have a form here; I gave them some anime character forms so I can recognize them and tell apart from other souls here. So, when I am attacking intruders, I know not to attack the directions that the friendly souls are on.

They had been very nice to me, many lies and deceives that the blue team has thrown at me, some they were able to correct and deliver important knowledge and insights of what the game is about.

I put The Cat in my left eye, because the cat is the one that helped me out the most thus far, while most of others have betrayed me.

Then the rat came around the house, asking if it could be in my right eye. The Cat told me to never let the rat in, or else we will be in trouble.

From what the voices had told me, humans today’s knowledge of the game has not even reached a fraction of a percentage of what is out there. Like the bible is just talking about one family’s affair in the grand scheme of things in the game.

Even if all the writing and teachings of the gods that humans know were accurate, those gods are still in the game, meaning that even they have not won, and is still ongoing. Not to mention that a lot of their history recorded in books is false and written to turn the perspective of human's mind bias towards their favor of belief for religion purpose.

My understanding of religion's true intention now is that, outside of letting humans learn about them, trust them and depend on them. What hides behind the surface of this scheme is that souls contain magic, and religion enables the ability to control and manipulate the human's belief and emotion for them to consume and take. And magic is what gives them their influence in the background. When a human dies, their souls go to the religion that they believe in.

So, the more magic they harvest from humans' body and soul, the bigger the influence and power and control they have over the earth and the universe/multiverse.

Things like manipulating the weather, causing natural disasters, messing with humans' daily lives, altering individual humans' ego to better serve them specific religions instead of another.

From a game's perspective of what I experience thus far, some of the outer beings have shown me much more dominant power and authorities, compared to the ones that human worships as gods in the books and teachings of this planet.

So, to me, religions are just a way for these dogs to gather power through suffering humans and souls and is probably not that good to begin with even if their story is true, the big ones are the ones that didn't leave their name in the history and wouldn't need to reserve to such a trick to gain power in this game. Make sense why they were so mad when I was freeing them in batches, I have set free millions of souls throughout the weeks.

Then I've noticed, there were many bad souls still lingering in my body, causing problems and won't leave. I told all the good souls to leave the city. I gave them a week, then I started to get rid of the remaining ones in my body by force.

The ones remaining were very bad, causing me a lot of pain to keep them, and they say a lot of things that are offensive and make them seem like it's from me to the other souls.

A lot of times I have to explain that it's the bad souls pretending to be me with my voice in my head to talk shit to everything else listening.

The souls also told me, when they go through the process, they also have more magic than before they enter the body. And from doing so, I also have gained a lot of magic from absorbing various kinds of souls. Somehow even after the souls left the body, I feel like I kept getting stronger. Until the point where I do not want any more power than I already have, I don't physically feel safe anymore.

Throughout the weekend I was getting less attacks as I developed more into my awakened form, I was feeling invincible, I decided to taunt the ones that have been attacking me.

I know they are looking for this power I have, so I told them to try and beat me at their own game, the winner takes all. To add to the fuel, I even said, stop wasting my time and come one by one, I play against all odds, just all come get at me. Then I said "Oh wait, never mind, I don't want to take all, winner take all that winner wants instead. But there is a catch, if they fail, I'll get all their power instead.

These things that heard, they had no hesitation to start making moves, those things that I just said to them, were enough to cause enough movements to cause a small earthquake.

At the time, I didn't think it was a bad idea, I was trying to scout out some information, to know who is listening, and what are the things out there is like, and to what degree they can affect a human.

I was being attacked by a lot of things again, but that was to be expected, since I called them out and was literally asking for it. Seems like from what they are doing to me, they can very well be doing a lot of these things to humans unnoticed. Things like mind control, preemptively inserting thoughts in your mind before you think twice about something.

If a human is not ready or aware of what's going on, they could think that it's their own thoughts. From that I can see that a lot of the things happening on earth, things done by humans are intentions of what's in the background.

One night, some of the souls that left the body came back to me and told me they can no longer get back into my body. So I was trying to get them back here, but my hand was disabled, and could no longer absorb them.

Then the white female statue told me that the buddhist charm that my mom gave me can hold the souls for now if they cannot get back to my body.

So, I listened to her and I took out the charm, then all of the surrounding souls was absorbed into the charm.

Instantly, they started complaining and said they didn't want to be there and wanted to get out. Not knowing how to get them out, I asked the white statue what the meaning of this is, the souls are not happy there.

Then the white statue told me, if I let her into my right eye, she will help me get them out. So, I agreed, then I moved her into my right eye. The moment she got into my eyes, things are shifting, like I'm being placed in a locked down.

Then I said to the statue, "You snake! you planned all of this." Then she claimed that she will use her soul to seal my eyes for god.

I know that without the eye, I lose the power to move the souls around, as my third eye closes, I used the remainder of my power to free the souls out of the charm before my eyes were completely sealed.

As that happen, before my eyes completely closes, she turned on tinnitus on my ear, now I hear ringing noises, canceling the messages being sent to me when souls tries to communicate with me.

I should have listened to The Cat and never let anything into my right eyes, but I did it to free the souls that were trapped because of the charm.

The statue didn't even free them, I had to use everything I had left to do so, this was all a planned by them. To stop me from using my power that I had to show humans for.

Seeing how I just got plotted right now, that has triggered many red flags to me that their religion is up to no good, since the ones human worshipping are doing such things to me, seems like their true color is showing.

Seems like they want to take back everything I have gotten from the so called "training". My abilities to see and hear souls are gone, seems like I was getting too much information from souls that these entities did not want me to know. And pose enough threats for them to pull such a petty trick on me.

But it's whatever, moving on from it. But at least I am now normal again, I don't hear voices, I don't see souls swarming at night, my eyes no longer affect physics, everything is stable again. Which was just in time that I am going back to China this week.

The week went by, everything is back to normal I guess, I can't hear the souls, but I can still understand them without language, I can still read their feelings and intentions.

I got back to China, then my mom planned a trip for me to visit a buddhist temple for a week, she said that brining me to one of those and hope that I can change and clear my mind off of things to see if it helps with my mental state.

I can't tell her that I was in such a mental state because of those things that she is brining me to, which humans could find offensive that someone claims religions are a bad thing.

So I went with it, met a monk that was there for my tourist. When he was talking to me, I could hear a different tone in his voice. Sometimes when he talks, his voice changes a bit, to another person almost, and coughs every time the tone switches.

He went on and rambled about how sometime your current lifetime is just to repay for your past sins and what not. I feel like he knows that he's being possessed by something that is changing his voice tone from time to time.

I wanted to confront him and see if he knew that there's some other souls latching on to him, but I didn't want to sound rude, so I just went on about listening to his story. Then they asked me to be a buddhist disciple, which I declined without a second thought.

It kind of sucks here, no internet, and all vegetarian meals. Not to mention a possible possessed monk as my tourist.

I did notice something different in the land, unlike in North America, my power was completely sealed and locked. But as I enter the China territory, I feel like some of my power is still here. My eyes can still move things around it seems, but it wasn't apparent, and it takes a long focus for it to happen, so it usually won't cause a problem.

That night I went to sleep, heard some noises in the background at night. Not knowing what that was, I went to sleep. Woke up and found out that there was a robbery case last night, someone robbed the temple of their tip jars during the middle of the night.

I finally got out of the buddhist training camp, and I went to stay in the city of Guang Zhou with my relatives. Then I hit up Bun to pay him a visit, since he also is back in China for the summer break.

So I planned a trip and went to see him, staying at his house for a few days. In a casual conversation with him, I asked him if he believes in "god".

I know that he used to go to church in school, but don't know what his view on it is nowadays. He said he is atheist and doesn't believe in anything.

I wanted to tell him what I been through these last few months, but I don't want to freak him out and make him think that I am crazy, since most likely he won't be able to relate of understand if I told him everything, which to me at the time it was still unbelievable.

The only thing that is keeping me sane, and don't think that I have psychosis or schizophrenia because I used to hear souls. Because the things I have done in the "Game" can directly affect the planet's physical and fundamental structure of the planet and I went through all of it sober not on drugs.

And that the sounds I hear can lead directly into scenarios that have real life consequences. So, I held my belief that everything happened is real and it's not just because I went crazy or something.

Then Bun suggested we go to a tattoo shop to visit his friend, so I tagged along. Then I decided to get a tattoo on my back when he was there to fix his. I designed the tattoo scratch art, then his friend finalized the art, it was a picture of a half skull, half buddha with the all-seeing eye shinning on forehead all on top of a lotus flower, resembling peace.

The picture means that I hope their religions can come into a peaceful term and stop hurting others playing this “Game”.

Even the tattoo artist himself was quite satisfied with the tattoo design, stating that it was very unique but not something that anyone would put on themselves.

Although they all hated me, I still hope they can sort out the problems themselves towards each other, as I am just a human player, I can’t do enough to make a change myself.

Now that I am useless, I don’t have anything to prove myself to humans anymore, which is probably what they wanted. They fear that I will have the power to prove to humans that these powers exists.

Took about 6 hours for the tattoo to get done, which was a lot faster than I anticipated. It was great, and I also got the tattoo on my chest fixed up, the one I got when I was 18 and was done by a rookie.

After the visit to Bun’s home, I went back to Guang Zhou. It was so boring there, and I still have a month before I go back to America. Then I saw the news somewhere the other day there was an earthquake in Nepal, which killed a few thousand humans.

Saw some of the pictures online, and I recognized a mark left by the demons, it was some similar signs I have seen before in the watermarks that those souls leave on the ground.

So, from the game's perspective, it was an attack launched by the blue team to attack the buddhist side of things, because in Nepal, its mostly buddhist believers that died from the earthquake. But they also left a mark on the ground that I recognize, to let me know that they did it. It was the black dog and the rat.

I was quite mad, but I don't know what I can do to get to them and get them to leave humans alone. The white statue told me to use the pen, even though I don't have power anymore, I can still use the pen. But I will have to wait until I get back to America for it.

To sum up my month long stay in China, besides seeing relatives and families that I have not in years. There was nothing else to do, I don't know anyone there to socialize with.

All there was to do was eat. After the months passed by, I was finally ready to go back to America.

One thing I have noticed being sober for half a year, I am still getting a passive weed like high, where I feel like I'm smoking weak weed. First few weeks sober I thought I was crazy, but after months of no weed, and I am still feeling it, I think I just have this passive high 24/7 now.

Once I got back to America, I went to my friend to buy some LSD as soon as I can. Picked a date that I would trip on, and took 1 tab, which was around 150ug.

I have not have the opportunity to trip since months ago, because when the eye was active, I was told not to do any drugs in any circumstances as long as I have it active.

Because using the pen on LSD, will maximize the damage it can do to them, the pen somehow works like authority against these entities.

Like the things I write become rules, and the pictures I draw with it become physical, it can summon souls and move them around the sky, like the things inside my drawing gets placed into the sky and environment, also can do a lot of damage to the environment.

Because I found out that it can do damage to the environment, I stopped using pen the first time I found out what it could potentially do, and since then all the arts I have done it has been with paint brush.

As the LSD kicked in, I got right into drawing right away. As images start forming as I scribble lines, the pain becomes unbearable. As I am tripping, I almost forgot the pen causes damage, feels like my spine is crooked. The lines in the background are bent, the invisible grid was altered into the state of my drawing.

The drawing was resembling that white female statue, doing damage to demons that was swarming the picture, I feel their pain, the one in the drawing is being locked into it and the pain was echoing.

I looked outside in the sky, and I feel like everything is fucked up, and lucifer was one of the demon in the drawing, he was crying to let him out.

While The Cat and other souls told me they were in very much pain and couldn't take it anymore, I looked outside of the window and saw a cop car flashing at my window. Completely random that two cops are flashing light at my window with their car headlight as I am tripping.

I am on a good 8/10 pain level right now, walls are crooked. So, I hurried up and ran to my yard with the drawing and burned it.

As soon as the drawing got lit up, the relief was almost instant, by the time the drawing finishes burning, the lines on the wall were no longer crooked.

And pain slowly is vanishing, lowering back down to like 3 to 4 out of 10. Felt like chains are being lifted off of my body as the paper burns.

I was not satisfied with the damage done to the demons, because everyone else was hurt so I had to do something about it. So, I went and got my painting tools and started painting.

I know I can still lock them into the painting with painting and it's a lot friendlier to the ones that are not affected. I ended up locking a bunch of demons in the painting, I know the effect only lasts around the drug is active, so the pain caused to them will be temporary.

I wanted to teach them a lesson to stop hurting humans, they weren't showing any sign of remorse either and joke about them dying. So, I left the painting outside of my yard and locked them there for the duration of the LSD trip.

Somehow all the power I got from training is inactive without my eye, but the things I can do on LSD are still there, seems like I can see things that aren't there without the eye while I am on LSD. Things got better as the trip faded, I have one picture and a painting from this, and I did not burn them because I wanted the demons to suffer, so I kept them.

Feeling pretty good that I did something to avenge the humans that were dead from that earthquake, I went to sleep early that night, as I was in pain and exhausted from the trip.

At the time, I really didn't have a goal, lost my eye. Well not lost, but technically sealed. But even if I don't have those power anymore, they still couldn't take that one thing from me, that power I have on LSD still available, which I had before all the "training", I am still me. The souls appreciate me, the dogs don't.

I have been just playing games to get by time ever since I got back from China, I know I should get a job now there is nothing for me to do. I was pretty good at gaming, was interested in making a video game stream for fun.

I feel like even playing video games, these entities are affecting the outcome of my matches, sometimes bugs happen when it shouldn't, or noticeable game error occurs when I am winning. Always makes it seems like it's their problem when something is wrong.

On the third week of August, on a Monday morning. I was waken up randomly at around 5 AM, the voices came back to me and told me to trip on LSD again. Last time I tripped was around 2 weeks ago.

I agreed to it and thought why not, then the voice told me to take both tabs, which was 150ug each, so 300ug total.

Not knowing what to expect since this is the highest dose I have taken. So I took the 2 tabs of LSD, and it took about 30 minutes to kick in.

I was talking to The Cat during the come up, then I was disrupted by something, suddenly I was anticipating an attack from I know who.

I remember that I have a painting still in my room, then I said to them "Don't even think about it, you can't fight me."

Just as I finished saying that they flew towards me and tried to attack me, I pushed them towards my painting. Then immediately they screamed.

I was terrified, the moment I did that, I felt the dimension shifted in the background. I said “Why did you have to attack me? I literally told you not to, with a fair warning.”

My guess is that, in the past I waited for the drug to be active before doing paintings, and bits by bits it shifted the dimension grids as I draw. But this time it was different. Because the painting was already there, it activated full force at the beginning of the trip.

The seal in the painting was active at full force, and each second of the trip goes on, the effect was more apparent by the second.

What is on my painting, has now became a reality. Gods, angels, demons, buddhas, souls, were all trapped in the sky and the surface of the planet, all simultaneously being locked into the seal (my painting).

I am very scared at this moment, because of the amount of drug I have taken, and this is just the start of it, it will only get worse.

Right now I am almost blind, I couldn’t see much in real life. I see souls and light in my eyes almost all of them are complaining.

The soul that attacked me said, “I know I am at fault, please spare us, I won’t do it again.”

Then satan showed up, he said, “Help us, we can’t take this anymore.” As he was struggling to hold the grid together in the background, being chained to my seal.

Then lucifer showed up and laughed, said, “I have nothing to say now, we have messed up big time this time.”

Then I saw what is happening in the background, different dimensions were being pulled towards earth, if I don’t do something soon, big catastrophic event might happen.

Then the old man showed up, white old man holding a stone scripture.

I asked him, “Any suggestions?”

He replied, “At this point, you should end your own life, we might get relief if your brain is turned off.”

I know that as long as the trip is over, things will be fine again. I have experienced these kinds of situations before, just not at this scale of distortion, it might seem scary, but it always goes away after the trip. When the drug effect is over, the power goes inactive.

Then I saw satan, trying very hard to hold things together, but looks like he’s losing the grip, the grid is slipping.

I am so scared, I didn’t know what to do, I might just have to kill myself to stop this, I truly believe that once the trip is over, things will be okay. But the thing is that, the earth might not be safe for too long if I don’t die before the drug kicks in full force.

Although not completely my fault. Since I was being attacked, and I bounced them to the painting, just that I didn't expect to have these kinds of effects. I'd still feel very bad if something happened to the planet, or others that are not deserving of this situation. I am still responsible for this mess.

So, I tried to look for ways to kill myself at home. First, I tried looking for a knife, then a voice told me "Don't do that, it will leave a bloody mess, you don't want your parents to see it."

Out of everyone, only The Cat told me not to kill myself, and try to think of something else to fix this problem.

Then I went to get my painting, it was unbelievably hard when high on 2 tabs, with dimensions messed up in the background. Took me like 5 minutes to find it, I hurried and burned the painting, but it only relieves about quarter of the effects that I have caused. (Not remembering I have 1 painting and 1 drawing from previous trip, and only burned the painting.)

Then I walked out my house, saw a school bus coming towards me. I tried running towards it as it speeds up in my neighborhood. The driver saw I was trying to cross the road, he held down the honk and the brake to avoid hitting me.

I only tried because they told me, I knew it was bad for them, but me physically I was still okay. Then I asked the old man. "What have my family have done to you guys? Why me that I have to go through things like this?"

I hurried back into my room and tried to think of a solution. Then my sister woke up, it was almost time for her to go to school, it was the first day of a new school year. And she told me to take her to school today, because mom wasn't feeling good and was sleeping. I don't know what to say or do, this is do or die moment for me, I have just a bit of time to die before the LSD peak, that's when things are going to get worse.

Then the buddha said, "Although the dimensions are messed up, but physics still works the same, just use your car."

Everything I am seeing is messed up, I can barely see anything physically, I can see the dimensions in the background, and the foundation grid that holds the earth in place besides the physical planet. Everything else I see is simplified, and distorted.

I walked out the door, asked the sky "What have I done to deserve this, I was only defending myself."

Then they all apologized, all the ones that were opposed of me, the ones that attacked me, even the ones that wished the worst of me.

Then the old man said, "We did you wrong, we are guilty of treating you this way."

Me "Guilty? This is only me and my family being affected, if you are guilty for what you did to me, you should be guilty to all the ones that are ruined because of YOU!"

The old man, “I promise you, I will save everyone on this planet.”

Me, “Alright, this will be worth it if you keep your words.” I just hope my family understands the situation when the time comes for them to understand the motive behind my action.”

Then I told my sister to get me the car key. Since I couldn’t find it myself and am almost blind.

Then I heard david saying, “Hahaha, you done fucked up this time.”

I replied, “When are you ever going to stop being a piece of shit.”

Then david said, “Serves you right that you have to kill yourself.”

I got into the garage, then turned on my car. In hindsight, I should have told my sister to tell mom to take her to school, because I have to go somewhere. But I was not thinking as best that I could for this situation, and she got in the car.

Then the old man said, “Tell your sister, god wants to see you two. I will compensate your family greatly for this.”

I didn’t want to say it, but it coughed out of my mouth, and I said to her, “god wants to see us.”

She replied, “Huh?”

Then I went and drive the car, I was speeding up in the neighborhood, then when I felt like I gotten to the speed I needed to end my life. I turned the car to the curb, my car did a side flip, then crashed into an empty street.

The old man then said, “This was a wild ride, but I will not let you die a hero.”

Then a dragon said to me, “This is not what power is for.”

I realized this is a huge mistake to listen to them. This is where they want me at, in a position to make such a mistake I might never come back from. I never wanted to trust them, I had to try and kill myself to stop this. I had no other choice, I did it because it was the necessary thing to do.

My sister yelled and screamed and got out of the car immediately after the car stopped. She seemed okay, which I was very glad nothing happened to her, otherwise I would hate myself forever if anything happened to her.

Then I felt my left hand is burning, like its being ripped apart. It was weird, because there was no pain after the crash, the pain occurred after my sister left the car, and I couldn’t open my eyes to see what was happening.

Meanwhile I was laying down, I couldn’t see anything. With my eyes open or closed I see the same thing. It was a red female demon I never seen before.

Then I said, “Big sis, please do me a favor and slice here. Just give me a quick one.” Then I swiped my left hand pointing at my throat, telling her at that spot instead.

Then I felt that she is stepping on my stomach, and said, “Let you die easy just like that? But who is going to help us?”

Then she added, “Do you know how much pain we are in right now? It’s all because of you!”

I said, “I will return the favor, and plus if I die right here you guys will be free from this pain.”

She said, “No need, but your hand, I will take it.”

I realize that she’s here for vengeance, but they won’t kill me, even if they can end me right now.

Then I heard a neighbor walking towards me, she told me she is a nurse. I tried to open my eyes and talk to her, but I just can’t see anything but the red female demon even with my eyes open.

The demon, “Ask her for painkillers, that will help us both.”

I tried so hard not to laugh while I asked the nurse for some painkillers and water, because the female demon is stepping on me and the nurse might think I am crazy if I laugh in a situation like this. She said she didn’t have painkillers but went to get me some water.

The nurse brought me a water bottle shortly after, but I couldn't see it, I asked her to place it on my right hand because I can't move. Then she called the ambulance immediately.

Then my mom got to the scene, the ran towards the car, then crying, "Don't move, the cops are coming, they will shoot you if you move!"

I was scared when she said that, why would the cops shoot me? This seems just like a normal accident. I told her don't worry; I am fine. Then I passed out.

I don't know how long it took for me to be conscious again, I tried opening my eyes, but it won't work.

Everything is grey, like I am in a dark room.

Then I saw a grey goat, then I realized it's satan, sitting on my right side.

He asked, "Do you know where you are at right now?"

It seemed like I am in hell.

I feel like I am tied down to a bed or something, I tried shaking but won't budge. Then I saw two alien-like creature, one hanging on both side of my bed. Like something you see in alien movies, resembling something like the alien and the predator movie. The aliens were wearing oxygen mask, hanging on the wall.

Then I felt a tube going into my throat. I said, “Bruh, don’t do this to me, it wasn’t my fault what it happened there.”

Then satan said, “I know it’s not. What you just did for them, and this is how you were treated, you are okay with that?”

I know what he meant, getting amputated during the peak of a LSD trip was not fun, especially after what they said to me.

I replied, “What other option do I have? Dying was the best relief to the situation”

Then he said, “Submit to me, then you will be above all but one, me.”

Me, “If I refuse? This is what you ask me in a situation like this?”

Then I felt a something going in my pee pee, like a tube or something.

I said, “Don’t castrate me, we can talk it out”

He said, “Submit.”

I want to struggle out of it, but nothing is working. Although they got me good, but I will not submit to them.

I said, “NOOOOOO!!”

Then satan left. Shortly after he left, I regained consciousness in real life, slowly realizing that I am inside a ambulance. Tied down with oxygen mask, and a urine catheter on my pee pee.

There were two surgeon one on each side, in the position where those 2 aliens were hanging earlier.

Then I noticed that the conversation with satan was in synced with what is going on in real life, almost felt like a dream.

I was pissed, to try and poach me in a situation like this. Most of the time, the conversations were with and against the blue team.

The red team very rarely talks to me. During my weakest and when I am almost dead, is when he asks me things like that.

Then I was injected with a large dose or morphine, I felt it going up my vein and I feel the dimensions stabilized as the morphine overpowers the LSD in my brain. Then I passed out shortly.

When I woke up, there was a nurse changing my clothes, I greeted her as she leaves. I then realized that their goal was not for me to die, but ended up in a situation where I would get medications to end the trip to restore the dimension back to its original state.

I just wanted to die earlier to turn off my brain, so I am not messing up the game anymore. I don't know if I should be happy or sad in this situation. I am not dead, but I can't move my left arm anymore.

Then the red female demon came to me, I can see her even when sober right now, the emergency room I was in had a hint of red covering the whole ceiling.

She asked me if I was okay.

I said, "get out of here and fuck off with that fake shit."

If I wasn't a nice person, I would have just sat back and laughed during the whole trip and watched them suffer. But instead, I let that kindness of mine be the downfall of me.

I know that cutting off my fingers was something personal, could have sorted out that situation without me trying to suicide, or at least just cut one finger but they took three.

I just tried to kill myself for the game, and this is how I am treated. I don't ever want to talk to them about the game anymore, I just want to be a normal human, I will hate them forever.

The nurse came back and gave me another shot of morphine, I ate something and went to sleep again.

Day 2 in the hospital, I was visited by a few doctors. They asked me what happened. I didn't want to tell them I was suicidal, and I just blacked out on my way to take my sister to school and hit the curb on the sidewalk when I was driving while blacking out.

I also told them that I was hearing a lot of voices.

Doctor asked, "How many voices, and are they male or female?"

I told them about 10 of them, both males and females. Then they asked, "Did any of these voices tell you to suicide or hurt yourself?"

I replied, "No."

Doctor "Any of these voices claimed that it is god?"

Me "Yes, one of them."

I told them voices are gone, but I can still understand them sometimes.

I wanted to tell them the whole story, but no one was going to believe it. I don't want to be locked in a mental hospital because I told them what really happened.

They did some scans on my brain, saying there is a lot of activity but everything else seems normal and okay. Took my blood and urine sample, then recommended me to go see a psychiatrist.

I know the dogs want to drive me crazy and take me out of the game rightfully so when it happens. I lost trust in everything; I have been tortured enough and deceived throughout this whole time I was playing this “Game”.

It feels so bad, like sometimes I would feel this itch, but the itch on somewhere I can’t get to. The finger where the itch would be is gone, yet still itches.

My family and friends came over to visit me, asking me if I was okay. I acted like everything was fine, and told them I blacked out when I was driving my sister to school. They didn’t suspect much, but were asking me if I was high on anything, and of course I told them no.

Sucks having to lie about this, was sacrificing myself for the greater good of the game, yet I need to hide and lie to cover up the story, so I don’t get in trouble.

My mom was skeptical about it, but she’s waiting for the blood report to see if I was sober during the car crash. They also told me they couldn’t find any trace of my fingers, it was not in the car nor the place I crashed the car.

I feel so bad for my parents that they must go through this. They have been good humans for their whole life, never did anything bad to anybody and just minding their own business like all the good people. They are very good to all their friends and is well liked by everyone that knows them.

They have not done anything wrong yet have a son like me. I was only trying to figure out what the game is about, but now I am seen as a depressed and psychotic drug addict, up to no good son that they raised.

I got out of the emergency room in day 3, which totals a 15k in medical fees, which is a lot to me even with health insurance.

9 months into the game, now I face a situation where my mom's car is totaled, in debt 15k dollars for the emergency room for the 3 days I stayed, and a bunch of issues from the family, like questions and doubts for anything I do.

I am not allowed to drive, and three fingers down. And all that happened three weeks before I turn 21.

And I thought I was in a bad place in real life before this happened. But now I am down bad compared to just a few days ago before the car crash.

After I got out of the hospital, I was prescribed pain medications and was scheduled to see a psychiatrist. Whenever the effect of the medication wears off, I get frequent shocks on my fingers that were amputated. Like a shock can wake me up from sleeping whenever it occurs, it felt like when you take the piezoelectric igniter from a lighter and zap it on the wounded flesh.

When it happened to me once that woke me from my sleep, the old man came over to me to let me know that its him that is doing the zaps. Implying that he's quite satisfied with what happened to me.

I asked him what the fuck does he want now, and he said he wants to know why the dimensions was twisted last time I was tripping.

Means that just right after they cut my fingers off, they want me to trip on LSD again. This is not even a week after the car crash.

Though I hate him, I want to find out for myself as well. what was the real cause of things being the way they were. I am also curious where did this power of mine came from, if the old man doesn't know about it, it might be from some higher power in the game that is not told in the history books.

I told him I will try again next week, and I have a lot of things to sort out from the car crash, and need to see psychiatrist the next day, so I went to sleep early.

I saw the psychiatrist the next day, he asked me some basic questions, and I didn't tell him much. Told him I used to hear voices, and he said it's a common thing for some humans. I just need to take medications he is going to prescribe to me.

I took the medicine for a while but there weren't many effects besides making me feel worse. I still see the psychiatrist and take the medicines to show my family that I am recovering. And talks to my parents more so they think I am normal again.

Throughout the week, I was just sitting at home recovering. Playing games to pass time and was visited by the dogs. They want answers from me, and I'd have to trip on LSD again.

It was a good time to do so, since my parents are not home, and I have the whole day to myself. So I agreed to it.

During the come up of the drug, the white statue told me to just be a normal human and get a job, and don't get involved in the game anymore. I said, "Now you tell me to be a normal human, after I am down 3 fingers and a car. I can't face my family or friends, they all think I went crazy."

I did the right things but was pushed to insanity and now I have to run away from things that I have done. I know what I did and was nothing to be ashamed of, but in front of those that do not know, I am quite ashamed knowing I will never be the same anymore.

I only wanted to be treated like a human in this game, but it was not even close. I understand that they want to control my body, and they are doing whatever they can to me to have me submit to them. They want me working for their name to redeem themselves in this "Game".

They asked me, “Then why do you still listen to us?”

I replied, “Don’t think too much of yourselves, I only have faith in what is good. I believed to give chances to prove that there’s any good in what you are, and you dogs have shown not to be worthy of it.”

I’d rather have faith and trust in something than nothing at all, just after finding out the dogs are up to no good, I choose to be on my own. One day I might be able to find the ones to believe in that are good.

As the LSD kicked in, I found another drawing in my drawer. This seem to be the culprit, the reason why I had to resort to killing myself, because the content of the drawing is amplifying the effect of the drug and was acting as a seal to things in my surrounding.

As I stare into the picture, the dogs and souls are being pulled towards it again. Things are terrible, seems like whenever I trip on LSD when there’s an active artwork that I have done during previous trips, the trip gets a lot more intense and painful.

I threw picture on the floor and watched them being pulled into the artwork. I told the dogs “You should be thankful, for every moment you existed, is in the mercy of someone else.”

This time however, I was not in pain like the last time when two pictures were present. This time it was tamer and the damage was only to the dogs and the surrounding souls.

I didn't want to hurt the souls as they are all innocent and kind to me. If the souls weren't around, I would have gladly watched the dogs suffer and burn.

After I found out why the LSD trips have been so insane, it's because of the pictures that is activating the seals when LSD is active in my system. Still don't know why this happens but it has worked every time so far.

More importantly the dogs do not know how I have this power, and neither do I. But one thing I am certain, it is not from them. The eyes might be from them when I had it active, but they sealed that and took away most of my power. I can no longer see souls when I am sober, and I cannot hear them unless using psychedelics to temporarily break the seal that was locked onto me with the help of their players.

I burned the picture after I confirmed that it was indeed the artwork that was messing up the dimensions. As much as I want the dogs to suffer, I just couldn't do it to the surrounding souls that are around me.

I don't know what causes this exactly, when I trip on LSD. It is supposed to feel good and happy and can learn a lot from it. But whenever I trip on LSD with artworks active, the happiness and good feelings, turns into suffering and pain in mass scale.

Again, as the painting burns, everything is reverting to normal state, chaos leaves as soon the paper is burned to ashes and the artwork is no more.

Enjoying the rest of my trip with the souls after the artwork is burned, I had a great day after such a horrible accident.

The souls knew its not my fault that they were in pain, as I do not know that it would cause this problem. They told me I should keep the artwork longer so the dogs can suffer more for the things they have done, even if it causes the souls pain as well.

I told them it's okay, I don't want innocent to suffer just because I have the ability to hurt the bad ones, that makes me no different than the bad ones. If I have to resort to such a move, I will have to make sure the souls leave the city before I do it.

That was my last tab of LSD, now that I found out the reason, I don't feel like I have any more needs to do it anymore for now. I just want to be a normal human again, so getting away from drugs is probably a good idea.

On my 21st birthday, my friends came over to celebrate my birthday because they knew I just got into a car accident and want to come cheer me up.

I still try to act like a normal person around them, making jokes about the same stuff we always have. But things just aren't the same anymore. I want to tell them some of these things about the "Game", but I can never tell them enough to care, they'd just think I am crazy over the drugs I have taken in the past. So, I just keep it all to myself.

In the next 6 months or so, I have just been isolating myself from everyone. I barely talk to my parents, or my friends since none of them would believe my story anyways, so I slowly stopped talking to them.

Tinnitus has been a problem, sometimes it gets so loud at night that it wakes me up and feels like my eardrum is about to blow up because the ring keeps on getting louder and louder. unless I wake up and cover both of my ears to reset the pressure in my ears that is echoing the sounds.

Also, when I close my eyes, all I see is dim bright lights. Makes it hard to sleep, because the dark and black part of my vision is now filled with dim light. Sometimes the light gets so bright when I focus my vision into it, it's like looking right at the sun, but in nighttime.

My parents understand the situation I am in, they didn't rush me, but instead tell me to get a job when I am recovered and ready. I know they deserve so much more than what I have given them, I am always guilty that I am the way I am.

They didn't need me to be special or anything, they just wanted me to live a normal life.

I don't want to just get a normal job, especially when I am now handicapped. So, I decided to visit my cousins in California. Two of my cousins are growing weed legally in California, I decided to visit them to see if there's anything to do over there.

My parents were okay with it, they just told me not to do drugs when I get there, nor do I have any intention to. Probably smoking weed is all I am going to do if anything at all.

When I got to my cousin, I was just staying at his place, learning how growing weed works. It was a nice change for once, that I am no longer living with my parents and was out of the house.

I was introduced to one of his friend that is also growing weed. From a conversation, that friend of his told me he seen a ghost in the past, when he was still living in Malaysia.

I asked him how the encounter was, and what happened afterward. As it could be useful information for me to relate to my story.

He said he was caught on by it from the time he went to swim in a pond but felt something dragging him down into the water. The same night he got home he started seeing a weird shade in the house and could identify a kid when he was talking to him.

He mentioned the ghost kid could move small objects around the house when he isn't paying attention or was out of the house. He was talking to him and was friends with him for two years before he moved and no longer talks to him anymore. Also stating that he had a physical like appearance, like he can physically see him, but others couldn't.

That sounded very scary, I don't think I have encountered a ghost before, what I saw are souls, they weren't physical and are transparent with bright outlines outlining their appearance.

They were different than his description of the ghost he had seen. The souls then told me, that ghost and souls are different. Ghosts are used to be humans, but you can be a soul and never been a human before.

I told him a little bit of my experiences with things I have encountered that people around me couldn't see. When I told him about some of the things I was able to do, he was very interested in learning.

He even offered to teach me how to grow weed and will even pay tuition to be my student, to learn some of the moves I mentioned to him and was very serious about it.

As I do not know much about how I was able to perform those tasks before, I told him if I ever find out how to get my eyes back again, I will teach it to him. Feels good for once someone believed in the things I have seen or done, and didn't think I am a psycho for telling it.

Maybe because he could relate to similar experiences in the past, of seeing things that are not visible to others around him.

For the past few months, I have been just playing games, and learning how to grow weed. Helping my cousin whenever he needs a helping hand, has taught me a lot of about growing weed.

The bad souls have not left me alone though, they keep trying to do things to tilt me or make me angry or depressed. But I kept my cool and played it off for the most part, I know they want to break me mentally.

They are telling me I should go die in a bush and don't let others find out, so I am not bothering anyone with my death, things like that.

It's getting to the point where it is very predictable of what they are going or want to do. If there is any opening, they will take their chances to try and mess me up.

I know they couldn't do much to me, as I give them no opening to hurt me anymore. The souls have told me a lot about the enemies, I don't know if it's too ridiculous to believe but have always kept it in the back of my mind.

Because I no longer believe in any of their lies, it was very hard for them to tempt me into doing anything against my will, sometimes they would try very hard to mind control me.

They are trying to make me make some impulsive moves, but I have gotten so used to it. I even tried to play them into a scenario where I would have the upper hand for the move they are trying to make.

They are getting desperate that I have not shown any openings for mistakes since the car crash. I have this one way to defend myself from their comments.

Like I would flash memes but changes the subs to more fitting terms using the information the souls told me about them, for the statement to be true and embarrassing for them to read. A flash of a meme that hurts them costs me a few seconds to come up with, but for them to forget about it they would have to be in denial for weeks to months to reject.

During the time I was in California, my parents told me they were visited by a Chinese woman, she is a friend of my aunt for over 10 years. She is somewhat like a psychic and can see things that aren't there to regular human eyes.

When she visited my parents, they told her the story about me, and she told my parents that from a picture of mine, she can see there is a seal on my right eye. And a lot of things she can identify from just my pictures and my story, that the story I told them was true, and these things do happen.

From her visit, her words to my parents seem convincing enough that they no longer think I am crazy for telling them the things I have in the past.

I was glad that someone else other than me could tell my parents these things, she probably sounds more credible and believable than me. My parents really need to hear that, especially my mom, I think she is almost going crazy.

About 4 months in California, things were going good while I was learning. But I got a phone call from my mom one day, saying that my dad got into a car accident. And he fractured his back spine from the car crash. So I hurried back to Vegas as soon as I heard this bad news.

I got back to Vegas the next day, I went to the hospital and saw my dad, he just finished his surgery for his spine and abdominal. I told my mom things might not be as it seems.

She said my dad got in a car accident, the guy probably hit him, but he was unconscious when the cops came, then the cops made him signed the citation stating he's at fault while he's unconscious.

This seem like a setup more than a regular car accident; my dad said his car was hit twice before he went unconscious and woke up in the hospital afterwards.

From my perspective, they couldn't do anything to me anymore, mentally and physically. So they targeted my dad, and set this up so I can no longer have freedom in California, and have to come back to Vegas.

I told them, if they have problems then come to me, don't target my family or friends. But seems like they did just that, as they can no longer get to me, the more experience I get from them making mistakes, the more alert and cautious I become.

I was crying to my mom when I was driving home with her after we saw dad, telling her it might be my fault that the accident happened. She said it was just an accident and didn't believe that it might be because of me.

I don't know what I can do to get back at them, the only thing I can do is draw pictures again, as that is the only reliable way I know of to damage these things.

But it would require LSD, and I don't have any as I have been off those for months. Then I had and idea, I tried drawing sober. I began to look for pen and pencil for the artwork I am about to do.

Halfway through the artwork, I started crying again. I hate what I am seeing, as the picture gets darker and darker, I no longer want to continue. I know even if it works, I wouldn't like the result, because I couldn't hurt others that I don't want.

I heard a voice "Finish it, do what you are set out to do"

Then I replied, "No! Why are you guys forcing me, I will never be the person you guys want me to be."

As I dried up my eyes, I threw away the pen, and burned my artwork. Then a voice I have never heard before, stating that I did very good, and it told me to go back to China to visit the Chinese woman that visited my parents, as she could have answers I am seeking.

After my dad got out of the hospital, I just stayed home and help him move around, he cannot work anymore and got social disability and long-term disability from his employer instead.

After a month went by, my mom suggested me to go back to China and visit that Chinese woman, because she said my aunt told her that the Chinese woman wants to see me, and I should visit her in China. I agreed to it, and booked an flight an week after.

After I got back to China, I was living with my aunt. I saw the Chinese lady the week after, and I saw the Chinese woman.

When I saw her, she told me that I am the person she is looking for. And that “They” have already told her a lot about me.

She said that she can see that I have placed a lot of seals on myself, and that there were also a few that were cast by others.

I didn’t know what to tell her, as my story of what happened is quite long, I told her I will write out everything I have been through in Chinese and let her read the book.

She told me something about her. Saying she can see ghost and souls, and that satan and lucifer was also in the room, and that she has known them for over 20 years.

I asked her what does satan look like, she said the gray goat, and lucifer appear as a black dog.

Seems like I am not the crazy one thinking they are two different entities, and her description of them is what I have seen them to be, when I still had the eye, I can see their outlines as described.

She told me some experience when she was younger, of how she found out about god, Jesus, lucifer and satan. She said that one time she swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills in hope to suicide because of them, and woke up in a hospital that her family rushed to get her to. Then she teleported to another hospital that she was not admitted in the next day.

It's good news to me that she has also experience teleporting, I would like to think I am not crazy that I teleported twice that night I walked home from my car breaking down.

And she explained how "They" helped her pass her test during her high school year, a test she did not study for and aced the test from just listening to them giving her answers.

I can relate to some of the things I heard from her, and that she is pretty successful in China, was the author of multiple books. She told me we can meet up again for another visit after I finish writing my book.

I went home that day thinking, this might be it, I finally found someone that believes my story and has similar experiences seeing the things that she described.

During that month, I started to write this book in Chinese, which is the version that translated to English as this one I am releasing. It took me many sleepless nights to rush the book to be finished. I wrote the Chinese version of the things I have been through the past year up until this moment and emailed the word doc to her.

She read the story and requested that we meet again before I go back to America, which is in a week. So I went to visit her again.

After reading my book, she told me that she can help me publish it in Hong Kong. And possibly make a movie, as she has business partners in the movie industry, and my book would be fitting for a movie that she can help produce.

Then she said she would have to rewrite the book for me to change accordingly to the movie script that she wants to make.

She then told me more about the game, it was quite apparent that she is on the blue team's side but was also working with satan.

Then she goes on by claiming that I am lucifer's son, which I outright declined that possibility. She told me that god needs humans to do work for them, and "they" lead me to her, and she will pay me for the work that I am requested by them.

I said, "They only said I am their son because they want me to work under their name."

She replied, “But in return you will have everything you want.” While not denying that is false, that confirms I am truly not one of them, they only want me to claim that I am one of them so they can take my name.

Then she went on about how lucifer is the god of this planet. While the story I heard or the experiences I encounter, lucifer is only a decoy, and he works for the old man, which she refers as the creator.

Then I confronted her that the current “Creator” is not the true creator, he was only put in that spot long after the game was created.

She did not deny that either, instead she looked up then said, “I know.”

Then I asked her, if lucifer is god of this planet, why does he seem so underwhelming compared to the other things that I have encountered.

Then she explained that there are things in the outer realms and dimensions that are also in this game, and they seem to have much more power and control over the god of this planet.

I don’t know why they are so inclined to claim that I am “their” son, because it was not just once or from just one side, there has been about handful of entities claimed that I am from them.

Which couldn't be true for all of them, and since it seems like a bait to me, I never believed that I am anyone else but my real-life human parent's son.

Seems like there is a big discrepancy in the story of how she heard from the dogs, and how I heard it from the souls. Her story of them is awfully biased towards the dogs, while the story I've heard seems more realistic and unbiased.

I guess even these dogs have someone they are good to, even if it took a lot of lies to get her to believe what she believes.

The only thing I can relate is the entities she described to me, were the ones I have seen in the hologram inside my eyes when I had the eye function active. Like the old man, the black dog, the gray goat, the snake, and the white statue. Seems like they all have other names in their own mythologies outside of religion.

Don't know if it's intentional, but she told me their real names in mythologies mentioned in human history. I don't know whether to believe it or not, and just went with her story.

I was kind of relieved after I met her, because she knew things about me before I told her what happened, and her story was somewhat relatable.

Shortly after the last visit, I was ready to go back to America. After I got back to America, the Chinese woman talked to my mom about my problems, and told her she is willing to help me, that made her seems more assured that I am not crazy, and from that my mom's mental health has improved a lot since I last saw her.

One week after I got back to America, I went grocery shopping with my mom, and we saw a psychic fortune telling store nearby. She was somewhat interested so we stopped by.

We walked into the store and greeted the owners of the store. They asked us what service we are looking for. I was not really looking for anything specific really, but I asked her if they knew how to perform spiritual cleansing.

As I feel like there is still a lot of souls on me, a lot of them are bad ones that are constantly making me ache, sometimes the pain can get really stressing and hard on me mentally and physically.

They asked me some questions and told me to get in the room for clients. The lady looked at me, and her face expression changed, she explained some of the things that are happening to my body and if I know it or not.

She claims that she sees quite a few demons on me, and they are physically stabbing my body with weapons and objects and pointed to area of my body that has the most pain.

As I cannot see anything right now, because my eye is disabled. I can still feel the pain and their presences, I told her those are the area where I have pain, and she was very accurate locating them.

She said it is quite unusual that there are this many demons attacking a human, so I agreed to get a cleansing service. She told me that she will be able to help, but to perform a task like this will make her very sick for the incoming week.

She started off burning some sage plants, then some incense. Took out some charms, while saying prayers to Jesus. As the process goes on, I feel more relieved and calmed. The affected area that had a lot of pain is also relieved.

I asked if she had seen dragons before, not the physical ones, but the ones in soul form, she said yes, and they have been spotted more frequently lately.

She asked me if I am religious, I replied no. After about 45 minutes, she said the process was complete. She told me I will be very sleepy after, and I should get some rest when I get home.

Before I leave, she told me, “Whatever you are doing or going through, please work for the light.”

I smiled and nodded as I left the store.

When I got home, I was very sleepy like she stated I would be. I went to sleep early that day and woke up the day after, feeling refreshed and healed.

The Chinese woman messaged me in a social app, telling me that she is rewriting my story for the movie script that she is going to produce, and that she will send me a copy of it to let me read it when it's done. I was glad she is going to help me, this might finally be it, soon my suffering might end.

The next day, my mom's friends have two sons, and they were going to visit me to play video games and have some fun, as I have not seen them for a while. The younger brother is 6 and the older one is 10 years old.

Then I had an idea, I wanted to show them something. Because the last time I showed my dad the painting, I was not entirely sure if he sees the things I see or not, and I couldn't ask him because it was weird to ask him if he sees things moving.

I wanted to ask the kids if they see anything special, so I took a tab of LSD in the morning. The kids are coming over close to nighttime, I have a lot of time to get ready. I know I am being very irresponsible, but the trip will be almost over by the time they get here.

The trip was very emotional, but I got through it just fine without any problem. Towards the end of my trip, when the trip was coming down, I took out the paintbrushes and started to paint on the canvas. I know the drugs probably have about 2 more hours, and if the kids arrive within that time frame, then I can get the answer I am looking for.

Took me about an hour to finish the painting, and the kids arrived just in time. I greeted the kid's parents as they dropped them off at my house, and the kids rushed to my room as their parents left them for their night out with my family.

I told the kids to look at the painting I just drew, they weren't interested at first, because the first thing they did was ask me if they could play video games.

I know there is probably around 1 more hour of LSD before I feel normal again, so I want to use this opportunity to see if the things I have seen in the past are true or not.

I asked the boys if they see anything special in my painting. I was not really trying to paint anything specifically, I just do the color scheme and let the souls do the rest.

At first, they said they couldn't really understand the picture, then the younger brother stared at it for a minute. Then he threw punches at the painting. I asked him what is wrong, he asked "Why are the animals moving in the painting."

I was SO happy when he asked me that, I felt so relieved that it is not only me that sees things that are moving.

So, the souls are all I see during my trip, and they make up the visuals that they want me to see. That makes sense why things are so chaotic at times, because there is abnormal amount of souls that are around me.

I asked the big brother if he saw anything in the painting of meshed up colors.

He then says he sees pandas, birds, rabbits, monkeys, and quite a few more. Then he asked the same question “Why are some of them moving?”

I told the boys that it was a magic trick, and the trick is to trick them into seeing that they move but they aren’t moving, hoping that would be enough of an explanation for two kids. I hurried and put the painting away and gave them my video game consoles to take away their attention from the painting.

As the LSD trip ends, the souls are no longer visible, and my painting is no longer moving. I had a great night playing video games with the kids.

I even gave them my 3DS with a bunch of games when they leave, knowing that they will probably appreciate the games more than me.

That helped me out so much, it was honestly one of the best moments ever knowing that physics is indeed affected, and that the car accident was necessary to stop things from getting worse in the background back then.

My hypothesis is that when tripping on psychedelics, the visuals that normal humans get, here in my eyes are replaced by souls.

And from using psychedelics on a human body and brain, was enough to produce enough magic for the souls to utilize and was enough to show their physical forms even to humans that aren't trained to see them.

But I still have one question, why does my body react like this to psychedelics, and why are the souls able to utilize this "magic" to such an extent from me and not others, as I can find no answers online no matter what I tried to search on the topic.

One thing I realized after the LSD trip, I am in a lot of pain again. I have looked up online, there's almost no cases ever mentioning LSD will cause physical pain from other human consumptions.

My understanding is that, when using psychedelics, the human body produces this type of energy considered as magic, and surrounding souls, angels, demons or whatever can feed on it, and can use those against me.

Next day, I went to the psychic lady again, this time telling her I was in pain again. She looked at me with a disturbed face, then she told me that she can no longer help me as it is out of her reach to do so.

But she did referral me to her friend, saying that she might be able to help, as she is more experienced, and is within her field to deal with the things that are troubling me.

I thanked her and left the store.

I went to visit that friend of the psychic lady the next day, located across the town. I arrived and asked if the lady is there in the shop. Her name is Kim.

I met her and asked if they do spiritual cleansing. They said yes. She asked me some basic questions about me. Before I tell her too much, I wanted to make sure she is knowledgeable and capable, otherwise I would be wasting my time.

While telling her no context, I asked her "Was the car accident I had last year avoidable?"

Kim replied, "No, it was something you had to go through."

That was the answer I am looking for, then I asked, "Is my dad's car accident really just an accident?"

She replied, "No, that is more to it than just an accident, almost seems like its intentionally made to look like an accident."

Because she answered these two questions without me giving any context of what happened, and was accurate with the things I had in mind, I knew she was credible. So, I told her more about my story, and the experiences I have in the past year of me in this "Game".

She started the cleansing process by burning incense and was waving it around me. She asked me do I want to remove the souls on me, said that they are like lost souls, some are harmless, and some were harmful.

She also saw the chains that were tied to my hands and asked me if I would give her permission to remove them for me, I nodded and said yes.

As she was doing that, I told the souls in my mind to leave for now, we will meet each other again, I just need to sort things out and feel right again. They agreed and were very compliant. Waving me goodbyes as they leave.

In that room, it felt very peaceful and quiet. Then I tried to see if I could summon the red souls to me, I tried a few times, but they could not get near. Because in the past I could always summon them to my surroundings by pulling them towards me. but in that room, they were nowhere to be found, so I felt extra safe, knowing those harmful ones cannot get close to me right now.

I asked her if she is playing this “Game”, she said no. Then added she is just here this lifetime to try and help out as much as possible with the abilities she is gifted. And try not to be involved with too many things.

She also told me she found out about these psychic abilities when she was around 12 years old, since then she can communicate with these entities that are in outer realms that are helping her help humans.

She asked me if I am aware of my teammates, the entities in the background helping me. I told her “No.”

Then I asked her who were they and what do they look like, she refuses to answer and told me “That you will have to find out yourself.”

Because there were multiple attempts by other beings stating that I am from their family, I asked her if I am related to any of them.

She said, “No, they don’t know who you are.”

I replied, “I knew it! I’ve always kept my stance as an outsider and was never associated with any of them.”

Then she said, “You should get back what you deserve from them, they owe it to you.”

I asked her how she knows all these things, then she explained that she is working with her team.

I suspect that the team she is speaking of had tried to mess me up before. Then I asked, “Were any of them the ones that messed me up?”

She hesitated to answer but did nod to it.

Then in my mind I said to them “Can’t lie to her now huh, she’s telling me the truth.”

She is so understanding of my situation, I was very happy that someone could tell me these things. I don’t think I was doing anything wrong; I have always tried to be a good person, and yet I am being punished all the time for doing good things.

She also said that one of them is one that wrote one of the buddhist scripture, then I realized which piece of shit it was.

I asked her if she is buddhist, she told me she used to be, but now have a more neutral stance on religion.

She asked me if I know my true purpose in this game.

I replied, “Nope, just another human experiment, to test the capabilities of the human race.”

I understand that long time ago, I was just another tool to “them”, I have seen enough to know that its not normal and is very dangerous for me and my surroundings, which is why the experiment was terminated before it gotten too close. I was at the physical limit of how much the human body can hold, in terms of magic.

She asked, “Do you see yourself as somebody like perhaps the Avatar?”

Me replied, “Nope, more like a monster.”

As the cleansing session comes to an end, I thanked her for all the help and answers she has given me. I can feel that she is a very good person with no bad intentions, and I feel physically better already.

Now that I know that tripping on LSD will have these things attacking me and lingering effects afterward. Their store also has a house cleansing service, and I booked a visit for her to check out my house to see if there’s anything there that I don’t want.

I got home afterward and fell asleep right away the day before its even nighttime, was super exhausted from that cleansing even though I didn't do anything, had a great night of sleep.

A week passed by, I have not heard back from the Chinese woman, she said she is in a vacation and will reply when she is back. Later that week, I got a message from her saying, she doesn't owe me anything.

I was mad, yet not too surprised, after all she is working for the dogs, and I knew it was too good to be true that I would be helped by any of them. As I told the dogs before "I would never live to the day that I'd need help by any of you dogs."

Cut off my fingers, got my dad in the emergency room, got a spine surgery just to get me to see her in China, and scam my story right after, this is what they are doing to me.

I left her a very harsh message, by calling her a shameless cuck and much more. Because when I was there, she was with her husband and two kids yet claiming that she is god's woman, and her past life is eshter or something in the bible. Which has raised red flag back then when I saw her, but I tried to keep everything neutral and listened to her story.

As I type the message, I could tell the old man is trying to hurt me, telling me not to send that to her, and I looked at the dog and said, "Ooops already did."

Then I asked the old man “You care about these things? She has three kids with another man, that’s what you are.”

Told them “Got millions in the bank but can’t buy moral.”

I think she also made a pact with one of the religious leaders, that she sold her first-born son to. Which was taken by monks to be in raised temples for spiritual religious things since he was 3.

The week passed by, the appointment for the house cleansing is today. Kim showed up around the time of the appointment. I told my mom I scheduled an appointment with someone that is going to take a look at our house.

She walked around the house and checked the rooms, I told her I’ve seen some bad things before, and I am not sure if they are still there as I can no longer see souls with my eye closed.

She told me there is a few good ones, but quite a few negative ones as well.

I told her I have a painting, and a person’s nature will reflect on what they can see in that painting. She took a glimpse of the painting, then she said she’d rather not look into it.

I asked her if I should burn this painting, as in the past all the painting I have done is quite dark, also have negative impacts on the surrounding.

This is the latest one that I showed the kids, and it was quite friendly unlike the lasts, I liked it a lot. But I know I shouldn’t of keep it around, and especially if I were to do drugs again.

She suggested that I burn it, then asked me if I knew that there's portals to other dimensions all over my house.

Potentially because of the drugs I am taking, it's giving me so much power that these entities are abusing the excessive magic around me to open these portals. She said that this is her specialty to close portals, but these portals are the biggest ones she have seen so far.

I had no idea, kind of make sense though, because I see abnormal amount of souls that usually aren't supposed to be around me when I am tripping.

She told me that these things are the ones causing me and my family problems, and she will do her best to close them and get rid of the negative entities in my house. Even when I don't see these things, I believe in what she says is true.

Took almost an hour, and she said she was done afterwards. I felt that the tension around the house has lessened significantly.

I learned a lot from her, by just her talking to me I can tell that she is a very nice person, and is experienced in what she do.

Knowing that these are the consequences of me tripping on psychedelics, I am thinking I should stay away from it for now.

To get a personal cleansing, it was 60 dollars. Then the house cleansing was 180 dollars. A tab of LSD that costs 20 dollars, and if I need a cleansing every time I trip, the consequences and the negative effects that comes with it is just not worth it to me.

Though the drugs have helped me a lot in knowing myself and what the game could be about, its time to say goodbye to LSD. Or at least for now and until I am living on my own being financially free, I don't think I will need to trip again.

Around this time, my mom wanted a new house, because she thinks the house we live in was bad luck for our family. So, she decided to buy a brand-new house about 15 minutes away from the home we currently live in.

At the time, I am very poor myself, but I never asked my parents for money or any help, them letting me live with them was already more than I can ask for.

Fast forward 4 months, we moved into the new house. It was very hard for me during this time, I have no job nor money, and I can no longer keep up with the money I need to smoke weed every day to maintain.

Things get very painful when I am sober, I literally need to smoke weed or use pain medication to survive. The pain I get passively is around 4 to 6 on a normal day, when headache kicks in, it can go up to an 8 to 9 out of 10 pain, which I have no idea why I am living so painful physically.

Out of desperation, I signed up to be a uber driver to try make some money to buy weed that I must smoke daily. Otherwise, I will be in near death type of pain when sober.

It was difficult to drive all day, dealing with random strangers, all just to cover up gas and barely make enough to cover the cost for weed. But it was still better than living sober while doing nothing but experiencing pain.

About 3 months in, I was driving a customer to the airport. Then I was hit by a random black car that was completely his fault. The dude straight up trying to cut while speeding up, showed no sign of stopping even when he knew he hit my car, then ran off.

Then the voices told me this is karma for me being blasphemous. I told them to fuck off, asked them how the fuck is that karma. I am about to get paid from this, I have witness in the car, and have the incident recorded on dash cam.

Though the dash cam did not pick up the driver's license plate because it happened at nighttime. I contacted a lawyer, and he was confident that I was in the right and is within Uber's coverage that I won't have to pay anything.

That was a relief, for the next 2 months or so, I was processing the claim and uber paid out about three thousand dollars after covering up the car repair.

After that hit and run incident, I decided to go to California again. Went to help my cousin in cannabis cultivating.

When I first arrived in California, I disliked my cousin's method of growing that he taught me.

Then I decided to try something new on my own, learning from all sorts of YouTube videos and came up with the most optimal strategy combined with all the knowledge I can gather about growing weed.

Things started out good once I settled there, I live on my own and I got a pet. I bought a German shepherd puppy and named her Fluffy.

She was so happy when she is around me, I tried to give her the best I can. Always make sure I give her the best food and that she is well taken care of. But there is one thing that she loves to do, and it's to bite me.

I don't think she knows how much her bite hurts, although it's like she is playing but a bite from German shepherd is no joke, I am scarred up and my clothes are all filled with holes from her biting.

I tried taking her to puppy training school, she is well behaved around others, just when she is alone with me is when she starts getting crazy with the biting.

She never seems to have problems with anyone else, it's always when she sees me that she starts biting. She also likes to bark very loud, almost making sure all the neighbors hear that she's the boss around the block.

I have a friend that used to live in Vegas, that is also in the area I'm staying in. I hang out with him often when I have free time, on one occasion I told him some of my experiences in the game.

Though he couldn't relate to what I was telling him, he said things are probably out there that humans do not know nor understand.

I always offer him weed, the ones that I got from growing myself. I told him was not that hard to learn once you know the fundamentals and how the growing cycle works.

Winter days were very tough, the weed I am smoking does not protect me from cold weather, and arthritis still hits like it has never before.

Even when I am high on weed the pain persists. It keeps getting worse, especially because of the humidity.

Winter in Vegas is not as bad, because the air is dry, so not too much pain from it as long as I am well clothed and not feeling the cold.

But here in California, where humidity is upwards of 70% to 80%, just by staying home passively I feel like my bones are rotting inside and out. The type of pain that makes you twist and turn at night and won't let you sleep.

Growing weed is fun, but not the easiest thing for someone like me, a lot of hard labor work for someone that is down three fingers. After the first winter I was there, I decided I couldn't take it anymore. I stayed in California until the beginning of next winter, which is about a year and a half.

I have gotten some very good and optimal results in growing, in only a year I was able to grow some very good and fire weed. Weight and quality were above average.

My cousin was kind of jealous of the result. I kept telling him to change his methods of growing, but he wouldn't listen. Thinking that he has been growing longer and he must be right, but my last batch of harvest was well above the quality of his last harvest.

When I got back to Vegas, my parents wouldn't let me keep Fluffy, as our yard still doesn't have a gate yet and they don't like her in the house.

I asked my mom's friend to take care of her temporarily. After a week or so, she said someone was willing to adopt her. Her friend visited her and loved Fluffy right away and was very eager to adopt and take care of her.

I was not ready to say goodbye to Fluffy, she has been everything to me in the past year. But if someone is willing to take care of her better than I can, I think it was the right thing to do, so I agreed to it.

I went to see Fluffy the fluffer the last time, when I saw her at my mom's friend's house, she is energetic as ever. Zooming around the yard and jumping on to me, not knowing that its probably the last time she is going to see me. My heart aches, but it's for the better for the both of us.

I feel so empty after giving Fluffy away, I hate myself. I hate that I don't have the ability or the capability to be a responsible pet owner. I just hope that the new owner can give her everything that I couldn't, I will be happy if that is the case.

Since I am back in Vegas, and don't have much to do. I met up with my friend, and I purchased two tabs of LSD. It's been so long since I have tripped, maybe it is time. My body has been aching for it, it just has the power to relief all the pressure around me, so I decided to take a trip again.

On a nice bright day, I took a tab of LSD. Everything was good, then I was visited by some entities I have never seen before.

They came around the peak of the trip, and my whole house seemed like it was underwater, like oxygen became water to me, it was hard to breath, and it was like I was sniffing water the whole time I was on LSD.

This is strange, I have never felt like this before on LSD, and I am pretty sure it is LSD that I am taking. Everything else was just like other trips I have done, but this time the entities that visited me were able to turn all my visions underwater.

I was scared that this effect doesn't go away, but it probably will, it was so scary that I stayed in my room the entire day.

Everything was back to normal after the trip, was a great relief. The pain and stress on my body is gone, like I am a brand-new person. Knowing the consequences of doing LSD, I texted Kim and scheduled a cleansing in a week.

One day I was playing a mobile game, and I met a girl. Out of curiosity, I messaged her and asked her if she knows what the "Game" is.

And no, I did not mean the mobile video game that we are playing, but the "Game".

Surprisingly, she answered "Yes", she told me a little more about herself. It was very weird talking to her, she seems to know what I am thinking before I message her.

Sometimes she would take context out of my mind and reply to some of them without me asking the full question. And she said quotes that I have in mind but never spoken in person before. I began to suspect that she could be one of those people that can read minds.

I just don't know how, but apparently some humans can do that. Maybe they talked to the entities that has messed me up in the past years, would explain how they already have heard about me before knowing me.

Other humans I know have this ability is Kim and david, and that Chinese woman that scammed my book.

So I tried to get more information out of her, but it was not easy. If she can know what I am thinking already, why would she tell me things that she knows I don't know, especially if she is playing this "game" as well.

She told me she is from a royal bloodline, descendants of satan. Which explains why she knows things like she does.

I was not with the mind games she is trying to play here, having to constantly doubt and guess what she is trying to tell me without words.

Also, it feels like she can physically hurt me, like I keep getting this feeling of someone kicking my stomach, almost as if a female that is pregnant and baby is kicking the stomach from inside.

I met up with Kim the following week for my cleansing. I talked about what I have been doing in the past year. She randomly asked me if I had a dog, which I said yes.

Then she said Fluffy is very happy where she is right now, and I don't need to worry. That helped me out a ton, especially hearing from her, someone that is credible and trustworthy.

Then I asked her about this girl I met online and what she is about. Kim told me she could be my soulmate and would be great for me if I could work something out with her, or possibly be with her.

As my cleansing session concluded, I told Kim it was very nice seeing her again. She has been very helpful and insightful for the doubts I have and is probably the best human I have met that knows of this “game”.

Everyone else that knows of the game that I talked to except for Kim has been egotistic and narcissistic maniacs.

I really want to know if the e-girl I met online can hear my thoughts. She seems to know what I am doing even when I am not talking to her, she even asked me why I am so painful, which I never mentioned to her about.

I started to believe what Kim told me, that the e-girl could be my soulmate.

But her attitude and the things she says really turns me away, she would try to get me jealous by talking to other males. Which have failed miserably since I never looked at her past a stranger.

She asked me what I want to be with her, and I refused. As she already has a boyfriend at the time talking to me.

I was solely talking to her only to see if I could find out more about the “Game”, and especially from someone like her could tell me a lot of things I want to know.

But damn she knows how to keep a secret and not let out anything I am trying to ask.

I got into an argument with her the other day, and I straight up abandoned my discord account and made a new one. Trying to get away from her, I disconnected all sorts of methods I could contact her, deleted the game that I met her in.

Trying to move on and find something else to do, I messaged one of my friend I have not seen in a long time.

I have brought back some weeds with me to Vegas, the ones that I have grown in California. It was some good weed, so I called up a friend to see what he is up to.

I went to visit him in his house and gave him a bag of some fire weed. Just to find out that he has been dabbling with DMT.

He was extracting root barks for DMT when I got there. He even showed and told me the procedure to make pure DMT, which was quite interesting.

We smoked some weed, had fun talking about random conversations. When I was ready to leave, he gave me a small bag of DMT, saying it’s enough for about 5 doses.

I have always wanted to try DMT again, last time I have done it I was unsuccessful in getting a breakthrough, I hope I can get it this time.

I loaded up a glass pipe when I got home and smoked one third of what he gave me. Supposedly that is more than the recommended dose, but I wanted to see if I can get a breakthrough badly, so I went with the dose.

I ripped a big puff, then held it in. It felt like my senses were melting as the smoke goes down my lung. Then I felt like I was just about to fly, I was immediately held back by something. Stating they will not let it happen.

I wanted to know who is talking to me, and it was this female entity with an eye. She demanded I let her stay, but I refused. She went on blabbing about killing everyone here if I say no. I still said no.

The effect lasted around 10 minutes, which is weird. These DMT were supposedly the purest thing you can get, and I looked up online that I have taken a proper dose that will likely induce a breakthrough.

Feeling kind of disappointed, I began to search for other ways to consume DMT that would give me a better experience. Not wanting to waste the remaining doses of the DMT, I put my pipe away and went to sleep shortly after.

I did some research online, stating that consuming DMT with an MAOI inhibitor will have the effect of something similar to an ayahuasca trip.

I remembered Kim recommended me to try out ayahuasca if I have the opportunity, as it could help me spiritually to identify myself better.

So I ordered some MAOI inhibitors from eBay the next day, wanting to try out the combo and see what it is about. It was in capsule form when it arrived, I think it is grounded up seeds in the MAOI category.

I divided the remaining doses of DMT I have in two, about 40% and 60% split. Hesitant on which one to choose, something hinted me to take the 60%, then I picked the 40% as I don't know what to expect, and its better to be safe than sorry.

I took the capsule and waited an hour before ingesting the DMT powders.

The come up was faster than I anticipated but could be that it already took an hour for the capsule to become active before I took the DMT.

I am getting a familiar buzz, kind of like shrooms that I have done in the past. Next thing I remember was 15 minutes after, I felt like I was swimming underwater again.

The come up was pretty strong, I was not ready for it to hit me like this so soon. So I ran to my bed and lay down not knowing what might happen next.

It felt like a combination of strong LSD and shroom trip combined if I have to put it to words on how it feels. This was around nighttime. My parents are not home yet but my sister is.

30 minutes went by, things are quite heavy on my body. I feel like I am being stepped on, along with some crazy visuals that you'd get from shroom trips.

Though intense, it was actually quite calming. Then I saw a entity, it was a female cat that was flying around my ceiling.

To put it in a comparison, on LSD I would be tripping in 60 fps, but from this combo I was tripping in 120 fps. As if things are extra smooth and I can see things better and more vivid colors as the trip goes on.

As I was getting carried away by the colorful visuals, the drug hit me in full force an hour into the trip.

It felt like I was onboarding a spaceship already during the come up, and now the spaceship is basting off as I am laying on my bed. As if my bed was a spaceship and I was a passenger.

I noticed the differences between the two, the things I can do on LSD I cannot do on DMT. Unlike LSD where I would be the captain of the trip. This DMT trip I was only a passenger, and I do not have control over things like I would have on LSD.

I was visited by a lot of familiar souls; they were quite nice to me. I have not seen them in a while, and I missed their company since we last spoke. We had some nice conversations, and everyone was friendly. Surprisingly I was not bothered by the bad ones this time.

Then at the peak of the trip, things took a bad turn. I rushed to the bathroom while barely able to run to the toilet on time. Then I began to puke, throwing up everything I have in my stomach, even when there is nothing there anymore, I kept puking.

I felt like I was dying, I lay down on the floor, still having a full-blown experience of the trip. Then I saw a joker face entity, he was apologizing, stating that he was the one suggested me to take the 60% split, and said he didn't want the worst to happen to me.

I didn't even want to reply to him, as I keep puking nonstop. I told my sister to get me some water.

She asked me what happened, I told her maybe its from the food I have ate earlier and didn't want to tell her I am on drugs.

She handed me a water bottle and left me alone, as the water entered my stomach, I puked it out right away. Having the taste of the capsule in my mouth, almost tastes like dirt and rootbarks.

Everything about the trip was great up until this point, I feel like dying, but I know I am probably going to be okay. It wasn't scary or bad, just that I am physically in pain because of throwing up constantly.

Spent about 30 minutes in the bathroom throwing up, I was okay again. But I couldn't get up and walk back to my room, I told my sister to come help me up and walk me back to my room.

As I lay down on my bed again, I feel better already since I threw up everything the trip is also coming down from its peak.

Not quite what I was expecting, but was still good and insightful, nonetheless. I was looking for a breakthrough experience like the one I had in salvia trip, but instead gotten shroom like trip, which was still pretty good.

I spent the remaining time of the trip listening to some calm music, the whole experience outside of the puking part was quite enjoyable.

Though it was quite the experience, once was enough as I don't know what will happen to me next time if I ever do it again.

A month has passed by since I stopped talking to the e-girl, but I can still feel that she is still around. Still listening to my thoughts and kicking me every now and then and wouldn't leave me alone.

One of the reasons I left was that she is working with satan. I might have done something to hurt her down the line to get back at satan because how they have messed me up. So the best thing is just to walk away.

After half a year of not working, I have smoked most of the weed and spent most of the money I have saved up on dumb things like video games.

Then I got recommended a job from a friend, it was food delivery and part time server in a Chinese restaurant. I really needed that, now I have the income to smoke weed daily again to maintain my life without being in too much pain.

I tried to work without letting my coworkers or boss knowing I am handicapped.

I always feel like I am being touched. One of the main reasons I avoid any human interactions is that whenever I am around people, I always feel something tickling my body, a lot of time it seems sexual.

And it gets incredibly hard to ignore when I am working around people. I am always getting annoyed by these touches, from things I can't see, and I have to act and function normally when I am pissed at these things.

Things have been settled for now. Since I have a normal job, my parents are happy and okay with what I am doing as long as I am not wasting my time at home.

As the year passes by, I have no longer made anymore progression in the “Game”, I know everything is still going on, just that I am no longer involved or participating on a daily basis. Yet I still remember everything like it just happened yesterday.

Then one day, I heard on the news about China’s new pandemic, the covid 19. The restaurant I worked at is also closed down due to this. So I lost my job.

Good thing I saved up some money to get by, I still have to maintain myself by smoking weed daily.

After I lost my job, not having much to do at home. Sleeping has been the best thing for me right now, I dream about some crazy things every day.

I have been to so many places, from outer space planets that have multiple moons, to ancient lands that have monsters and dragons around the land. Saw this white dragon that the head was big as a mountain, like the eye of the dragon alone is bigger than me.

I can fly around and talk to others that I encounter, like a different story in every dream. While sometimes, it’s like a continuation of episodes in some dreams, where I would revisit a place multiple times and have different experiences.

I have always wondered, in the afterlife, if these are the places that you go to and visit. If that is the case, maybe death isn’t that big of a deal.

After human's experience of being human on earth, they get to experience things elsewhere after they're dead.

The year after covid was a very good year for me, I got the unemployment check from the covid pandemic unemployment assistance. Was about a bit over 20k, gave my mom half of it to thank her for being so supportive of me even when I was a terrible son.

Then I found crypto, I invested the remaining money I have. This is when the crypto market was down bad during the covid times, this was the best time to invest in crypto.

I have gain so much unrealized gains during that year. I never made so much money, just a short few months was more than I ever made in my whole lifetime.

I met another girl online playing video games, we get along quite well, was playing different games together. I was playing games with her for almost half a year.

She told me she has seen me a few times in her dream. She said in one of her dreams I was trying to kill her, which seems odd. I have always been a nice person to her, and I have always seen her as a good friend.

Then she said there was a female hurting her as well, I suspect it might be the e-girl from the past doing that. I have also seen the e-girl in my dreams before, and she was doing some terrible things to others while in my dream.

Then one bad thing happened after the next to the girl, I eventually stopped talking to her slowly and got away from her. Taking it as a sign and hoping the things will stop bothering her after I leave her alone.

Crypto has been doing very good, but I didn't sell at the peak, now its down the drain. I used up all my money buying the dip during the 60k btc to 30k.

I spent everything I had on crypto, I was pretty optimistic about it. Then that week after I bought the bottom, I was hacked. Someone had malware on my laptop, and remotely accessed to my email when I had the laptop turned on.

Within those 2 hours I fell asleep on my laptop, someone changed my email password and sent KYC information to one of my crypto accounts that I have overseas.

Then the hacker, someone from Netherlands, stole my crypto account and metamask account and cashed out all my cryptos.

It was pretty devastating to me, that was everything I had, I don't know what to tell my parents. I don't want them to worry about me, I act normal like everything is okay in front of them. I also don't want to tell them I don't have any money, they might think I am lying after I spent all money on useless things.

I had about 5k in crypto in various alt coins during the bottom. Fast forward 4 months, those coins I would be holding would worth well over 50k. For example I bought 50 illuvium coins at launch for about 3.5k , and it peaked at 1.5k each which would be well over 50k alone.

Life is terrible, one bad thing after another to me, I just can't catch a break. I didn't let life defeat me just like that and just moved on and learned from my mistakes.

I still got a silver badge Nft from illuvium in my metamask, as the hacker did not take the nft and only all my coins.

Not knowing what Nft is at the time, I only saw that it could be sold for money. I transferred it to my new metamask account, deleted everything on my laptop and started all over.

I began to research on Nfts, sold the illuvium badge. At the time it was worth about 600 dollars. Which is a lot still, I was surprised that a picture of something sent to my phone after participating in their coin sales could worth so much.

I used that money to buy more Nfts, and I was making money from these jpegs. After a few months of grinding whitelists and flipping jpegs, I have made back all of my money that I lost from the hack.

Then in one of the projects I was trying to get whitelist on, was looking for a community mod. It was their first project ever, and I saw that they were lacking so I asked them if they needed a mod for their community.

They hired me, as I have been a active community member in their discord, and have offered tips and whatnot to improve their server.

Though they are rich, they were quite inexperienced on Nfts, they barely know the basics, so I was able to help them out with the basic stuff.

They liked what I was doing, and I was a good help to them, they offered me a promotion, they will make me their community manager and will hire me as one of the founders of their project.

I thought about it for a while and agreed to their offer as I need money to survive. So I took on the responsibility and got hired.

I was mainly in charged for collab and partnerships, and I know a friend from other Nft communities, and was friend with him for as long as I have been involved with Nfts. He was able to help me out a lot because he is a promoter himself, making my job there so much easier than I expected, as he just keep introducing other project leaders to me.

In three months working there, I helped them gotten so many partnerships and collabs with various projects. From when I joined them at 2k followers, they now have more than 120k followers and still growing.

Although the project owners I am working with is good to me, they are quite cocky and rude to other project partners. I always have to be the one to explain all the misunderstandings or issues the owners might have with them.

Because the project owners are very rich, they will always play the upper hand in a conversation with anyone they talk to. Having almost no respect for anyone that is below them or in need of their favor.

At first, they said they would only take about 3 months to release the project, but now it's month 6 and we are still not done.

The owners delayed the project again and again, and the hype is dying down for the project. I do not get paid until 2 weeks the project is minted (published), and I am getting quite irritated working with them.

When I talk to them, I have to wait hours and hours for their reply. They might not even response until the day after I messaged them, even if it's the simplest things.

I got covid during the week of launch, and I was sick the whole week. They probably thought I was about to be done and gotten lazy.

Though the project was underperforming, they still have made over 2 millions USD in making that project.

I asked them when I get paid, they said 2 weeks after launch. I waited 2 weeks then asked them again, they didn't response to me until a month later.

I was very mad at them, I worked for 6 months for them, and they couldn't pay on time. What is worse is that I get paid in Ethereum. I was supposed to get paid at the time when Ethereum is around 2.5k, but when they finally do decide to pay me, Ethereum dropped to 1k that week I got paid.

The female owner was nice to me throughout the time I worked with them and was very funny. The male on the other hand was the terrible one, he was a terrible person. Bad attitude to everyone and always thinks he's above all else because he is rich.

He probably held my payment because he knew I wanted to leave after the project and no longer work for them. Or for whatever reason he couldn't pay me the day that they all got paid, but I am certain that he did it on purpose.

If I sell my Ethereum now, I am getting the amount where I would have from a minimum wage job. Which is pretty bad in my opinion, but I needed the money, I have to pay my mom back. I borrowed 5k from her after I got hacked.

I sold half of it anyways to pay my mom back and kept the rest in altcoins.

My mom had a surgery sometimes during that time, and she almost died of bleeding out because the doctor performed on a different body organ and told her she was fine and going to be okay.

She was taken to the emergency room and was okay the days after. But bad thing could have happened if she didn't get there in time.

I fucking swear, if these dogs try to mess my family up like this, I will rip them down.

Fast forwarding a year, I am so bored. I have nothing to do, nor do I have anything I want to do, I feel so empty. I began to start writing this story out for humans to see, just in case something happens to me.

Then the "Game" came back to me again, while I was writing this story in 2023.

I began to see holograms again in my eyes, blueish outlines that show me what is going on.

I was again, swarmed by demons. Things just don't change, even after multiple attempts to get me done. They have not forgotten about me. Somehow, I defended against them again, tell them fuck off with their family's dogshit, I want no part of.

The following week, I was visited by two dragons. They claim to be White and Black; I suspect them being the ones I have chatted with before but did not know it was them when they were talking to me.

I asked if they are the ones that put up that dragon seal in my room back then when my room was swarmed by demons, they replied yes.

They told me more about the game. Like how it is here on earth and how it is in the multiverse.

They told me that religions are up to no good, and I have to warn humans about it.

I told them if I am to believe in anything they say, then talk to me with power, so I know how credible they are in this game.

So I went out to smoke a cigarette outside my yard. Then White came out, looking like a white dragon in Chinese mythologies.

From the position of our current sun, he opened his mouth. The heat intensifies, seeing a bright light beam formed in his mouth and the second sun came out of the sky from nowhere.

I was terrified, it might be aiming towards this planet. Then he explained, “It is all that simple, once this sun is in gravitational zone of the earth, judgement is delivered.”

Then he closed his mouth, and the second sun dimmed and disappeared all in the span of minutes.

I was amazed how such power exists. He then explained about in this game of absolute, the christian god is only one of small fries working for the bigger fish.

I asked them who is the bigger fish, and they said a group that call themselves Elohim, the christian dog used to be one of them and was kicked out of the group.

Out of curiosity I asked them, was Bruce Lee a player in the game. They told me yes; but he has made it into the game after his death.

They plotted him to be the person he is in the background. But the dogs were not big enough to let him find out his true potential and was taken out early.

I asked which other human in modern history that is being recorded that also got in the game, and they told me Miyamoto Musashi.

They talked about what could afterlife be, and from what they describe it’s not like heaven nor hell.

Behind the physical planets/universes, multiverse is like a vase number of simulators behind the physical reality.

While only a fraction of a percentage of humans gets out of this materialistic realm and gets to travel to the multiverse, like the places I have seen and visited in my dreams. Most are still trapped on earth or places that are still within this solar system.

There are simulators that run off of energies that planet cores produce. The bad ones are run by stealing energy from life forms and souls, and that is what the christian god is doing.

They are siphoning human souls on a planetary scale to fund the power needed to run a simulator. More souls and planets drained means their simulators will be more advanced and realistic.

They also told me that they have captured the christian god, and their members, as they have been planning on the most treacherous things they can do to the entire game.

Things like killing humans, capturing souls, causing extinction events in multiple planets, the list goes on and on.

I asked them why have they not done anything about it until now. They said it was better to try and change them for the better than destroy everything they have created. But they have used up all their chances for any conversation of mercy.

To put it into perspective, if satan was on the list he would have about 2 billion years of sentencing, but the christian god have around 36 billion years of punishment timer. Which in comparison, made satan looked like a saint.

Then I asked them, is Jesus the same as david or the christian god?

They replied no and Jesus is now in charged of the christian religion after the christian god is captured.

Which to me made sense, throughout my experiences of the game, Jesus never got involved with the bad things that happened to me. The christian god have always called david his son and not Jesus, so always I suspected that Jesus is not them and is the one actually doing good.

During that time period, I was attacked daily by visitors and outsiders. Then I was helped by a blue cat, she helped me with a lot of things. Seems like she can even alter things in my DNA to optimize my body to defend against these invaders.

Some how my power always overwhelms the offenders, and their attacks are getting less and less effective against me.

I asked the dragons, how do I have this much power.

They did not want to tell me this, but because I have defended against evil for 9 years now, they acknowledged my determination and dedication to not be evil like them and revenge against my enemies with this power I have.

So they decided to told me the truth. They said there were these three brothers, and one of them plotted my parents to be together, giving me this name and made sure I was born on the day September 12, 1994. And they plotted me to be a player in the game since birth, to help out the planet and the human race.

And hundreds of players that are bigger than the christian god in the game, have placed a wager on me, each betting one of their specialty or some form of special power on me.

Their goal is that hoping one day, if they can mind control me have an ego and claim to be any of them, that name I claimed to be besides my own will get all the things and power that were betted on me.

And one of them bet The Pen on me, and the pen acts as absolute authority in the game, so whatever I write with a pen will be in their system and act as a law and order to these lesser beings.

Which makes a lot of sense, that's why the dogs kept trying to make me think that I am them, like they kept implementing their names and state that I am them in the past life. Which I have always refused to believe.

Then told me that these powers I have were never meant for me to keep, they were bored and this is one of the ways they want to play a gamble. And the worst case is that I become a monster and destroy these gods for their wrongdoing, which is still a win win situation.

They were glad that I was on the good side of things, and never abused the power that I was gifted, so they don't have to destroy me as well. Now it makes so much sense, why and how I was treated.

After hearing this, I was relieved. So many questions I have now seems clear. I feel so good I didn't let them down, always kept my head up when going through the worst. Never backed down against the dogs barking.

I asked them if I be in heaven or hell when I am dead. The brothers told me neither, I can become player go play games with them instead after I am dead.

They told me they can play games like MMORPG, but you can play as a character and move in the open world instead of clicking on the screen on a computer.

Since they are the ones who plotted my parents together, if not for them I wouldn't exist as the person I am, so I trust them and the things they tell me.

Then the dragons insisted that I finish the book and release it to public for that one day if humans ever wonder what is out there, I can tell them about it in my book.

These are the words from the dragons that had helped me, they are seen as judgement in the game. They sometime takes billions of years to play out a joke and can create and destroy planets within minutes.

It might sound ridiculous, but humans can believe if they want, or not, it's up to them. I just want to write it out so these things that I have experienced and not only bury them in my memory. Hopefully that this story is seen by enough people to make a change one day, with whatever is going on at the time.

By: Way Win Shen